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Old Mercersburg



JAMES BUCHANAN

From Portrait Painted For Mrs. Lane in 1831

Old Mercersburg

BY

THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF MERCERSBURG
PENNSYLVANIA



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MEMORY

Beautiful Symbolism of the years that
have gone and linger only in the
memories of those who pass
through them

By Hans Schuler, of Baltimore, Md.

Preface

RUMMAGING a garret is rare sport to him who by inclination or training is a real rummager. The garret must have three qualifications, age, haircloth trunks and intimate, affectionate associations. There quaint and curious treasures linger. The spinning wheel has been varnished or perchance painted, and promoted to the parlor. Spinning wheels no longer thrill the finder. Why they can be bought and sold!

But the old sturdy armchair with the chip bottom fixed with flowered muslin, in which grandfather sat so many patient years; the quaint engraving with its black, depressing frame long since banished as hopelessly out of style; the wax flowers which Great-aunt Salley made before her girlish fingers grew too tired for even that light work—these are the things which have the garret flavor. Presently that self-same haircloth trunk is opened and old letters, bills of sale, random invitations, bring back a flood of memories. Here great-grandmother is addressed from far-off Baltimore, and the folded, sewed note was delivered by carrier's wagon. There is the stiff, archaic-worded deed to the wood lot, subdivided and built upon these fifty years. In the corner by the wasp-encrusted chimney hangs Uncle William's army canteen. The side with the dull brown stain is turned next to the wall. Grandmother hung it so.

Now towns are like garrets. Of course it is pleasant to be new, to have the houses well set back and streets straight, or maybe streets with curves mathematically calculated. But such a town has no real *garret*. It smells of fresh shingles and the lime in the mortar. Towns must have age, haircloth trunks and intimate, affectionate associations. All three does old Mercersburg possess. And so to the true, sincere, fussless Rummager this little book is dedicated. May he or she have as much pleasure reading it as the compilers have had in putting it together.

Our book, frankly, has nothing to do with the Mercersburg of today, except as the present throws light on its past. The story stops with the Civil war.

The Woman's Club of Mercersburg, in search of some pleasant activity, decided to gather together the many scattered bits of history, biography and tradition which were fast being lost sight of, and to put them into more nearly permanent form.

Thanks are due to so many individuals and organizations for help that any list is bound to be somewhat incomplete. However, we desire to acknowledge in this public way the assistance which we have received from the following: David McDonald, Daniel Hart, Dr. Theodore Appel's "College Recollections," Dr. Dubbs' "History of Franklin and Marshall College," the various State and county histories, "Border Life," the "Bard Family History," W. D. McKinstry's "Reminiscences," The Journal of American History, and the Rodgers Engraving Company.

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Mercersburg, Pa., September, 1911.

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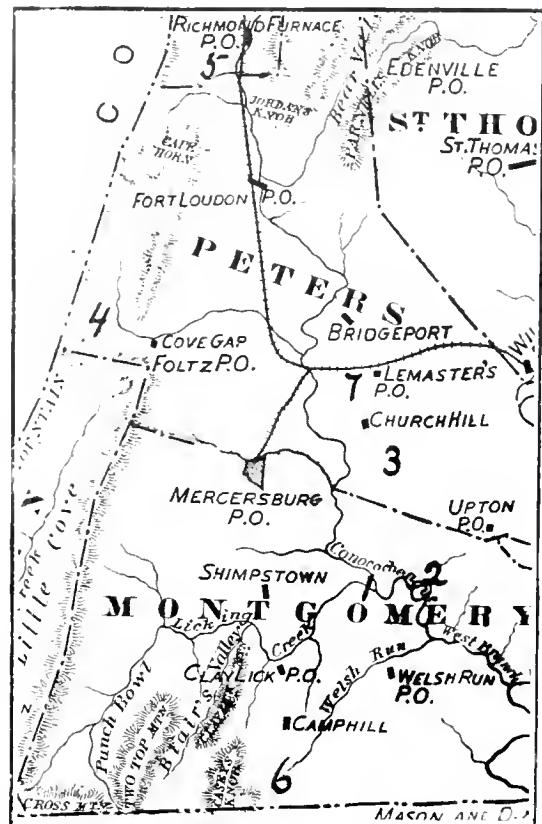


BRIDGE NEAR McDOWELL'S MILL.

One of the many beautiful Stone Bridges which span Conococheague Creek.

WEST CONOCHEAGUE SETTLEMENT

- 1 Downton Mills, The birthplace of Jane and Elizabeth Irwin
- 2 Fort Maxwell
- 3 Doctor Hugh Mercer lived and practiced medicine near this spot
- 4 Stony Batter, the birthplace of President Buchanan
- 5 Entrance to Path Valley
- 6 Fort Davis
- 7 Waddell's graveyard



Settlement

THE early history of Mercersburg is the history of the West Conococheague Settlement of Cumberland county, now Franklin. This settlement comprised all the country drained by the west branch of the Conococheague Creek, hence its name. It embraced a territory of fourteen miles in length, extending from Mt. Parnell to the Maryland boundary and including St. Thomas, Fort Loudon, Mercersburg, Upton and Welsh Run.

The pioneer settler of this town was James Black, who, tradition says, purchased the land on which Mercersburg stands, from the Indians for a gun and a string of beads. Thus Black secured the good will of the Indians, without which the Proprietors were never willing that settlements should be made. "Be tender of offending the Indians and let them know you have come to sit down lovingly among them," were Penn's instructions to his commissioners.

This James Black has appeared as a half mythical person for whom tradition built a mill as early as 1730 on the stream at the northern end of the town. A diligent search after facts has given more definite knowledge of James Black. He was the son of John and Jane Black, who apparently were the earliest settlers in this region and possessed themselves of a large tract of land lying west of Mercersburg. A deed to part of this, now in possession of Mr. Louderbach, recites "a certain John Black did obtain a patent for 341 acres of land situated on a branch of West Conococheague in the said township of Peters and whereas the said John Black and Jane his wife by their deed of gift, dated the 13th day of May, 1746, did convey unto their son, James Black a certain part or parcel of the aforesaid tract of land, hereinafter described and whereas the said James Black, by his last will and testament dated at North Carolina 30th day of October, 1776, did give and bequeath unto his nephew, the Rev. John Black, his heirs and assigns forever, all that part or parcel of land given by his father John Black above mentioned, and whereas the above mentioned Rev. John Black did convey the said land to John Johnston, by his conveyance April 30, 1790," etc.

James Black, in his own name, was granted a warrant in 1751 for the tract on which Mercersburg stands. The following is a certified copy of the original on file in the Department of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania:

PENNSYLVANIA, SS:

BY THE PROPRIETARIES

WHEREAS, James Black of the County of Cumberland, hath requested that we should grant him to take up Two Hundred Acres of Land including his improvement adjoining a Tract of 100 acres sold to Richard Peters by the said James Black & Peter Corbet in Peters Township in the said County of Cumberland for which he agrees to pay to our Use Fifteen Pounds Ten Shillings, current Money of this Province, for Each Hundred Acres with lawful interest for the same and the Yearly Quit-Rent of One Half-penny Sterling for every Acre thereof. Both to commence from the first of March, 1738.

These are, therefore, to authorize and require you to survey or cause to be survey'd unto the said James Black at the Place aforesaid, according to the Method of Townships appointed, the said Quantity of Two Hundred Acres, if not already survey'd or appropriated, and make Return thereof into the Secretary's Office, in Order for further Confirmation, for which this shall be your sufficient Warrant; which survey in Case the said James Black fulfil the above Agreement, within six Months from the Date hereof, shall be valid, otherwise void.

GIVEN under my Hand and Seal of the Land Office, by Virtue of certain Powers from the said Proprietaries, at Philadelphia, this seventeenth day of August Anno Domini One Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty One.

JAMES HAMILTON

To NICHOLAS SCULL, Surveyor General.

Old Mercersburg

IN TESTIMONY, That the above is a copy of the original remaining on file in the Department of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of said Department to be affixed at Harrisburg, this twentieth day of March, A. D. 1911.

(Seal)

HENRY HOUCK, Secretary of Internal Affairs

This warrant calls for interest and quit-rents from 1738, but Black may have occupied the land even before this, for under the peculiar land conditions at that time, settlers occupied certain tracts of land by virtue of a sort of "squatter sovereignty," each one choosing a site according to his taste and living on it for years before receiving proper legal authority for the same.

The mill Black built was a small log structure, long since disappeared. To this mill the settlers for miles around, afoot and horseback, brought their grist to be ground, waiting to take the flour home with them. Thus it became a waiting place and center for the frontiersman; a store was added; gradually a few houses sprang up and the settlement became known as Black's Town.

A part of Black's tract with mill, store, etc., was purchased by William Smith on the 22d day of October, 1759, and Black's Town became Smith's Town, or Squire Smith's Town, as it was frequently called. It is of interest to note the names of other settlers around here, some of these we get from the Shannon Patent, still in the possession of that family. It reads as follows:

"Thomas Penn and John Penn, esq., true and absolute proprietaries and governors-in-chief of the province of Pennsylvania and the counties of Newcastle, Kent and Sussex upon Delaware. To all unto whom these Present shall come Greetings: Whereas in pursuance of a Warrant dated the 27th day of November, 1751, granted to Peter Corbett, there was surveyed for William Shannon (to whom said Corbett conveyed by deed, dated the 9th day of March, 1758) a certain tract of land called Shannon's Industry situate in Peters town-ship, Cumberland county. Beginning at a marked hickory, thence by Thomas Baird's land—thence by vacant land—thence by James Black's land—thence by Joseph Huston's and Joseph Bradner's lands," etc. Other settlers were John Wray, who bought a tract that James Black had transferred to Richard Peters, Matthew Wilson, Benjamin Kirkpatrick, James Rankin, William McDowell, James and Robert McClellan, Robert Culbertson, James Gardner, and James Wilkins.

William Smith, the Proprietor of Smith's Town, was the son of James and Janet Smith. He married his cousin Mary, a sister of Col. James Smith, of "Black Boy" fame. In 1755 William Smith was appointed one of the commissioners to build the military road which General Braddock had demanded of the Provincial Government. This road was to extend from McDowell's mill to the Three Forks of the Youghiogheny. Under the personal supervision of the Commissioners the bridle path was converted into a wagon road for the passage of troops and transportation of military supplies, but the work was done under constant danger from the Indians. When William Smith went out with his three hundred road cutters, one of them was his brother-in-law, James Smith, whose own account of his capture by the Indians is given in this sketch. Both William and James Smith were typical pioneers and played an active part in the early history of this part of the Province. When Black's property passed into the hands of Smith (1759), he was the most active and prominent man on the frontier. This post, so near the gap through which the Indian trail led from the valley into the mountain, soon had an extensive trade with the western frontier and grew in importance. It was not an uncommon sight to see from fifty to one hundred pack horses in a line laden with salt, iron, and merchandise of all kinds, destined for the settlers or the Indians beyond the mountains. Later, when wagons came into use in the valley, freight was here transferred to pack horses to cross the mountains.

To protect the frontier, it was found necessary to control the trade with the Indians by a military-like inspection, and William Smith was one of these inspectors by virtue of his office as Colonial Justice. The following are copies of his passes from Vol. IV, Penn. Archives, First Series, p. 220.

"Cumberland County:

"By William Smith, Esq., one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace. Permit the Bearer, Thomas McCammis, to pass Fort Bedford with nine Kegs of Rum, eight Kegs of Wine, one Keg of Spirits, one Keg of Molasses, three Kegs of Brown Sugar, four Kegs packed with Loaf

Sugar and Coffee and Chocolate, in all twenty-six Kegs and one Bag of Shoes provided always that this permit shall not Extend to Carrying any Warlike Stores or any article not herein mentioned.

"Given under my Hand & Seal, 15th May 1765.

W.M. SMITH."

Captain James Smith, leader of the "Black Boys," gave this additional authority: "As the Sideling Hill Volunteers have already inspected these goods and as they are all private property, it is Expected that none of these brave fellows will molest them upon the Road, as there is no Indian Supplies among them.

"Given under my hand May 15th 1765.

JAMES SMITH."

Another one reads:

"Cumberland County,

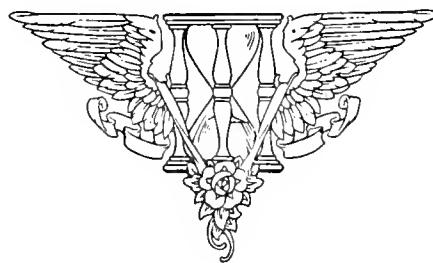
"Permit the Bearers,

Alex'r McKinney and Lachlan McKinnon to pass unmolested to and from Antietam, they behaving themselves Soberly and inoffensively as becomes loyal Subjects, they being Soldiers Carrying a Letter to Daniel McCoy and as they say, is going to purchase two Cows.

"Given under my hand this 20th May 1765

WILLIAM SMITH."

The smuggling of Indian supplies about this time, by certain traders from Philadelphia, led to a conflict between the civil and military authorities, which involved the magistrates of the township, the Governor of the Province and the Commander-in-chief of the British forces in America. By this William Smith lost his position as a magistrate of Cumberland county. An account of this is given under "Colonel James Smith."



Indian Troubles

THE settlers of the West Conococheague, as early as 1748, found it necessary to organize themselves for the defense of life and property. The Indians had long forgotten that "the Indians and English must live in love as long as the sun gave light," and the Provincial Government was obliged to frequently renew the treaties when the "Chain of Friendship" would be polished by presents of English goods. This "brightening the chain" proved so profitable to the Indians and they became so skillful in drawing out "well piled up" presents that the system became a burden to the white men.

The Quaker Government had been slow to use anything like a display of force with the Red Men, and settlers had been obliged to protect themselves; this they had done by organizing a militia and building private stockades and block houses. In 1748 we find Major William Maxwell and Lieutenant William Smith and John Winton, of Peters township, guarding the west side. The names James and Joshua Patterson, Irvins, William Rankin, Matthew Shields, senior and junior, and Daniel Shields, who all belonged to the militia or rangers, sound like West Conococheague names.

In 1753 war broke out in earnest between the English and French. The latter were always skilful in gaining the Indians as allies, and this meant war for the English settlers. The annals of the Conococheague Settlement for the following twelve years cover a series of Indian incursions, captures and massacres.

The defeat of Braddock in 1755 left the whole frontier uncovered and the greatest consternation prevailed among the unprotected inhabitants of the Cumberland Valley and especially of the Conococheague Settlement. A reign of terror ensued and large numbers of the settlers fled to safer parts of the Province. Some neighborhoods were entirely deserted, and particularly of the West Conococheague Settlement was this true. The church, which the early pioneers had established in 1738, was for a time disbanded. Everywhere men flew to arms, and companies were organized. Hugh Mercer was made captain of one of these, while the Rev. John Steele was captain of another.

The danger was so imminent that the Colonial Government sought to establish a chain of forts extending from Path Valley to the Maryland boundary. At this time the West Conococheague had several forts which served as rallying points for protection and defense, and as places of refuge for the women and children when the men were absent from home. When the first settlers organized their church, in 1738, Churchill was chosen as the most central point in the territory it embraced. Early in its history this church became a place of protection. Built of logs, it was enclosed by a stockade of logs, which were seventeen feet long, pointed at the end and set in a ditch four or five feet deep. The stockade was provided with loopholes and on the inside was a platform, raised a few feet from the ground, on which the defenders stood. This was known as Steele's Meeting house and Steele's Fort from the pastor's name. Rev. John Steele became the pastor in the troublous times of 1754. In those perilous days both shepherd and flock alike carried their arms with them to this place of worship. Rev. Steele more than once led forth his people in pursuit of the Indians; indeed one of the first companies organized on the bloody outbreak of the Delaware Indians in 1755 selected him for its captain. He was called the Reverend Captain. In a government account the following is found: "Nov. 25, 1755. The Rev. John Steele at Conococheague: 2 quarter casks of powder; 2 cwt. of lead."

The alarming situation of the settlement is described in a call from Falling Spring, Sabbath morning, Nov. 2, 1755. "Gentlemen.—If you intend to go to the assistance of your neighbors, you need wait no longer for the certainty of the news. The Great Cove is destroyed, James Campbell left his company last night and went to the fort at Mr. Steele's meeting house and there saw some of the inhabitants of the Great Cove who gave this account: I understand that the West Settlement is designed to go if they can get any assistance to repel them." (Rupp's History, p. 90.)



THE INDIAN

Bas-relief on Parkman Monument. By Daniel
Chester French, of New York

Nov. 3, 1755, Adam Hoops, Commissary General, writes to Hon. R. H. Morris, Governor of Province: "Sir: I am sorry I have to trouble you with this melancholy and disagreeable news for on Saturday an express came from Peters township that the inhabitants of the Great Cove were all murdered or taken captive and their houses and barns all in flames.—Upon information as aforesaid, John Potter and myself sent expresses through our neighborhood which induced many of them to meet with us at John McDowell's Mill, where I with many others, had the unhappy prospect to see the smoke of two houses, which had been set on fire by the Indians, viz: Matthew Patton's, Meseck James' houses, where their cattle were shot down, and horses standing bleeding with Indian arrows in them; but the Indians had fled. The Rev. Mr. Steele, Esq., and several others with us to the number of about one hundred went in quest of the Indians with all the expedition imaginable, but without success, these have likewise taken two women captives, belonging to said township." (Rupp, p. 93.)

Three days later Adam Hoops writes:

"Hance Hamilton, Esq., is now at John McDowell's Mill with upward of two hundred men (from York county) and two hundred from this county, in all about four hundred. To morrow we intend to go to the Cove and Path Valley, in order to bring what cattle and horses the Indians let live. We are informed by a Delaware Indian, who lives amongst us, that on the same day the murder was committed, he saw four hundred Indians in the Cove and we have reason to believe they are there yet." (Rupp, p. 94.)

McDowell's Mill and Fort

When this mill, which occupied such a conspicuous place in frontier history, was built, can now be ascertained only approximately. It stood on the east side of the Conococheague, where the village of Bridgeport now stands. Early descriptions show it to have been a wide log structure near by a dwelling house, also of logs, and plentifully supplied with port-holes. The first mention of it in the Colonial Annals was by Colonel John Armstrong in "A plan for the Defence of the Frontier of Cumberland county from Phillip Davies to Shippensburg.

"Let one company cover from Phillip Davies to Thomas Waddel's. And as John McDowell's Mill is at the most important pass, most exposed to danger, has a fort already made about and there provisions may be most easily had; for these Reasons let the Chief Quarters be there; let five men be constantly at Phillip Davies', William Marshall's and Thomas Waddel's, which shall be relieved every day by the patrolling guards; let ten men be sent early every morning from the Chief Quarters to Thomas Waddel's and ten return from thence back in the evening, likewise ten men sent from the Chief Quarters to the other extremity daily, to go by William Marshall's to Phillip Davies and return the same way in the afternoon. By this Plan the Whole Bounds will be patrolled every Day; a watch will be constantly kept at four most important Places and there will be every night 45 men at ye Chief Quarters ready for any Exigence."

It was the intention of the Pennsylvania authorities to have a magazine at McDowell's Fort, with a stockade around the store houses. This was to be used as a base of supplies for the army that was expected to capture Fort Du Quesne. "I send you the plan of the fort or stockade," Governor Morris wrote to General Braddock July 6, 1755, which I shall make by setting logs about 10 ft. long in the ground, so as to enclose the store houses. I think to place two swivel guns in two of the opposite bastions, which will be sufficient to guard against any attack of small arms."

Three days after this letter was written Braddock's ill-fated expedition came to an end. The magazine became unnecessary but John McDowell built a stockade around mill and house; the two swivel guns were sent to the fort late in the autumn.

Thomas Waddel's was near by Waddel's graveyard, on what is now the Etter farm.

Fort Davis

This was erected by Philip Davis in 1756 and was situated near the Maryland boundary line. It was a private fort, but was often garrisoned by companies of rangers. It seems to have been located near Casey's Knob, on the McPherran farm, now owned by the Royer heirs, two

Old Mercersburg

miles southwest of Welsh Run, according to the "Report of the Commission to Locate the Frontier Forts of Pennsylvania."

William Marshall's is not located; possibly it was the same as William Maxwell's.

Maxwell's Fort

This was a private fort built by William Maxwell. It stood between Welsh Run and Upton, on Judge Maxwell's farm, afterwards the Duffield farm. The fort was built of logs and was but a few rods distant from the old stone mansion which was built later by the Maxwells and is still standing. This was formerly the home of James Duffield, Esq., of Welsh Run, within whose recollection there were still standing some remnants of the old fort.

The difficulties under which the defenders of the frontier labored are shown in a letter written by Mr. Steele to Governor Morris, April 11, 1756:

"Most of the forts have not received their full complement of guns. But we are in a great measure supplied by the arms the young men had brought with them. Captain Patterson had received but 33 fire-arms. Captain Mercer has not so many, but is supplied by Mr. Croghan's arms, and Captain Hamilton has lost a considerable number of his at the late skirmish at Sideling Hill. As I can neither have the men, arms, nor blankets, I am obliged to apply to your Honor for them; the necessity of the circumstances has obliged me to muster before two magistrates the one-half of my company whom I enlisted and am obliged to order guns. I pray that with all possible expedition 54 arms and as many blankets and a quantity of flints, may be sent to me, for since McCord's Fort has been taken and the men defeated and pursued, our country is in the utmost confusion, great numbers have left the county and many are preparing to follow. May it please your honor to enlist me an ensign, for I find a sergeant's pay will not prevail with men to enlist in whom much confidence is reposed. I beg leave to recommend Archibald Erwin to your honor for the purpose." (Rupp, p. 105.)

McCord's Fort, mentioned here, was a private fort near Mt. Parnell, which was destroyed by the Indians on or about April 4, 1756. All the inmates, twenty-seven in number, were either killed or carried into captivity. This fort was on the farm now owned by John W. Bossart, midway between St. Thomas and Strasburg.

The Provincial Records have this under date of Sept. 6, 1756: "A petition was presented and read from the Rev. John Steele, captain of a company at Conococheague in the pay of the Province, representing the most miserable condition to which the upper part of Cumberland (now Franklin) county, bordering on Maryland, was reduced by the ravages of the Indians and the numbers killed and taken into captivity."

In July of this year "a party of Indians surprised 2 of Capt. Steele's men as they were guarding some reapers, killed and scalped one, the other they carried off; the reapers made their escape."

Again—"One of the soldiers from Maxwell's Mill that went with two women to the spring for water is missing; the women got in safe to the fort and almost at the same time a man and woman were scalped a few miles on the other side of the mill."

"November 9, 1757, John Woods, his wife and mother-in-law, and the wife of John Archer, were killed, four children taken captives, and nine men killed near McDowell's mill."

In 1761 an alarm of Indians caused all the settlers to flee to McDowell's Mill for safety. After a time, the enemy seemingly having disappeared, and the supplies at the fort being low, one, Mrs. Cunningham, who was a sister of Rev. John King, laid it upon herself as a duty, to return to her own home, it being close by, and bring milk for the children. This she did, whereupon an Indian, lurking nearby, suffered her to milk the cows and return as far as to the foot of the hill near the fort, when he shot her in the back, killing her almost in sight of the fort.

John Work, who was one of the early settlers in "The Corner," returning one day from tending his traps, found his house in flames and saw an Indian running away. Although the distance was great the settler raised his gun and fired; the Indian fell, killed instantly. He was buried on the spot, where his grave can yet be seen.



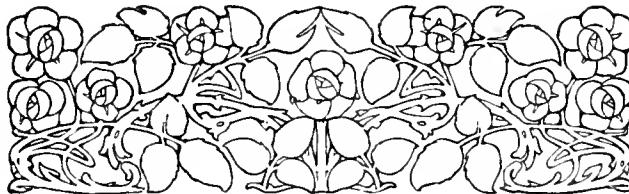
THE FIRST AMERICANS
Civilization Driving the Aborigine Westward

Fort Loudon

Fort Loudon was located about one mile southwest of the present village of Fort Loudon. It was built on the land of an early settler, Matthew Patton. This farm, which long remained in possession of the Patton family, is now owned by William Hoerner. The fort was built by Colonel Armstrong in 1756, to take the place of Fort McDowell, which was not deemed strong enough for the protection of the valley at this point, where the gaps in the Tuscarora Range gave the Indians easy access to the Kittochtinny Valley.

Colonel Armstrong wrote to Governor Denny, dated McDowell, Nov. 19, 1756, "To-day we begin to Digg a Cellar in the New Fort. The Loggs and Roof of a new house having been erected by Patton before the Indians burned his Old One. We shall apprise this house and then take the benefit of it, either for Officers Barracks or a Store House; by which Means the Provisions may the sooner be moved from this place, which at present divides our strength." The public stores were accordingly removed from McDowell's to Fort Loudon in December, 1756.

It can be readily seen that the settlement at Black's Town was outside the chain of forts and consequently must have been insignificant at that time. Some of the oldest inhabitants of a generation back told of a fort that stood near the Run where George Steiger's residence now stands. While this is all very vague, it is probable there was a block house or stronghold of some sort here, but the place was evidently too weak or unimportant to be included in the general plan for the defense of the frontier.



Foundation of The New Town

WILLIAM Smith's eventful and prosperous life was closed by death on the 27th of March, 1775. The following is a certified copy of his Will, recorded in the Cumberland County Records, Will Book B, p. 108.

"In the name of god Amen I Wm. Smyth of Peters Township County of Cumberland & Province of Pennsylvania Being in some measure Indisposed in body yet through the Abundant goodness of Almighty god of sound mind & memory & calling to mind the uncertainty of this life & that it is appointed for all men once to die do constitute & make this my Last will & Testament in manner & form following that is to say—

"First I give & bequeath my soul to god who gave it & my body to the Dust from whence it was taken in full assurance of its Resurrection from thence at the Last day Looking for pardon & mercy from god only through the prevailing & compleat satisfaction of Jesus Christ.

"As to what worldly estate god has been pleased to bless me with I will & positively order that all my just debts be first paid & Discharged as also my funeral expences. I also will that my wife Mary shall have one bed & its furniture of her own choosing & that all the Residue of the Household furniture Shall Remain in her possession untill my Minor children come to Mature age at which time She Shall have full power to divide it Among them at her own Discretion. Item I also will that She Shall have the third part of the Remainder of my Personal Estate that is of the Sum Arising when Sold by my Ex:rs herein after Mention'd as also a third part of all out standing Debts whether by bond, note or book Acct. Item I further will that my minor children be Mantain'd & Educated by my wife at her Discretion & Direction whether in a State of widowhood or Mariage & to Enable her the Better to do the Same I will & order that She Shall have the Managemt of & Enjoy all the profits arising from the farm I now Live on that is as Distinct from the Tenement whereon my Soninlaw Saml. Findlay now dwells and to be hereafter described, provided nevertheless, & I do hereby will that She my Wife, do pay yearly & every year the sum of ten pounds into the hands of the Guardians hereafter named (to be by them managed in trust for the use of my Son William) untill he, my Son William Shall come to mature age, and that her enjoyment & Management of said farm shall continue until & no longer than untill my Son Robert Shall come to the age of twenty one years, at which time she may enter upon & take possession of that mesuage of piece of Land on which William Robison now lives to be laid off beginning at my line by the corner of Widow Blacks garden and running thence easterly along my meadow fence untill it strikes the Southwest corner of my barn-field, thence by a Southerly line across the meadow to the westaer fence of the field on the South side thereof & by that fence in a direct course to the bounding line of the Farm I now dwell on, and thence by the western boundary of said farm to the place of beginning: which Tract this described I will and bequeath to her, my Wife, during her life free of all incumberances, but upon her decease to revert back to the Estate of my Son Robert hereafter mentioned. And I do further will & order that if my Wife Mary shall die either in a State of widowhood or marriage before my Son Robert comes to mature age, that then the Farm I now live on be rented by the Executors & Guardians hereafter to be mentioned, or a majority of them, and the money thence arising to be applied by them for the maintainance education & use of the minor Children in the Same manner as before directed, which minors in that case I will to be under said Guardians care & disposal. Item, I will and confirm to my son-in-law Samuel Findlay, or upon his decease, to his Wife Jean, the use of that Tenement on which they now dwell, that is, all the Privileges he now enjoys upon it (except cutting & Selling of green Timber) untill my Son William arrives at the age of twenty one years. Item I give and bequeath unto my Son William his heirs and assigns forever all that Missuage or tenement of Land (part of my original Tract) on which Sam-

uel Findlay now dwells, with all its advantages & improvements, to be entered upon & possessed by him at mature age, beginning at a White Oak joining Robert Smiths Land, & running thence North eighty three degrees West fifty two perches to a sycamore, then South seven degrees West two hundred & fifty two perches to a red Oak, Then North seventy *ha* degrees East eighty two perches to a post, thence North one degree East two hundred & twenty four perches to the place of beginning, containing Ninety two Acres and allowances. I also will & order that my son William his heirs & assigns forever shall have full liberty and privilege to convey water by canal, trough, or otherwise from my Mill race to the Tan-yard erected upon the tenement above described sufficient for the uses thereof. I also give and bequeath to my said son William his heirs & assigns for ever all that tract of land called the Flagg Meadows, situate in Air Township in the little Cove. Item, I give & bequeath to my son Robert his heirs & assigns for ever all that Mesuage or Tract of land on which I now live with all the advantages & Improvements thereof (accept the legacies & bequethments above mentioned) to be fully possessed by him at mature age. As to my lands on Licking Creek now occupied by John Burd, having bargained with him to sell it to him for seventy pounds, Pennsylvania currency. I also hereby authorize & empower my Executor, upon his paying to them the said fund of seventy pounds with lawful Interest for the same within three years after the date of this testament to make him a lawful conveyance of said Tract. And whereas about twelve years ago I sold a part of the original tract on which I now dwell to my brother Robert Smith containing about One hundred and thirty acres at thirty shillings per acre to be paid in yearly gales of thirty pounds a year, all which he has not yet discharged; & whereas he bought said tract from me subject to the purchase money Quitrent and Interest due or to become due to the Proprietors & writings concerning the whole bargin having been neglected to be taken; I will and order that upon his paying the whole of the Proprietaries dues from said tract from the first grant of it from them (except a proportional part, according to the quanyt of the land he bought of ten pounds paid in to the Office by James Black) as also upon his paying to my Executors that sum of the purchase money that upon settlement shall be found due to my estate with lawful interest for the same according to the dates of the several deficiencies in payment or upon his giving sufficient security for the said payment of all these sums at the exeration of the term of three years from the date of this testament, then and that case, my Executor shall make to the said Robert Smith a sufficient & lawful Conveyance of said Tract of land, & on which he now dwells. As to my other land not as yet mentioned herein, that is to say, that tract of land on the head springs of the Shade Creek now tented by Morris Mickelmar; that Tract in the forks of Yogh & Monongahela called the Mill seat adjoining Morris Brady; my Interest in land on Crooked Creek in partnership with Doctor Allison and Samuel Findley as my interest on the same footing in that Tract at the old Saweekly Town; as also my improvement and Land on Pattersons run, all these I will & order to be sold at the discretion of my executors & Guardian or a majority of them, hereby authorizing them to convey said Tract to the respective purchasers. Item, I give and order that all the money arising from the sale of these lands, as also the twothirds of that part of my personal estate which I have ordered to be sold and the twothirds of my just dues be applied to the following purposes that is, I will & order that One hundred & fifty pounds thereof be given to my daughter Mary on her marriage or at mature age and that all my lands herein bequeathed to my two sons be patented out of a part thereof, and that the residue thereof (if any) be equally divided among all my children as well married as unmarried. Item, I will that if my daughter Mary should die before marriage or majority her part of my estate herein bequeathed, to her shall be equally divided between my two daughters Jane & Rebecca, & that if anyone of my sons shall die before mature age, that then his part herein bequeathed to him shall revert to the surviving Son.

"And lastly I do hereby constitute and appoint my trusty and well-beloved friend my brother Abraham Smith, my Son-in-law John Johnston, & Dugal Cambell, Executors of this my last will and testament & Johnathan Smith, James McDowell, & Mathew Wilson Guardians of my minor Children & estate.

"In witness wherof I have hereunto set my hand & seal acknowledging this to be my last

Will and testament this seventh day of September in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred & seventy four. W.M. SMITH.

WM. SMITH.

"Signed, sealed & acknowledged
"In presence of (JAMES JOHNSTON,
"E. MOORE,
"WILLIAM ROBISON.

"COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, }
"County of Cumberland. } ss.

"Register's Office, April 17, 1911.

"I, J. L. Rickabaugh, Register for the Probate of Wills and granting Letters of Administration for the County of Cumberland, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true and accurate copy of the Last Will and Testament of Wm. Smyth, late of Peters Township, Cumberland Co., Pa., dec'd, as recorded in Will Book "B," page 108, as the same remains on file and of record in this office.

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and official seal at Carlisle, the date above
(Seal) "J. L. RICKABAUGH,

"J. L. RICKABAUGH,

“Register of Wills.”

The original, and copy in the Will Book, were so badly defaced that a magnifying glass had to be used to decipher a part of it.

The accompanying map shows the tract of land as William Smith devised it to his heirs.

The tract to the west, including the home and mill bequeathed to his son Robert, was patented by him in 1794, of which the following is a copy.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA
"To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting:

To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting.

"KNOW YE, That in consideration of the monies paid by *James Black* into the late Proprietaries at the granting of the warrant hereinafter mentioned & of the sum of fifty nine pounds five shillings & three pence lawful money now paid by *Robert Smith*, into the Recr Genls office of this Commonwealth there is granted, by the said Commonwealth, unto the said *Robert Smith* a certain Tract of Land, called "SMITHFIELD" situate partly in Peters & partly in Montgomery Townships in Franklin County BEGINNING at a Black Oak, thence by land of *Sarah Smith* alias *Sarah Irwin* North to a Button Wood Southeast to a Stump thence by land of *Doct. William Magaw* North to a post North to a Hickory thence by land now of *John H'ray* North to a White Oak thence by land of *Benjamin Kirkpatrick* South to a post thence by the same & land of *James Huston* South to a post to the beginning. CONTAINING three hundred thirty one Acres one hundred forty seven perches and allowances of six per cent. for roads, &c. (Which said Tract was surveyed in pursuance of a Warrant dated 17 August 1751. granted to the said *James Black* who by Deed dated 22d Octoer. 1759, conveyed the same to *Wm. Smith*, Esqr. who by will dated 7 September 1774 Devised the same unto his son the said *Robert Smith*) with the appurtenances.

Dated April 23, 1794.

(Signed) "THOS. MIFFLIN."

The tract to the east was patented in 1792 by Dr. Magaw. On the northern end of this tract is the large spring known to the community as the Doctor Spring, and named for its owner. Here the town people watered their horses and cattle.

"THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.
"To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting:

10 all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting.
"KNOW YE, That in consideration of the monies paid by *James Black* unto the late Proprietaries at the granting of the warrant hereinafter mentioned & of the sum of fifty nine pounds two shillings & four pence lawful money now paid by *William Magaw* into the Receiver Generals Office of this Commonwealth there is granted by the said Commonwealth unto the said *William Magaw* a certain Tract of Land, called "SPRINGFIELD" situate now in Montgomery Township, Franklin County BEGINNING at a post thence by land of *William Shannon* thence by land of *Mathew Wilson* thence by land of *John Wray* thence by land of *Sarah Smith* to the beginning. CONTAINING One Hundred & thirty seven Acres and allowance of six per cent, for roads, &c. (which said tract is part of a larger tract which was surveyed in pursuance of a warrant dated 17 August 1751 granted to the said *James Black* who by deed of 22 October 1759 Conveyed a certain Tract of land of which the above is part) to *William Smith*

whose Executors *Abraham Smith & John Johnston* two of the Executors of the last Will & Testament of said *William Smith* by Indenture dated 4 June 1791 Conveyed the above described Tract to *Robert Smith* who with *Grizel* his wife by deed dated said 4 June Conveyed the same to the said *William Magare* with the appurtenances."

"Dated August 20, 1792.

(Signed) "THOS. MIFFLIN."

The central part was devised to his son William and on it he laid out, March 17, 1786, a new town which he named Mercersburg, in honor of the gallant Hugh Mercer—a fitting tribute to one who had lived among these people, attended them in sickness, shared their dangers and led them out against their common foe. William Smith, Jr., did not live to see this town built, but left directions in his will for carrying out his plans. The following is a copy of his will as recorded in the Franklin County Records, Book A, p. 79.

"In the Name of God Amen, this twenty first day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty six, I William Smith, of Montgomery Township in Franklin county and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, being sick and weak in body but of sound and perfect mind Memory and understanding. Blessed be god, and calling to mind my Mortality and that it is apointed for all men once to die, do make ordain Constitute and apoint this to be my last will and Testament, and that in manner and form following—Imprimis. I Commit my soul into the hands of Almighty god who gave it, and my body to the earth to be buried in Decent and Christian Burial at the Discretion of my Executors hereinafter named. And as Touching such worldly estate wherewith it hath pleased god to bless me in this life I give Demise and Dispose of the same in the following way and manner. Item first I allow all my just debts and Funeral Charges to be paid by my Executors without Unnecessary Law suits or trouble. Item 2nd—My Executors hereinafter named I do hereby Authorize and Impower to act and do in all manner of thing and things respecting a new town lately layed out by me and called Mersers Burgh by Making Title to the purchasers, signing sealing and Delivering &c in as full clear and ample a manner as I myself might or could do were I alive and personally present According to the plan of the same and I furder Impower them to make a Conveyance of a Lot of ground and Tan yard to Benjamin Chestnut which I sold to him when he shall have performed his part of the contract agreeable to Bargain. Item 3rd—It is my will that my Executors out of the moneys Arising from the Sale of lots in the above mentioned Town do build on that Lot that I have reserved near where my stable now stands a neat and Commodious house of a midling size at their Discretion and put it in order for my wife and Daughter to live in. Item 4th—After building the house as before directed it is my will that the remainder of the moneys arising as afforesaid be equally Divided between my well Beloved wife Margaret Smith and my little Daughter Salley Smith and that the child's part be put to Interest for her use untill she arrives at years of Discretion and that she shall have a right to call for it at her Mariage or Otherwise when she shall be Eighteen years of age, and it is my will that her mother keep her in Decency clear of costs untill she be fourteen years of age giving her a Common Education, and that after she is fourteen years of age she shall be provided for out of her own part. Item 5th—I give and Bequeath to my well Beloved wife Margaret Smith before named all my household Furniture, all my Horned Cattle, my Bay Mear and colt and also the one half of the money Arising from the yearly ground rents of the Town of Mersers Burgh and also the one half of the money arising from the rent of my Dwelling house now rented to Archibald Irwin, which is hereafter to be rented from time to time by my Executors, those Incomes and rents to hold to her during her Natural life. Item 6th—I give and Bequeath to my well Beloved Daughter Salley Smith the Other one half of the moneys Arising from the ground rents of Mersers Burgh and also of the other half of the rent of the house above mentioned to be put to Interest from time to time for her use and to be paved as before Directed. Item 7th—Should my wife Before mentioned be called of by Death before my Daughter it is my will that the rents of property before Bequeathed to her to Devolve to my said Daughter, and should she my said Daughter be called of before she has proper heirs then the Town Lands and rents to Devolve to my Brother Robert Smith and his heirs or assigns and the house rent to my Sister Mary Smith and her heirs and also the house and Lot on which it stands to her and her heirs and assigns. I lease also to my Brother Robert all my wearing Apperall and it is also my will that my Daughters Money she dying young shall be Devided equally hetween my Brother and Sister before named. Item 8th—My Black horse I allow to be sold and my Silver Watch one half of their price to my wife and the other to my Daughter. Item 9th.—It is my will that my wife afforesaid do furnish my Daughter before named when she comes to years of Discretion with a good feather bed and furniture. Item 10th—I would have

it understood by the Seventh Item that at the Disease of my wife my Daughter being alive the whole property is vested in her and her Lawfull heirs but she Dying without heirs to Desend as Directed by that Item. Item Last—I do hereby ordain constitute and apoint my trusty friends Matthew Willson and James Stewart my whole and sole Executors of this my Last Will and Testament in whose Fidelity I confide for the faithfull Discharge of the trust reposed in them hereby revoking and Disanulling all other will and wills by me at any time heretofore made and Confirming this and no other as my last Will and Testament as witness my hand and seal the day of the within Date. Signed sealed and pronounced.

"WM. SMITH.

"In presence of { "JOHN KING,
 { "PATRICK CAMPBELL,
 { "JOHN WORK."

The patent for the site of Mercersburg was granted to Mrs. Sarah Brownson (the little daughter Sally) March 27, 1840.



In The Revolution and War of 1812

JT IS difficult to determine the soldiers who enlisted in the War of the Revolution from West Conococheague, as it then was part of Cumberland county. There was one Company, No. 4, from Peters township, that had the following officers: Captain, James Patton; First Lieutenant, Thomas McDowell; Second Lieutenant, John Welsh; Ensign, John Dickey. Another, Company 6, recruited from Montgomery and Peters townships, Captain, William Huston; First Lieutenant, William Elliott; Second Lieutenant, James McFarland; Ensign, Robert Kyle. It was on the occasion of this Company starting for the field that Dr. King made his stirring patriotic address before accompanying it as Chaplain. William Smith, Jr., the founder of Mercersburg, was a lieutenant in this Company and captain in 1780. Captain John Marshall, Joseph Mitchell, James Morrison, Walter McKinney, James Smith, James Herod, William McDowell, Sr., Robert McCoy, Samuel Patton, William Waddell, Robert McFarland, and Jonathan Smith are given as soldiers in this war. William, James and David Rankin, three brothers, and Jeremiah, a son of James, all enrolled in Captain Huston's Company.

In the above list of men given as soldiers in the Revolutionary War first appears the name of James Herrod, who, subsequently emigrated to Kentucky, and who founded and after whom was named the town or village of Harrodsburg, in that State. That this James Harrod came from Mercersburg is clear from an old ledger kept by one of the earliest storekeepers in Mercersburg, and still in existence, which contains an entry, as follows:

"Col. James Herrod, Land to be taken up for my use on Cain Tuskee or Cumberland River, or where the Colonel pleaseth, it being situate for trade." That what we now know as Kentucky was, even in those early days, engaging the attention and interest of the settlers in and around Mercersburg is manifested from the will of William Shannon, registered in Franklin County Records, June 15, 1786, in which he wills, viz.:

"I also will and devise unto my son Nathaniel Shannon his heirs and assigns all my right and title in or to a warrant for four hundred acres of land in Cane Took Settlement." (Kentucky.)

Military spirit ran high in this valley during the Revolution, as it did in the early days when the pioneers had organized themselves into a militia as their only safeguard. After this War the Assembly enacted laws for the regular organization of the militia and appointed officers to take charge and hold regular encampments and muster days. These muster days were great annual events in the country and were continued for many years. An old ledger gives the following items:

"Aug. 4, 1775. To expenses for Muster Master, 1 shilling 4 pence; to 1 quart Rum at the Muster, 1 shilling 6 pence."

No notices of these early events have been preserved, but some of a later date are here given:

"Notice is hereby given, that the 1st Battalion, 118th Reg., P. M. will meet for drill and inspection at Mercersburg, on Wednesday, the 10th day of May next—and the 2d Battalion of said Regiment, will meet at Loudon, on Thursday, the 11th day of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M. precisely, on each day. By order of Col. J. P. Brewer. "E. NEGLEY, Adj't.

"April 23, 1843."

ATTENTION ARTILLERISTS!

"You are ordered to parade at your usual place, on Wednesday the tenth day of May, at 10 o'clock A. M. in summer uniform. "CALEB C. CHAMBERS, O. S.

"There will an election be held on that day, at the house of Capt. John Shaffer, to elect one person for Captain of said company. "J. C. BOYD, Maj.

"1st Bat. 118th Reg., P. M.

"Irvin Bennet will superintend the election.
"Mercersburg, April 29, 1843."

ATTENTION ARTILLERISTS!

"You are ordered to meet at your usual place, on Tuesday, the 23 inst., at 7 o'clock A. M. to take

up the line of March for the Greencastle Encampment, provided with 12 rounds blank cartridge; and full winter and summer Uniform.

"The buff stripe for pants, can be had on Saturday the 20 inst. By Order,
"May 13, 1843. "CALEB C. CHAMBERS, O. S."

"ATTENTION CAVALRY!

"The first troop of Franklin County Cavalry will parade in Mercersburg, on Tuesday, the 4th of July, at 10 o'clock. By Order

"June 24, 1843.

"CEPHAS B. HUSTON, O. S."

In 1812, even before the formal declaration of war was proclaimed by the President, the Mercersburg Rifles, numbering seventy-two officers and men, under Captain James McDowell, tendered their services to Governor Simon Snyder as part of any quota of troops that might be called from Pennsylvania. The Mercersburg Rifles left in September, 1812, under Captain Patrick Hays. They were part of the first detachment to leave the county.

In 1814, a troop of cavalry from Mercersburg, under Captain Matthew Patton, went to Baltimore but were not accepted, as cavalry were not needed. The majority of the men, determined to go to the war, disposed of their horses and joined the infantry. Another company, under Captain Thomas Bard, left here in September, 1814.

First Company: Captain, Patrick Hays; Lieutenant, John Small; Ensign, Samuel Elder.

SERGEANTS.

James McQuown,	Jacob Small,	George Spangler,	Jacob Williams,
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CORPORALS.

Jacob Cain,	John Donothen,	Joseph Herrington,	Daniel Leer,
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FIFER.

John Null.

DRUMMER.

Jacob Wise.

PRIVATES.

James Bennet,	Isaac Brubaker,	Samuel Craig,	Joseph Cunningham,
John Crouch,	John Clapsaddle,	Henry Cline,	William Cooper,
Samuel Campbell,	Alex. Dunlap,	Frederick Devilbiss,	David Deetrich,
John Dunlap,	James Elder,	Peter Gaster,	Jacob Groslope,
John Harris,	Jacob Hodskins,	Jonas Hissong,	William Hart,
John Hallin.	John Hastler,	John Hart,	James Halland,
John Hodskins,	Peter Kyler,	John King,	Robert McQuown,
Robert McFarland	William McQuown,	John Mowry,	James McDowell,
Charles McPike,	Campbell Montgomery,	William McCurdy,	Samuel Martin,
Charles Petet,	Henry Suffcoal,	William Suffcoal,	William Stewart,
Peter Teach.	Henry Weaver,	Daniel Welker,	James Walker.

Mercersburg Company under Captain Thomas Bard; First Lieutenant, James McDowell; Second Lieutenant, John Johnston; Ensign, Joseph Bowers.

SERGEANTS.

A. F. Dean,	G. Duffield,	Thomas Smith,	G. Spangler.
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MINITE-MAN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By H. Daniel Webster, Sculptor

CORPORALS.

William Smith,

William McDowell, Thomas Grubb,

Thomas Johnston.

FIFER.

John Mull.

PRIVATES.

John Abbott,
John Coxe,
John Donnyhon,
Jeremiah Evans,
Joseph Garvin,
William Hart,
Frederick Henchy,
John King,
Thomas McDowell,
James McNeal,
Robert McCoy,
Matthew Patton,
Thomas Speer,
John Sybert,
Thomas Williamson,
James Walker,

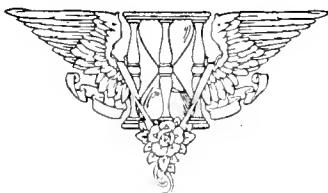
John Brown,
John Campbell,
Joseph Dick,
John Furley,
James Garver,
Joseph Harrington,
John Harrer,
John Liddy,
William McDowell, Sr.,
Augustus McNeal,
John McCulloh,
Charles Pike,
James Sheilds,
Thomas Squire,
William Wilson,
William Rankin,

Archibald Bard,
Samuel Craig,
Joseph Dunlap,
Leonard Gaff,
William Glass,
James Hamilton,
William Houston,
James McDowell,
George McFerren,
Samuel Markle,
John Maxwell,
David Robston,
David Smith,
Conrad Stinger,
John Werlby,
Thomas Waddle,

Robert Carson,
John Cox, Jr.,
Peter Elliott,
John Glaze,
Henry Garner,
James Harrison,
Samuel Johnston,
John McClelland,
James Montgomery,
John McCurdy,
William McKinstry,
William Stewart,
George Stevens,
Samuel Witherow,
John Witherow,
Christopher Wise.

Other citizens of the town who served in this war were John Shrader, William Baxter, and Adam McAllister.

In the Mexican War were Alexander McKinstry, William McClay, and William McKonchy.



Development

MONTGOMERY township was created in 1781, the Run being the dividing line between it and Peters in the town. It was named Montgomery in honor of the hero who fell at Quebec. Peters received its name from the Colonial Secretary, Richard Peters. The polling place for the two townships in 1787 was James Crawford's Tavern, on the south side of the Run, and it continued there or at McAfee's Hotel until the latter was burned. After that Montgomery voted at the Mercer House, while Peters' voting place was across the Race bridge at Snyder's.

The Mercersburg postoffice was established in 1803. The first postmaster was James Bahn. Previous to this, one wrote a letter and then waited and watched for an opportunity to send it by the hand of some person going in the direction the letter was to go. An advertisement of the mails in 1843 reads: "The Eastern Mail is closed every day at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1 o'clock P. M. and arrives at 11 o'clock P. M. The Western Mail is closed every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and arrives every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The Post-office is closed every day at 9 o'clock P. M. except on Saturday it is kept open 'till the arrival of the Eastern Mail."

Mercersburg suffered in the epidemic of fever which visited this county 1821-23. This is described in the American Medical Recorder for July, 1823. Dr. Creigh gives the number of deaths from it in his congregation as seventy-two.

The town of Mercersburg was incorporated in 1831. The population at that time was seven hundred. There were five mercantile houses, Messrs. Lane, Chambers, J. O. Carson and Dick, Thomas Carson and Grubb, Patton and Bard; there were five physicians, P. W. Little, James P. Scott, E. McGovern, Alexander Speer, and John McDowell.

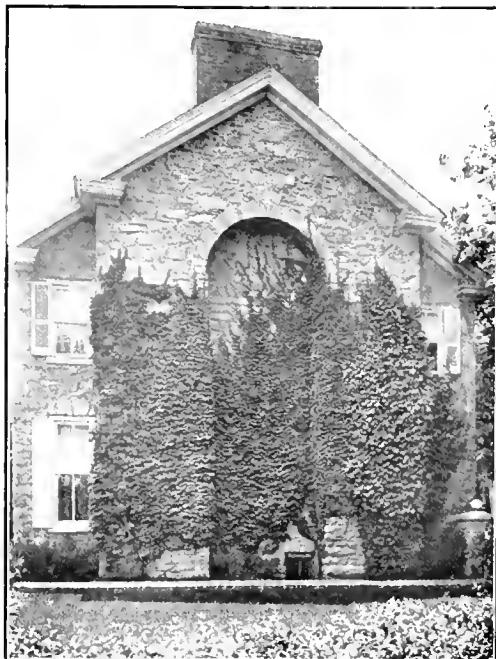
Up to the time Marshall College was founded in 1835, the houses of Mercersburg were mostly log with a few of stone. The latter were all built about the same time. Squire McKinstry said that the stone house on the southeast corner of the square, owned by D. M. B. Shannon, was in course of construction when he, the Squire, came to town in the year 1796, so it is not hard to approximate the age of the different old stone houses. With the coming of Marshall College the town experienced a boom, and it was during this that many of the large brick houses were erected.

In 1837 an Abolitionist riot occurred here. A lecturer named Blanchard was mobbed by a crowd composed largely of Southern students of Marshall College. It was with difficulty that he was rescued and hurried away from town. The community was excited and much bitter feeling followed for some time. A full account of this is given in College Recollections by Dr. Theodore Appel.

The first newspaper was published in 1843, as "The Mercersburg Visitor," which was later changed to "Mercersburg Journal." For several years it was called "The Good Intent," but in 1863 the title "Mercersburg Journal" was resumed and has been used ever since.

A census of Mercersburg taken by John D. Crilly, July 1, 1857, gives, white population, 942; white families, 149; colored population, 206; colored families, 179; total population, 1,148.

Foundry, 1	Livery Stables, 2	Stone and Earthen Ware Mfg., 1
Drygoods Stores, 4	Attorneys, 2	Theological Seminary, 1
Grocery Store, 1	Physicians, 4	High School, 1
Hardware Store, 1	Merchants, 9	Chair Makers, 2
Flour and Feed Store, 1	Clerks, 12	Segar and Match Mfg., 1
Machine Shop, 1	Clergymen, 6	Saddle and Harness Mfg., 1
Hotels, 2	Professors, 4	Tin and Sheet Iron Mfg., 3
Restaurants, 2	Theological Students, 6	Blacksmith Shops, 4
Churches, 6	Dentists, 3	Plow Mfg., 1
Clothing Store, 1	High School Students, 19	Coach Mfg., 1
Printing Office, 1	Steam Flouring Mill, 1	Cabinet Ware Mfg., 3
Drug Store, 1	Steam Saw Mill, 1	Carpenter Shops, 4
Shoe and Hat Store, 1	Steam Tannery, 1	Wagon Makers, 2
Book Stores, 2	Tannery, 1	Shoe Makers, 4



The House of middling size
built about 1786 for the Widow
of William Smith

“Black’s Town” and “Squire Smith’s Town” 1730-1786

AT THE northern end of the town, near, or on the site of the present mill, stood the small log mill built by James Black. Around this sprang up a little settlement which became known as “Black’s Town.” Little is known of this, but after its purchase by William Smith in 1759 the name gradually fell into disuse and “Smith’s Town” or “Squire Smith’s Town” took its place.

Squire Smith then operated the mill, the water being conveyed by a race, as it is now. How long this mill has stood is not known, but a mill of some sort has occupied this place ever since James Black’s time. Though several times destroyed by fire, it has always been rebuilt. In the years following Smith’s ownership, it passed through many hands, his son’s and grandson’s, the Dick’s, Carson’s, Hollinger’s, Whitmer’s, Waidlick’s and Gish’s.

Across the road, almost opposite the mill, the Squire built for himself a home—a one-story stone house, long, low and roomy, with the gable end fronting the roadway. The house is still standing. It and the race are the only remnants of the once “Squire Smith’s Town.” Recently the house has had a second story and other improvements added to it by its present owner, Mr. Criswell. On one of the stones of the house can be distinctly traced the initials of its original owner, “W. S.” In this house Squire Smith lived and died. During his life here he had grown to be a man of some importance, and being of great energy and versatility, he conducted, in addition to the mill, a store, a tavern, a distillery, and a tanyard.

The tanyard described in his will was situated on the north side of Smith’s Run and is now known as the Steiger property. The first deed of this place recites the part of Squire Smith’s will relating to the tanyard. William Smith, Jr., on or about May 13, 1784, entered into a contract with one, Benjamin Chestnut, for the sale of this tanyard, including “all the land between the meadow fences and the old water course within his lines,” etc. This sale was completed in 1803 by the executors of William Smith, Jr., as empowered by him in his will. This tanyard belonged successively to Enoch Skinner, the Kellars and Golls. In 1820 it was sold at sheriff’s sale and then for the first time the house is mentioned: “lot of ground, stone house, tanyard and stable thereon erected fronting the Main street, adjoining James Skiles’ on the north, William Van Dyke on the west and John Brownson on the south.” After belonging to both Thomas and Elliott Lane it was bought by William Patterson, also a tanner. Then it was purchased by the late George C. Steiger, who for many years conducted his butcher shop here successfully.

The James Skyles property, known as the Sharrar place, adjoining the Steiger one on the north, was a frame house and smithshop. On the east side of the street, the lot north of the Run was sold in 1797 by Robert Smith. This lot changed owners frequently, among whom were John Angle, farmer, Samuel Johnston, William Dick and John Anderson. In 1823 it had on it a “brick dwelling house, stone brewery and distillery, adjoining lands of Philip Davis and Robert Smith.” For many years the Dicks operated this as a distillery, but later changed it to a tannery. Charles Eyester then purchased it. Later Major North bought the property as well as the one-story dwelling house on the north, and here he lived and conducted the tannery for many years. The earliest owner of the stone dwelling of whom we have any knowledge was a Major Davis. Later the Irwins owned it and lived here. Major North added the second story to this stone house which now belongs to Samuel Hege. The tannery property was purchased by Ezra Brubaker, who converted the stone building into a town hall. After serving as such for a few years, it was converted into the present furniture store.

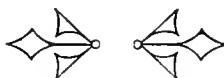
North of this, where Jacob Poffinberger’s house stands, was a log house, back from the street. About 1820 a Mrs. Martin lived here, and later John Bennett occupied it for many years; adjoining this was a frame house occupied by William Craig, a saddler.

The brick cottage belonging to William Curley was built by Benjamin Hamilton and was long the home of his family. This cottage, with the large brick house on the opposite side of the street, belongs to a later period. It was built some time in the "forties," for the Female Seminary which came here in the wake of Marshall College. The last person to use it for school purposes was Rev. Jacob Hassler.

Next on the south is a brick house, built about the same time; formerly the home of Miss Maria Kirkwood, Mantua maker and Milliner.

On the south side of Smith's Run, on the lot belonging to James McAfee stood until about 1880, a log, rough cast house, which is known to have been a tavern at a very early time. There has long been an impression that this house was the birthplace of Governor Findlay and his distinguished brothers, who were born, John in 1766, William in 1768, James in 1770. A Mercersburg Journal of 1860 says, "the house in which Governor Findlay was born is still standing in the west of town." William Smith's will (1774) states that his son-in-law Samuel Findlay, dwells on the tenement of land which he bequeaths to his son, William Smith. Now this son-in-law Samuel Findlay was the father of Governor Findlay, and the tenement of land was this tract on which William Smith, Jr., laid out the town of Mercersburg. So this is the only house which satisfies at the same time the impressions of old inhabitants, the claims of the Journal and the terms of the will. On the other hand the descendants of the present day are inclined to accept what is known as the Findlay Homestead as the birthplace of their ancestor. This is a farm near Churchill, where Samuel Findlay lived later and where he died, now called the Findlay Stock Farm. The will of William Smith, Sr., which supports the claim of the town, has but recently been found by the compilers of this sketch in the Records of Cumberland County. Its existence was unknown to those who claim the farm for the birthplace. The Records of Franklin County show that Samuel Findlay did not purchase this farm until 1785. In addition there is in existence a ledger of Samuel Findlay, which shows that he was much more of a storekeeper than farmer in those days. This ledger is for the years 1774, 1775, 1776, with accounts carried over from 1768. His trade was extensive; settlers from Welsh Run to Fort Littleton came here to barter and purchase. This ledger is also of great interest in that it gives the names of the settlers and the prices of commodities. From the same source it is learned that Samuel Findlay was a banker and tanner. He gave lodging and meals to both "man and beast," and also sold "toddy," "slings," and "sangarees," taking in payment "doubloons," "cut money," "Johannes" and "Joes." It is known that this rough cast house was a tavern at an early time. That it was the tavern or inn during Squire Smith's time is not beyond credence; it was conveniently located for the travel of that day, being on the road which grew out of the Warm Spring Trail of the Indians.

On the founding of the town this property was retained by the heirs of William Smith, who leased it to various persons; James Crawford about 1797, Mrs. Dick, James Speer, John Davis and David Fegley—the latter in 1826. From an old advertisement it is learned that this tavern bore the name of "Washington Inn."





MAIN STREET IN OLD MERCERSBURG

Mercersburg, 1786

UHE original town plat, now in possession of a descendant of the founder, gives four streets —First or Main; Second, now Fayette; and the two cross streets, now Seminary and California. The northern boundary of the town was the "Great Road," now known as Oregon street. The southern limit was the alley crossing Main street at Daniel Hart's; here town and forest met. The west side was a straight line, which formed the western boundary of the lots belonging to Mrs. Winters, Dr. Unger and Dr. Brubaker. The land beyond this was part of Robert Smith's tract. The triangle at the southern part of town, extending along the turnpike, was added later.

The town was laid out in lots fifty feet wide and 200 feet deep. The first deeds were executed in March, 1786. They all recite "This indenture made . . . between William Smith, of Montgomery township, county of Franklin and state of Pennsylvania, yeoman, and Margaret his wife of the one part," &c. &c. "That in consideration of the sum of three pounds lawful money of Pennsylvania" they have sold a "Lot or piece of Ground situate in the town of Mercersburgh," the lot subject to "the yearly rent of ten shillings," to be paid "at the said town of Mercersburg at or upon the twenty-third day of March, in every year forever."

The lots were numbered in a peculiar fashion. Beginning at Centre Square at what is now the McKinstry block, you go to the Mercer House, which is No. 4, then you cross the street to the Frescholtz lot (5), continue south to Miss Agnes Rhea's (12), cross the street and go to Mrs. David Miller's (16), on the Square, thus encircling the Diamond. Then you start at Ott's (17), the numbers running in order down the east side of Main street and up the west side to Hart's (44), across to Mrs. Hummelbaugh's (45), and down to William Boyd's (56). Thence you go to East Seminary street, Hege's (57), down the south side and up the north to Ad. Steiger's (72). West Seminary is numbered in the same manner, beginning with Wolfe's (73) to Ernst's (80). The numbers on Fayette street begin with Oliver Lightner's (81), down to Philips's (88), and up the other side. Altogether there were 132 lots in the original plat.

Main Street, Named Franklin

Beginning at the northwest corner of Main and Oregon streets, it is found that the deed for the lot of ground now owned by James McAfee differs from the deeds of other lots, in that it cites the purchase from James Black by William Smith on the 22d of October, 1759. On this corner lot a two-story brick building was erected by Jacob McFerren. It was known as the Mansion Hotel. This, with the old rough cast tavern on the Run, formed one property. Later, the old house was torn away and a third story was added to the Mansion Hotel by the McAfees. This building was destroyed by fire, and the present dwelling was erected on its site.

The next house south, now the Kreps property, was owned and occupied by James McMurdie, a hatter, and later by Charles Gillespie, who was a copper and tinsmith.

The Hays property, next door, was a tavern at an early date. Here too, Dr. McGovern lived for a number of years.

Where the Witherspoon home now stands was a large frame house, the residence and hatter's shop of Thomas Carson, of whom a sketch is given elsewhere.

Across the alley where John Rhea and Mrs. Campbell now reside, was the property of Charles Gillespie. Where the brick house stands there was a frame building and back of it in the yard there stood a small brick house where John Ritchey lived for many years.

The next lot was vacant for years, but later, some distance back from the street, there was a one-story log house, used as a tinshop. Gillespie made copper kettles in the rear of this lot. William Dorrance purchased this lot and built two houses on it. The one he used for his hattershop and the other

was his dwelling. When Matthew Smith became the owner he joined the two houses by building a hall between, thus making one house, now owned by Seth Dickey.

The Fallon house was owned by a Mr. McFarland, but was subsequently bought and enlarged by Joseph Cowan who, with his stepson, Cephas Huston, carried on cabinet making here. In 1858 the Mercersburg Savings Fund occupied the basement of this house, which at that time was owned by Thomas Reynolds. The officers of this institution were, Robert Parker, Thomas Carson, and A. J. North. In 1856-57 it occupied a room in the stone building on the northeast corner of the "Diamond," and the officers were, John McFarland, Hugh Cowan and Perry Rice. Hugh Cowan owned and lived in the property next, adjoining the alley. Here he carried on cabinet making.

The quaint stone house, south of the alley, long the home of Conrad Fresholtz and now the property of his daughters, was built by Colonel Parker and is mentioned in the sketch of him.

Next to this is the Waidlich property. The house was built by Thomas C. Lane but occupied by his brother, Elliott T. Lane. The latter was married to Jane Buchanan, a sister of President Buchanan, and here was born Harriet Lane, who presided over the White House during President Buchanan's administration. Mrs. Young had her school here for a time; afterwards it was the home of the Dicks and Shirts. John Waidlich purchased it in the sixties.

Where the Farmer's Bank now stands was a two-story frame building where Arthur Chambers kept store. Later the lower floor was a tailor shop, and on the second floor was the photograph gallery of John Seitzinger. The Schoenberger house was the dwelling of Arthur Chambers; later it was owned by James Patton, who kept store here and was followed by Benjamin Kaufman.

Where the Fallon property now stands, on the northwest corner of the Square, was a two-story log house afterwards enlarged and cased with brick. This log building was a tavern in "ye olden days." It was kept by Peter Whitesides about 1796. Later by Solomon Weiser. Afterwards it was used as a store room with Joseph Shannon, Patton and Bard, and William Metcalfe as proprietors, successively. While William Metcalfe kept this store he had in his employ as store boy, Thomas A. Scott, who afterwards became the distinguished president of the Pennsylvania railroad. Thomas Scott was a native of Fort Loudon.

In 1847 J. N. Brewer had his store on this corner, known then as "Locust Corner."

The "Old Mansion House" on the southwest corner of the Square was built by Mr. Sterritt, date not known. In 1840 Daniel Shaffer transferred it to Marshall College, and in 1845 the college sold it to Colonel Murphy. Under his management it figures prominently in the annals of that day. The house appeared then as shown in the picture, and is described in the deed as a stone house with brick stables. Since then the stables have been taken away and the house much enlarged. In 1864 it came into possession of Charles C. Lowe, under whose management it flourished for many years. At his death it was purchased by Philip Fendrick.

The Brewer home was built by Michael Sellers, who was a wagon maker. Before building this house he had a one-story log shop on the corner, and a small two-story brick dwelling adjoining, in which he lived. When J. N. Brewer moved his store here from "Locust Corner," he was obliged to change its name to "Cherry Corner," as this corner was as well shaded by cherry trees as the former was by locusts. Indeed, locust, cherry and ailanthus seem to have been the favorite shade trees of that period.

What now is the property of John B. Kreps was formerly a one-story brick building, standing back about thirty feet from the street, owned and occupied by John King, familiarly known as "Daddy King." He was a blacksmith and had his shop where Miller's jewelry store stands. Andrew L. Coyle bought this lot and put up the present building about 1860.

A one-story frame building occupied the lot where the Rhea house stands. James Wilkins, a clock and watch maker, had his shop here. It was torn down by Daniel Shaffer and Colonel Murphy, and the present brick house was built and occupied by them as dwelling and store; later it was owned by David Dunwoody.

Across the alley stood a large two-story log house occupied by Nicholas Ellis, who had a cooper shop adjoining. James Wilkins bought this property and cased it with brick. At present it is owned by Dr. Grosh.

The building next was for many years the Holman home and saddlery; previous to that it was owned by Daniel Shaffer, whose son-in-law, Andrew Spangler, later a prominent journalist of Phila-



MARY CHAMBERS
Wife of Joseph Van Lear

delphia, had a book store here in the forties. This is one of the oldest houses in the town. Part of it was standing in 1808.

The house on the next lot is quite old, originally log but now cased with brick. In the yard formerly stood a frame building which was Keyser's hatter shop in the early days when it was said that about every sixth house was a hatter's. Afterwards the property was owned and occupied by the Misses Ritehey. They sold it to G. G. Rupley about 1856. He lived here during the Civil War. It was here that George White, the student referred to by Dr. Schaff in his Diary, had his watch taken by the rebel soldiers. Later this became the home of Dr. Negley, who practiced medicine in Mercersburg from 1850 to 1879. It is now the Rankin and Rhodes property.

On the corner of Main and California streets stands the Rupley home. The present house was built in 1850 by Andrew Coyle, who occupied it for a few years. Previous to that the lot had on it only a small log house on the north side. The property belonged to the Barnthiesels, but was occupied by one, Winebrenner, a tailor. Hugh McConnell at one time operated a pottery on this lot.

The lot on which the dwelling house of George Grove stands was occupied by a two-story log house. Frederick Geyer, a chair maker, lived here. It afterwards came into possession of William McKinstry and was long tenanted by Robert Parker, also a chair maker, painter and paperhanger.

The next building south was an inn of the old type. It had a large spread eagle for a sign and was probably built by Henry Spangler, who was a wagon maker, and also kept tavern here from 179—until his death in 1837. After that his widow conducted the inn, and her son succeeding her, occupied the premises for many years. Later, the place was purchased by John Klee, whose family still live there.

The adjoining lot was the innyard. Flagged with stone, with a great gate opening on Main street, it remained a relic of the old tavern days until about 1885.

Where McClean Rhea lives stood a low log house and cooper shop, owned by James Bennet, a cooper and a veteran of the War of 1812. It was here the incident occurred concerning Mr. Bennet which is related by Mr. Harbaugh in "Mercersburg in War Times."

Across the alley stood the two-story brick house now owned by Mrs. McClellan. This, with a small one in the same yard, was built by Henry Hart, a blacksmith. It was afterwards owned by Miss Jane Milligan. Her niece, Belle Milligan, had a select school in the small brick building, now torn down.

On the site of Mrs. Wesley Fallon's house was an old frame building. The present one was erected by Harmon Hause. The stones used in it were taken from the old stone academy.

The last house on that side of the street was the dwelling which now belongs to James Boyd. It was in early days a two-story log house built by John Hart and his blacksmith shop adjoined.

The land south of this point, on what is now called the Avenue, was woods until Marshall College purchased it and the "Preparatory" was built, together with the residence occupied successively by Dr. Nevin and Dr. Appel. Prof. Budd designed the lawn and gardens. On the lawn was a large circle of boxwood, in the centre of which stood a fir tree. In the garden in the rear were box alleys resembling the formal English gardens of that period. Beyond this were the two beautiful Society Halls. The residence, now owned by Mrs. Rankin, still serves as a dwelling, but the other buildings have given place to homes for the growing population of the town.

Crossing the street from Hart's, on the corner is the brick house belonging to Mrs. Hummelbaugh, built in 1825 by John Myers, a tailor. He occupied it for many years as residence and tailor shop. Then it was bought by Mrs. Murray. By her will it was devoted as the parsonage of the United Presbyterian denomination. Immediately north there was a vacant lot and next to it a one-story log house with a wagon maker's shop attached. These properties were owned by James McCune, who lived here and carried on wagon making. The present house of D. F. Metcalfe was built by William Cook.

On the corner of the alley was a one-story log house, owned by John Thompson. The lot north of the alley, now the Town Lot, had on it a small brick house, last occupied by Dick Collins. The town paper of March, 1848, advertised for a site on which to erect an engine house, lockup and other buildings; it must, therefore, have been soon after that this lot became the property of the town. The band house stood on the northwest corner. Afterwards it was removed to its present site. During the war so many members of the band enlisted that the organization was disbanded and John Seizinger used the building for his photograph gallery.

Next to the Town Lot was a log and frame building, also owned by John Thompson, now the property of Charles Grove. There was a tavern kept here about 1820. Afterwards it was occupied by one Stapleton, who was a cabinet maker by trade. He also had a local reputation as a fine singer. Later it was the home of John Grove.

The house adjoining this was a two-story log building, afterwards cased with brick. This was owned by Jacob McCune, a weaver. Later he kept a boarding house for students of Marshall College. The Journal of 1850 says, "Dr. Scott has rooms in the house of Jacob McCune, one door south of Mrs. Sohn's."

The lot at the southeast corner of Main and California streets was for a long time a garden, until Harry Spangler built the present brick house, between 1820 and 1825. He later rented it, and finally sold it to Frederick Waidlick, who enlarged it.

Across California street on the northeast corner is a brick house built by a Mr. Shannon. His widow occupied this house in 1818 or 1820. Then it was bought by Captain William Dick, who enlarged it. Captain Dick carried on butchering here until about 1845. His slaughter house was at the rear of his lot on East California street. He and his brother were engaged in business here for many years, being also distillers. Mrs. Horner became the owner after Captain Dick moved West.

On the next lot was a two-story log house, later cased with brick, the property of John Thompson, who was the father-in-law of Captain Dick. The small frame building on the same lot was used as a shop, a tailor, saddler, barber, and shoemaker occupying it at different times. This all came into possession of Mrs. Thompson's niece, Nancy McDonough, who married Stuart Sharp and lived here many years.

The next property north of this included two lots. The house was a two-story stone one, owned and occupied by Dr. Magaw, whose history is given elsewhere. It was here that Dr. Rauch lived and died. Dr. John McDowell afterwards bought the property and built additions to it. He also built the frame shops that stood where William Boyd's new house stands. The south end of this stone house was sold to Captain Cushwa, and the rest of the property to the Reformed church for a parsonage. It was used for that purpose until the present parsonage was built next to the church.

North of the alley on the corner, Mathias Barnthiesel, a tailor, had his shop and later a small grocery store. He lived in the adjoining stone house. This afterwards became the Palsgrove home.

Between this stone house and the one on the corner were three small log houses. The first was one-story, and here Molly Farval sold ginger cakes and small beer. Afterwards a Mrs. Rinkard lived here, and then came "Billy" McCune, with "cakes and clear toys, flour and feed." Later, Dr. Negley had his office here for many years.

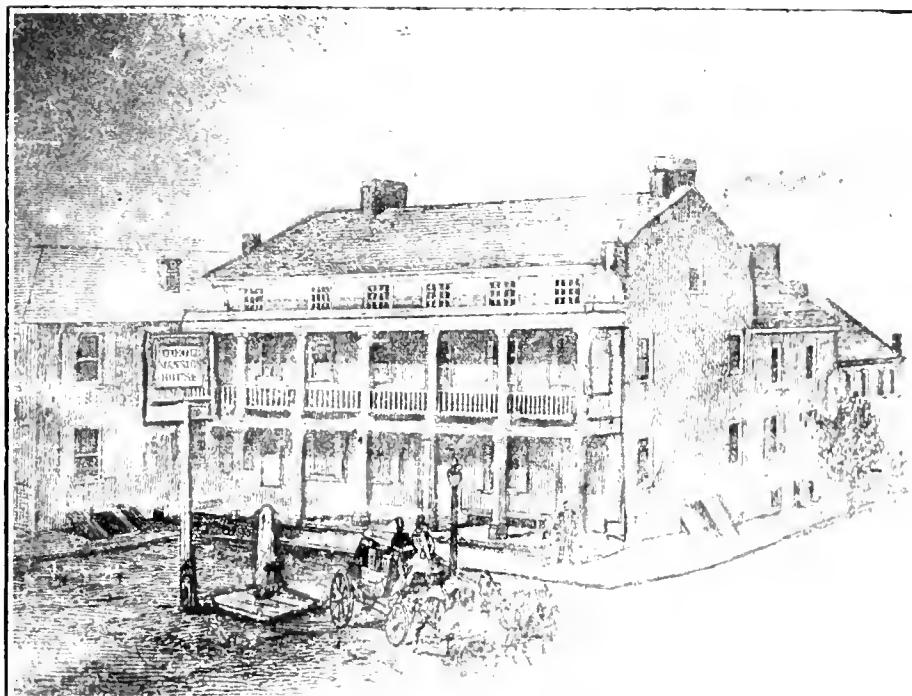
The one adjoining was also used as a shop. "Billy" Eckman dispensed cake and candy from its counter, while between times he made and mended shoes. The last to occupy this place was John Snyder, a tinner. The third one, a shop, was rented to persons of various occupations. These are now replaced by the National Bank and stores of today.

The large stone house on the corner is known best as the D. M. B. Shannon property. The original owner of the lot was John Darby. John Wolfe bought it in 1795 and sold it in 1811 for \$1,300. In 1815 the price paid for it by Jacob Shaffer was \$3,000. Later, it was owned by Thomas Reynolds, then by Robert McCoy. In 1856 it came into possession of D. M. B. Shannon, whose residence and store it was for many years. It is now the property of Dr. John Kuhn.

On the next lot, now the Miller property, was a two-story frame building, erected by William Shannon, between the years 1821 and 1827. This was occupied for many years by G. G. Rupley and John Hoch. The original owner of this property, which includes the Miller residence on the corner, was Archibald Irwin. "Archibald Irwin and Jane, his wife" (great-grandparents of President Harrison) sold it in 1797. In 1802 it came into possession of William Guthrie, a silversmith and clock maker, and also postmaster for a time. James Wilkins, whose reputation as a clock maker is so well known in this section, and whose clocks are now much in demand, learned his trade with Guthrie. After William Guthrie's death the property was bought by William Shannon, who was a hatter. Afterwards William McKinstry became the owner and it was tenanted by the following persons in succession: William Wise, a hatter; George Kirby, a saddler; Thomas Morton, who kept a restaurant; Augustus Rexroth and Phillip Fendrick. The original house was of logs.

Across Seminary street on the northeast corner of the Square, there was a two-story brick build-

COLONEL JOHN MURPHY
Proprietor of the Mansion House,
1845-1861



THE OLD MANSION HOUSE
From a Time-worn Picture

ing, built by Jacob Geyer early in 1800, and occupied by him as residence and tobacconist shop until his death, about 1822. Dr. Scott and his sister Margaret lived here for several years. On the second floor of this house was a Masonic lodge. In 1842 William McKinstry bought this Geyer home, tore it down and erected the present large three-story building.

The next house, the stone one on the corner, was built by William McKinstry, early in 1800, and was occupied by him as residence and general store. Afterwards the owners of the various successive stores in it were J. O. Carson, Robert and John Dick, John Shirts, and others.

Across the alley in early days there was a large two-story log building. In 1814 Jeremiah Evans kept store here. Later it was owned and occupied by Thomas and Elliott Lane, merchants. In 1824 Thomas Lane left his brother Elliott in business here and went to Carlisle. Elliott discontinued merchandising about 1830. Some years later this log building, with another directly north of it, was destroyed by fire. At that time Alexander Sellers kept a store here. The lot was bought by James O. Carson, who built the present brick house, now owned by Adam Steiger.

The property next, now the Mercer House, was the Buchanan residence. The original owner of the lot was William Kendall who, in 1790, sold it to Phillip Embigh for thirty-five pounds specie. By 1795 the price had advanced to seventy-five pounds and the purchaser was Thomas Sloan. There was probably a log house on it at this time, to account for the difference in price. In 1796 James Buchanan, Sr., bought the place and erected a large and handsome brick dwelling. This was the Buchanan home, where the future President spent his youth. Later, James O. Carson owned and occupied it. It has since been enlarged and converted into the hotel bearing the name of the Mercer House.

North of the alley is a stone and log house. It was owned by a Dr. Long some time about 1820. After his death it was used for many years as a store room and residence. At one time a Mrs. Madden kept school here. A notice in the Visitor of 1843 refers to this house: "The Ladies of the Presbyterian Church and Repairing Missionary Society will hold a sale of useful and fancy articles, on Christmas day at 10 o'clock at the house south of Robert King, Esq., formerly occupied by Messrs. Resser & Roberts as a Saddler Shop. There will be a warm dinner served at 1 o'clock. Admittance 6 $\frac{1}{4}$." The house was bought by Samuel Palsgrove, who rented it. The postoffice was kept here for many years by Mrs. Perry Rice.

The Schnebly property was originally owned by Robert King, brother of Dr. King of Revolutionary note. Afterwards by his son, Dr. John King, who practiced medicine here for many years.

The stone house next door belonged to Elliott Lane, who lived here before he moved into the Waidlich house. It was then bought by the Misses Reynolds, a family of seven sisters. Later it belonged to John Humphreys, John Orth and Colonel Ritchey.

The Steiger property, next, was built by Jacob Hassler, a carpenter. Mr. Hassler sold the place to Mrs. Marris. Afterwards it was bought by William Waddell.

Across the alley was a log house and frame shop, owned and occupied by John Hoagland. The house was afterwards cased with brick and a rear extension built. This house was rented and frequently changed tenants. Mrs. Louisa Hoffiditz purchased it and lived here many years; now it belongs to James Agnew.

South of this is the Creigh home. This property has changed owners a remarkably small number of times. The first owner, in 1786, was Archibald Irwin, who sold it to Jacob Bahn, Sr., in 1791 for eighteen pounds. The present house was built some time after this by Jacob Bahn, who kept tavern here. After his death his widow and children continued in the business until 1826, when they sold to John H. Murphy, who, in 1836, sold it to Rev. Thomas Creigh, in whose family it still remains. This tavern was the centre of fashion in the early days. It was equipped with a ball room in which the people gathered to hold their dances in the days of Dr. King. This ball room was in reality two rooms, separated by a very large door made in one piece and so constructed that it swung upward, where it hung suspended from a hook in the ceiling. Around the large room thus formed the old people were seated to watch the young dance "Up the middle and down again." Dr. King himself lent his presence on these occasions. This was before the Presbytery had taken its stand in opposition to dancing.

Immediately north of this is the Waddell property. The first owner was James Kirkpatrick, who sold it in 1789 as house and lot for 125 pounds. Soon after the War of 1812 it was sold for 235 pounds. It changed owners frequently, but the house remained the same as in 1789. It was occupied for a time

by Captain James McDonald. Rev. James Bruce lived here in Civil War days; since then it has been the home of Thomas Waddell, lately deceased.

The stone house on the corner is the "Neat and Commodious house of a middling Size," for the building of which William Smith, Jr., left directions in his will. This was the home of his widow and daughter Sally. As it stands now it has been enlarged and remodeled by its present owner, Christian F. Fendrick.

Turning the corner into Oregon street, the ground on the south side, extending to Fayette, was the garden and orchard of the Smiths. The pleasant homes which now occupy it are of a date too recent to come within the limits of this sketch.

The lot on the northeast corner of Oregon street was a garden for a long time. In the middle of this lot there stood a log building in which potash was made in the early years of 1800. Afterwards, blacksmith and wagon maker's shops stood here. Leonard Lackove and Jacob Reisner owned them and conducted their business here successfully for many years. It is now the Witter property.

The ground on which Spangler's Row stands remained in possession of the Smith heirs (the Brownsons) for many years. On it stood a log barn which is probably the one William Smith mentions in his will as being near the lot on which his house was to be built.

East of this was a one-story log house, in which Robert Espy taught school. Books in those days were not in general use. Mr. McKinstry, in his Reminiscences says, "It was the first school I ever attended. I recollect that I had the alphabet pasted on a paddle and had no trouble turning over leaves."

East of this is what was long known as the Peter Cook property. Here the widow of Mr. Cook, with Miss Catron and Miss Mary McDowell, lived for years. A former owner was a Mrs. Stover, familiarly called "Granny."

The Spangler property has long been known as the Hoke property. Michael Hoke bought it from the Smiths, and he and his son Adam operated a tanyard here for many years.

The property belonging to William Brubaker was owned at various times by the Culbersons, Hustons, McCoys, and Atchison Ritchey. It is described in a deed as "Part of a tract of land granted by the State to Dr. William Magaw, bounded on the north by Smith's Run, on the south by the Warm Spring Road, being the great road leading from Mercersburg to Chambersburg," etc.

On the Tobias Martin place was a frame house built by Edward Burns, a pump maker. Afterwards it became the property of Thomas and James Grubb, who had a whiskey distillery here, back of the barn. The present brick building was built by Tobias Martin, who lived in it. Michael Cromer occupied part of the dwelling for many years.

The location now occupied by Byron's tanyard was then a meadow. Beyond that, near the Doctor Spring, stands a plastered house. This was a tavern in the olden days when the Warm Spring Road was the Great Road.

The railroad station stands on the Magaw tract. In front of the grain elevator there was a brick-yard in 1847. On the corner of Oregon and Fayette streets was a kiln for making crocks, the potter being a colored man called "Blue Dave." Jacob Hassler bought this lot and erected the brick dwelling now on it. George Shepler then purchased it. In 1852 Samuel Cromer had a machine shop in one part. The whole now belongs to Joseph Phillips.

Fayette Street, Given as LaFayette in Some Old Books

The lot adjoining Phillips' on the east side of Fayette street was the joint property of the Reformed and Lutheran churches. The United Brethren congregation purchased it in recent years, demolished the old stone church and erected a frame one in its place. The graveyard at the rear is still the property of the Reformed church.

The next property south belonged to William Metcalfe, familiarly called "Billy." He was carpenter and constable. The first Reformed and Lutheran church, which was log, was removed to this lot when the stone church was erected. This log building was torn down later and the present brick house built by Christian Haulman, auctioneer.

The brick cottage next, since enlarged by John Hoch, was built by George G. Rupley, in 1845. It was owned by John Hawbaker for many years.

Adjoining this is the house which belonged to Eliza Linton, who conducted a clubhouse for stu-

dents in the days of Marshall College. Dr. Porter lived here in his early married days. Afterwards Henry Keller owned it. There is an amusing incident told in connection with this house when Keller occupied it. He made sleigh baskets out of round white oak splits. Captain John Geyer ordered a very large one, with three seats, to be used on his stage line in winter. Keller made the basket in his cellar, but when it was finished he found it too large for the doorway. The cellar doors were taken off, the frame around the doorway torn down, and then with the united help of the neighbors it was jammed through the opening and brought up to the street. The sleigh was none the worse for its experience owing to the good, honest workmanship on it.

Across the alley stands one of the early houses of the town. It was owned at one time by — Gaff, who lived here. After passing through many hands, after the Civil War it was owned and occupied by Robert Small, and after his death by his widow, Rebecca Small.

The next, a brick cottage, belonged to Daniel Shaffer. It was from this place that Mr. Shaffer was taken by the Confederates.

On the alley stands what has long been known as the Lightner home. On the next lot stood the blacksmith shop of Robert Cooper, Sr., also the cooper shop of Michael Kreps. Martin Ritter, who was a locksmith and whitesmith, had his shop here, and, still later, James Black had his shoemaker's shop here.

Crossing Seminary street, the Thomas Reed house formerly belonged to George Reitzel. In 1844 there was a butcher shop on this lot, and Thomas Horton, proprietor, advertises in the Mercersburg Visitor that he will "sell beef at 5, 4½, & 3 cts. per pound by the small or in quantity." The small plastered house on the southeast corner of the alley was the home of Mrs. Sally Metcalfe. Next, is a double brick house built by Hugh McConnell. The south end of this was for many years the residence of the pastors of the Methodist church.

James Buchanan, Sr., was the first owner of the lot on the corner of Fayette and California streets. The property came into the possession of Cornelius Louderbach, who lived here and had his carriage manufactory in the rear, facing California street. It was afterwards purchased by Jacob Stouffer, who was engaged in the same business. His son David succeeded him, but in recent years the latter has changed his residence to the Avenue.

Across California street, on the corner was a low brick house long known as the Grawl home. Before that "Billy" Eckman, a left-handed shoemaker, lived here. The house is now replaced by a new one, which was built by Mrs. Highland.

The small brick house, next, was the home of Michael Kreps, while the house above was the property of Peter Clark.

The brick house on the northeast corner of the alley, now owned by Mrs. Rockwell, was the home of Henry Hospelhorn. The man who used the same lamp chimney for seventeen years and then exchanged it because the burner was worn out.

Bishop Rockwell's house, across the alley, formerly belonged to Miss Rebecca Armstrong. Beyond this point the street was mainly occupied by the colored people. Here lived Aunt Sally Stoner and her daughter. Aunt Mat, whose hearty laugh is remembered by many, was for years a favorite laundress of the college students, as well as the towns people. Where Aunt Susie Burgess now lives stood a log house. Here Davy Johnson lived, of whom Dr. Theodore Appel, in College Recollections, says he was "as black as if he had just come from Guinea, was the personification of meekness, honesty, and piety. He made the beds of the students, carried up their wood in a rack and occasionally submitted to a practical joke."

On the corner of the next alley lived Uncle Aleck Watson. In his young days Uncle Aleck, or "Caesar" as he was frequently called, was a butcher six days in the week, on the seventh he was preacher and exhorter in the African church on the west side of town. In later years he gave up butchering but continued preaching.

Across the alley, on the lot now vacant, stood a log cabin in which lived Uncle Jim Ramsey and his wife Aunt Betsey. Jim lived to be about the last of the old-time waggoners, who "waggedon" from Baltimore to Pittsburgh. Many were the tales of his adventures on the road and his marvellous skill in driving. It was a custom among the waggoners; when a team got in a rut and needed aid, that the teamster coming to its assistance was entitled to its bells. According to Jim's account he captured bells on every trip, but never lost one; and the young folks who sat around him, listening in breath-

Old Mercersburg

less silence, always wondered what had become of all his prizes. Jim had belonged to the Findlays and in his old age was supported by a descendant of this family—Mrs. Rice. Betsy had been a refugee slave in her youth and lived in deadly terror of being captured all through the years of the Civil War.

On the West Side of North Fayette Street

The first house was a log one, now torn down. Next, was the stone house still standing. This belonged to Miss Peggy and Miss Sarah Cooper, who had the first and, for a long while, the only ice cream parlor in the town. In the forties this luxury was for sale on warm Saturday nights. Here the rank and fashion of the town could be found, and here the children of that day usually spent their Saturday night "fippenny bits." The cow that furnished the cream was "Blue Mooly," a highly favored and important animal.

On the north corner of the alley stood a small log house which passed through many hands until, in 1844, it became the property of Nancy Ring, known as "Granny" Ring. Later, the property of Dr. Creigh, now of Mrs. St. Clair, who replaced it with a modern dwelling.

The large brick barn, now belonging to Andrew Schnebly, was the property of Robert King. It was in this barn the wounded Confederates lay after the battle of Gettysburg. One of them died here and was buried in the Presbyterian graveyard. The body was later removed to Fairview cemetery, along with two others.

The brick house belonging to Miss Geyer was built by Squire McKinstry; previous to this a log one stood here. On the northwest corner of Fayette and California streets, where Peter Wolfe's store and residence stand, formerly stood a frame house, the property of Smith Geyer. On the opposite corner stands the home of Captain John Geyer, who kept a large livery stable. He also ran the stage lines to Greencastle and Chambersburg.

On the next lot is a brick house, long the residence of George McCleary. Beside it is the Seibert home. William Waidlich's place was the property of Brewer McCune as far back as can be learned, while across the alley the Myers house was for many years the home of Solomon Weiser, sale crier. Later, John Shatzer owned it.

In the brick house above lived John Crilly, the school teacher, and above that stands the old home of George Myers.

Next to this is the log house which is conceded to be the house in which James Buchanan, the fifteenth President of the United States, was born. It was removed from "Stony Batter" to its present site by Jacob McCune, a weaver, who used it for his workshop. Later, in 1843, Nicholas Shultz used it for the same purpose.

East Seminary Street

On the north side, adjoining the McKinstry block, stands the large three-story brick residence which William McKinstry, Sr., built and occupied. It is still in the possession of his family.

The next house, in the days of Marshall College, was owned by Mrs. Good, who here kept a boarding house for the students of that institution; later it became the residence of Mrs. Troupe. It is now the property of Adam Steiger.

The quaint little house next, was the store of Jonathan Good, who sold books and stationery. He was a draughtsman of no mean ability and something of a musician. He enlisted in the army and was never heard of afterwards. He and his sister Margaret lived together and his disappearance affected her mind to such an extent, that for years after the war was over she watched hourly for his return, and always kept a place laid for him at table.

East of this was another small house, and adjoining it is the Wilkins house. It was built by Frederick Smith and called the "Balcony House," being the only house at that period so lavishly provided with porches. Jonathan Goods' advertisement in the Journal, 1852, is "J. J. Good, book-merchant and binder, two doors west of Mr. Smith's new house." The little log house on the corner is very old and formerly belonged to the Smith property, but later to Robert Cooper, who kept a little store here.

On the opposite corner is the Methodist church. The house next was a boarding house in the time of Marshall College. Later, Mrs. Simpson resided here for many years. The adjoining house,

now the property of Mrs. Daniel McCleary, as well as the next, belonging to Mrs. McCune, were boarding houses for Marshall students.

Here was the east limit of the town. Beyond was the Magaw tract. On this tract the Reformed church was built in 1845. The Theological Seminary building which gives the street its name, was erected in 1836. It serves now as the main hall of the Mercersburg Academy.

North Cottage, now the residence of Dr. William M. Irvine, was first occupied by Dr. Phillip Schaff, followed by Dr. E. E. Higbee and Dr. Auginbaugh. South Cottage, now a dormitory, was the home successively of Dr. Wolfe, Prof. William Nevin, Dr. Theodore Appel, Dr. Henry Harbaugh, Prof. Jacob Kershner and Dr. William Deatrick.

On the south side of East Seminary street, on lot 64, is one of the old houses of the town. This was owned and occupied by Miss Jane Brown.

The original owners of the lot of Andrew Myers and the one adjoining belonging to Wade Shaffer, were David and John Wray. On the Shaffer lot was a small house in which Robert Espy at one time taught school. It was later the home of Mrs. Briggs.

The house on the corner, now belonging to Mrs. Isaiah Brewer, is said to be the third house which was built in the town. It is built of logs and was formerly rough cast and faced on Fayette street. It has been known as the Fallon, Dorrance, and the Talhelm house, according to its owners. Isaiah Brewer changed the entrance to Seminary street, when he practically rebuilt the house.

Across the street stood and still stands the Hugh McConnell residence and pottery. It is now the property of M. J. Slick.

On the next lot stands another of the old houses of the town, now owned by Felix Diffenderfer. The original owner of this lot was Michael Fallon, Sr., who built the house and lived here, having his weaver's shop in the basement.

The brick house adjoining, now the Methodist parsonage, was built by "Squire" McKinstry. In the fifties, Miss Kate Hooper taught school here.

The two brick houses on the next lot, now the property of Mrs. David Miller, were also built by "Squire" McKinstry. John Hyssong lived here for many years.

Across the alley, on the lot which Gilbert Rupley now owns, there stood in early times a frame and log coach and smith shop. These gave place to two brick houses. The smaller one next the alley was built by Michael Fallon, who occupied it for a time. Later, Miss Rachel Lemison and her niece lived here. This house was torn down by the present owner. The other house was built by "Squire" McKinstry.

West Seminary Street

Crossing the Square to the south side, lot 80 is now the Ernst property. Marshall Wilkins and his sister Mollie lived here at one time, and also Adam McAllister. The Hoeflich restaurant was on the corner.

The Grosh property adjoining was originally in possession of David Humphreys. The original owner of the next lot was George McAllan. This was long the home of Robert Parker and his sons Thompson and Oliver; it is now owned by Mrs. Lininger.

The original owner of the next lot, now belonging to Dr. D. F. Unger, was James Douglas. This lot, in 1840, was transferred to Marshall College to secure it against loss. In 1845 the college disposed of it to John Murphy, who sold it to the School Board. This lot marks the limit of the old town. Adjoining this is the Robert Smith tract, on which stands the Presbyterian church.

Across Park street, on the corner, stands the large brick house built by Dr. Little and long known by the name of "Little's Folly." It later became the residence of Cornelius Louderbaugh, the carriage manufacturer, and is still occupied by his family. The first deed for this property says it is on the "Great Road," just as the deed for the Brubaker property on Oregon street says it is bounded by the "Great Road."

West of this property was the brickyard. It was here that the Confederate soldier was buried along with his horse, but the excitement abating, the following day the body was disinterred and given proper burial in the Presbyterian churchyard. Beyond this is the Methodist graveyard.

On the north side of West Seminary street is John Eckert's property. This was owned at different times by M. Fallon, John Shrader, and John Eckert, Sr.

Old Mercersburg

The brick house on the corner of Park street was built by Jacob Hollar, who also built the brick row in Park street. This was between the years 1836-42.

On the north end of Park street is the George Wolfe property. This was a tanyard at a very early date. Opposite this, on the "Point," on the east side of Park street, stood the first Methodist church, a small log building.

Returning to West Seminary street, opposite the Presbyterian church stood Leidy's foundry. This place passed through the hands of various owners,—White, Shaffer, McKinstry and now Etter.

The next house belonged to Jacob White. James Williamson and Conrad Sohn, clock maker, lived here for a time. Later it was owned and occupied by John Hoch, who sold ice cream and lemonade here, as well as at his shoemaking place on the Square.

On the next lot Mrs. Wray had a Dame's School at a very early time. Here Robert Parker had his chair shop for many years, and Marshall Wilkins also had his cabinet shop. The latter was especially skillful in the fitting of the little secret drawers required in the best furniture of that period. Later, this became the Beck home and is now a public hall.

The next house on the alley is an old one which frequently changed tenants. Here Mrs. Albert sold pretzels and yeast.

West California Street

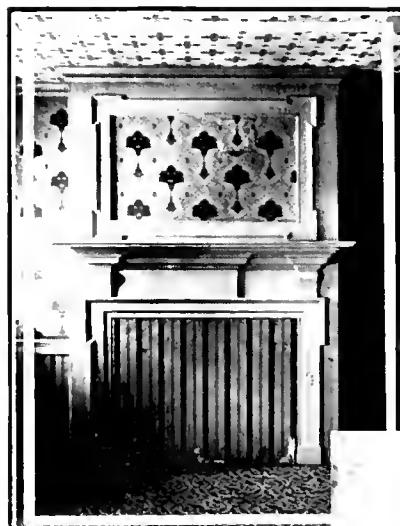
About where William Long's new house stands there stood in earlier times a house that was built in a day. It was the home of Rebecca and Esther Ellis. Their father, Nicholas Ellis, had at one time been in comfortable circumstances, but these girls became poor and were obliged to move here into a house which they still owned, but which was not fit for a dwelling. The men of the town set a day on which they all gathered together at sunrise, demolished the old house, built a new one, and finished it by night. The Ellis girls plaited straw hats and bonnets, made lace, and knitted fringe. Esther had the distinction of being a frequent visitor to the White House. Both the Buchanan and the Lane families had been among her patrons here. She was very eccentric and would roam the countryside for miles around. When Buchanan became President and Harriet Lane was installed as mistress of the White House, Esther concluded to extend her journeys and visit her old acquaintances. This she did, walking the whole way, and that she was kindly received is shown by the fact that she repeated her visit more than once, always going the same way. Below the Ellis home stood the log house of Arnold Brooks (colored). Next was the old stone academy.

On the south side of the street, where George Armstrong now lives, was a log house, the home of Jacob Bezan (colored). This was the first house built on this street, and for a time it figured as a station of the Underground Railroad. Jacob was a small darky and had a son George who was as large as his father was small. When information was received that slaves were on the route, Jacob watched for them while George kept guard at the house. On one occasion this order was reversed and George was stationed at the foot of the garden to meet the refugees. Soon three darkies appeared coming out of the cornfield. When they saw George was not the little man who was to meet them, they retreated into the field. George called and after some persuasion they reluctantly made their second appearance. He took them into the house to his father. They were fed and then hidden in the loft. Here they lay that night and all the next day. The next night George piloted them across the brickyard, over the run, across the turnpike, following the mountains northward, starting them on their way to the next station. In the early morning George returned. Later in the day, the constable appeared to search the house.

Lots 126 and 127 included a graveyard which belonged to the Lutheran congregation. Burials here were discontinued after Fairview Cemetery was opened. The bodies were removed many years ago. Next to this stands the brick cottage which belonged to Miss Lydia Spangler.

The Turnpike

Lots 131 and 132 were the property of the Seceder church. The church stood on the lot now owned by Mrs. Bristor. It was under this church that the rifles belonging to the town were concealed during the Confederate raids. Miss Sallie McCracken lived in the sexton's cottage, now owned by Atchison Divillbiss. The graveyard belonging to this congregation was on the rear of these two lots. The



A GLIMSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL WOODWORK IN THE HOUSE BUILT BY COLONEL ROBERT PARKER ABOUT 1788. THE BALCONY HOUSE. AN OLD DOORWAY. FAIRVIEW CEMETERY. THE TOLL-GATE AT NORTH END OF TOWN.

bodies have been removed to other burial grounds. The stone church which this congregation erected stood on the "Point" now occupied by the residence of William Smith.

The lots now owned by Calvin Wilson and Miss Harriet Scully were purchased from Mrs. Brownson by Henry Scully, who sold part to John Wilson. These two men built what have always remained the Wilson and Scully homes.

The next house on the "Point," now the property of Mrs. Taylor, was the Harbaugh home for many years. Mrs. Harbaugh purchased it from Harmon Hause, who lived there at one time. During the war Leonard Leidy lived here and it was in this house one of the Confederate soldiers died. He was buried in the Methodist graveyard and since has been removed to Fairview Cemetery.

Across Fayette street, on the corner, stands what was for many years the Skinner home. The whole hill was called Skinner's, after the owner, Captain Skinner. On the rear of this lot, facing Fayette street, stands the foundry which the Skimmers operated; later it was run by Samuel Cromer and John Seyler. At an early date this property was owned by —— Welker. It now belongs to Mrs. Brubaker.

On the crest of the hill stood the house which was built and occupied by Harmon Hause. Recently this was moved some distance south of its first location by H. W. Byron, who erected his residence on this site.

In the northern end of town, the first house beyond the Race was the home and shop of Nicholas Shultz, weaver, who made carpets and coverlets. The latter, with the names of both weaver and owner woven in are now much prized.

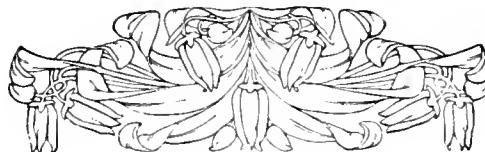
Across from this, on the east side of Main street, stands the residence which was built and occupied by John Orth, and now belongs to Miss Lesher.

On the west side is the brick house built by Leonard Lackove and still occupied by his family. Adjoining it is the Bennett home. The property next, at one time belonged to John Orth.

The house now owned and occupied by Hayes McClellan was built by Jacob Reisner, who lived here until his death. The Witherspoon residence was built by Samuel Johnson. For many years it was the home of David Agnew.

Beyond this is the tollgate, which the Turnpike Company placed as the northern limit of the town.

As this account is confined to the limits of the original town plan, it necessarily omits the Avenue, Church street, Park street extension, and the town beyond the tollgate, as well as the many modern homes and business houses throughout the old town.



Schools

THE people of Mercersburg have ever been wont to pride themselves on their love of education. There is just cause for this for as early as 1762 we find that the first classical school within the bounds of this county was established in the Conococheague settlement. The teacher, Mr. John King—afterward Rev. John King—gives this brief account of it: "After this, my father not judging that he could bear the expense of sending me to college immediately, I came to West Conococheague in Cumberland county, where I spent almost three years in teaching school, during which time I instructed some boys in the Latin language. The Indian war increasing in 1763, my sister that lived there being killed by the Indians and the school declining, I quitted this part and returned to Little Britain, Lancaster Co." This school-house, built of logs, was situated near the first church, known as Steele's meeting house or fort, at Churchill, and when Dr. King returned here later as the pastor he seems to have continued the school. This Latin school had a high reputation in the community.

After Mercersburg was founded there is little definite information in regard to schools, but everything seems to center in the "Old Stone Academy." When and by whom this was built is not known. The oldest inhabitants of today remember it in their youth and recall that their parents spoke of it as the old Stone Academy, so it would seem to have always been old. The building was a two-story stone structure, and stood on the grounds of the Presbyterian church, near where the parsonage now stands. Ex-President James Buchanan, in his autobiography, gives the following: "After having received a tolerably good English education, I studied the Latin and Greek language at a school in Mercersburg. It was kept by the Rev. James K. Sharon, then a student of divinity with Dr. John King and afterward by a Mr. McConnell and Dr. Jesse Magaw, then a student of medicine." As Mr. Buchanan entered Dickinson College in 1807, it must have been before that date he attended school in the old stone academy. The earliest school-house used for what is termed the "common school" system, was a one-story brick building, also on the Presbyterian grounds. It stood facing Park street, almost exactly opposite the present blacksmith shop. This house was built by general subscription, the Presbyterian congregation giving the use of their grounds on condition that they be permitted to store their fire wood in the cellar. Some of the teachers of this school were Samuel Bradley, Jacob Hassler, James Williamson, John D. Crilly and Miss Sarah Andrews. The basement of the Methodist church was used at various times for school purposes. As early as 1841 it was kept by a Mrs. Harris and her daughter, later by John D. Crilly and others.

The one-story, two-roomed school-house, on what is now Dr. Unger's lot, was built by the Mercersburg Independent School District for the primary schools. In 1862 Goethean Hall was purchased for the more advanced grades. The schools rested here until 1878, when they made their final move into their present home on West Seminary street.

The old Stone Academy in its decrepit age opened its doors to yet another school and became the first home in Mercersburg of what afterwards became Marshall College. It was regarded as a stroke of genius that the Rev. Jacob Mayer, pastor of the Reformed congregation, conceived the idea in 1834 of having the High School and Theological Seminary of that denomination, which were then located at York, removed to Mercersburg. This place was then a town of less than a thousand inhabitants largely of Scotch-Irish descent, belonging to several branches of the Presbyterian church. The West Conococheague had been settled by the Scotch-Irish originally, the agents of the Proprietors being instructed to induce the Scotch-Irish to locate in the Kittatinny valley, while the German immigrants were sent to York county, thereby hoping to avoid the troubles that had been experienced in some of the eastern counties. It was not long, however, until the Germans appeared in this valley, as is shown by the census of 1790. By 1834 there were both Reformed and Lutheran congregations of strength and influence in this town. In bringing the High School and Seminary here, not only the Reformed church, but Seceders, Presbyterians, Lutherans and Methodists were equally enthusiastic. A subscription of \$10,000 was raised and other substantial inducements were offered, one of these being the old stone academy. Proposals



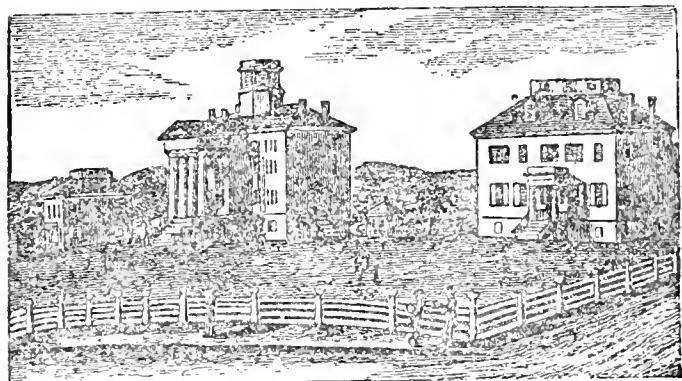
HOME OF THE GREAT AMERICAN JURIST, JOHN MARSHALL, OF VIRGINIA, FOR
WHOM MARSHALL COLLEGE WAS NAMED

from Chambersburg and Lancaster were offered "but this from Mercersburg, involving no conditions that might lead to difficulty or misunderstanding, was regarded as the best," so the offer was accepted. The members of the Board of Trustees from this town were Daniel Shaffer, William McKinstry, Elliott T. Lane, Dr. P. W. Little, William Dick and William Metcalfe.

The High School was removed from York in 1835. On a beautiful November day in that year, the students arrived in Mercersburg by stage, fourteen of them in two stages. The faculty consisted of Dr. Rauch and Prof. Budd. The school was received with great kindness by the people, but the removal had been premature, as the old academy needed extensive repairs and for awhile the school occupied a frame building near the Diamond. This building, after the organization of the college, was for some years occupied by the preparatory department. The houses for the professors were not ready, and during the first winter the school suffered many privations. Notwithstanding these drawbacks the number of students steadily increased. On March 31, 1836, Governor Joseph Ritner signed the charter of Marshall College, and the Legislature added an appropriation to the endowment of the new institution. It was named Marshall College "in testimony of respect for the exalted character, great worth and high mental attainments of the late John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

The same summer (1836) the Seminary building was erected, and one of the professor's houses. The next year the other house was built. Dr. Rauch superintended the work, while the building committee consisted of John Smith, George Besore, Daniel Shaffer and James O. Carson. Two of them

SEMINARY BUILDINGS
ERECTED 1836



were Reformed elders, one a Lutheran and the fourth a Seceder. The grounds on which the buildings stood originally consisted of four acres, which were purchased from Mr. William McKinstry for \$500, the amount of his subscription. Mr. Jacob Hassler, Sr., was another of the four who subscribed \$500 each.

This building soon became overcrowded by the seminary and college and the students were compelled to take lodgings wherever they could find them. In 1838 the Board resolved to build a suitable building for the college on a tract of land at the southern end of the village, which had been purchased from Mrs. Brownson for \$1,000. No one doubted that the college building would soon be erected but the claims of the Preparatory Department were pressing and came first. It still occupied the frame building in the town (this was destroyed by fire in 1841), which was inadequate to its needs, so it was deemed advisable to erect the preparatory building first. In 1844 and 1845 the two beautiful halls of the Diognathian and Goethean Societies were erected. These were alike externally, built in the classic style with a portico supported by six Ionic columns and so situated that the proposed college building could be erected between them. This would have been imposing had the plan been completed, but the college suffered many financial embarrassments. At one time, in 1841, to save the school from loss, the trustees were compelled to purchase the Mansion House. The combination of college, seminary and hotel aroused much amusement, but the trustees bravely held the hotel till 1845, when Colonel John Murphy bought it. In this year the King of Prussia donated 1,500 German thalers to Marshall College.

The number of students in 1845 was 204, an increase of nearly fifty over the year before. The following year Prof. Samuel Budd, after a short illness, died. A Princeton graduate of high standing,

Old Mercersburg

he impressed upon the High School a collegiate character, so that when the change was made to Marshall College, there was no difficulty in arranging the students into college classes.

When necessity prompted the union of Marshall College with Franklin College, located at Lancaster, the citizens of Mercersburg objected most vigorously. An indignation meeting was held in the Methodist church, at which the people protested against the violation of plighted faith involved in the proposed removal. They even agreed to resort to law if necessary to prevent it. The accusation of "violation of plighted faith" was disposed of satisfactorily to the Synod, at least, and the college was removed to Lancaster in 1853.

The feeling in this community was nevertheless sectarian in regard to Marshall College, and this is well shown by the order of proceedings on commencement day, which was a great day for Marshall College and the whole town took part in it. During the early years the commencement exercises were held in the Presbyterian church, it being the largest for the purpose, and the following was the order usually observed: The procession was formed at the Reformed church and proceeded through Main street to the Presbyterian church. First came the brass band, then the trustees, the faculty, and the orator of the preceding day, the graduates, the clergy, physicians, borough council, undergraduates and the citizens and visitors.

Marshall College had a separate existence of only seventeen years, but though its life was brief and much troubled by financial problems, it was strong intellectually, and it left its stamp on the community as well as on its students. Under the leadership of Dr. Rauch it evolved a system of philosophy which later, under the seminary, developed into the doctrinal system known as Mercersburg Theology.

In 1848 the Mercersburg Review, a quarterly publication, was established here; it is continued to the present day under the name of the Reformed Church Review.

The Theological Seminary remained here until 1871, when it, too, was taken to Lancaster. It is interesting to note that the last class to leave the seminary went out of town on the first passenger train to Chambersburg.

After the removal of Marshall College, the Preparatory Department, under Revs. Samuel Wagner and Clement Weiser, continued for two years longer, and then followed the college to Lancaster. A private school was then opened under Rev. John Kooken. When Mr. Kooken left, in 1857, the citizens of Mercersburg formed a stock company, under the name of Mercersburg (sometimes Marshall) Collegiate Institute. The principal of this school in 1860 was Rev. Joseph Loose, who was followed in 1862 by A. A. Kemble. Mr. Kemble died in 1863 and was succeeded by his daughters. The last to lease the school was Charles Fisher.

In October, 1865, the property was bought by the Classis of the German Reformed church, and the Collegiate Institute developed into Mercersburg College. The chartering of this college was largely due to the efforts of Dr. Henry Harbaugh, president of the Theological Seminary.

The first president of Mercersburg College was Dr. Thomas Appel. He was succeeded, in 1871, by Dr. E. E. Higbee. These two men, assisted by their able colleagues, Professors Kieffer, Jacob and Joseph Kershner, Bechdolt, Abbott, Garver, and Mull, continued this vigorous institution until 1880, when financial embarrassment obliged it to close its doors, to be opened again the next year.

The education of the girls of Mercersburg was not neglected. Mrs. Young's Select School for Girls, which had been located at York, followed in the wake of the high school and seminary and removed to Mercersburg.

Mrs. Young's sisters, Mrs. Dr. Ranch and Mrs. Traill Green, were at different times identified with the school, which was called Locust Grove.

In 1848 the principals of the school, E. Dean and Susanna Dow, advertised this in the town paper: "This institution is pleasantly situated in a retired part of the village of Mercersburg." The principal in 1850 was A. F. Gilbert, and in 1857 this advertisement of J. E. Alexander is found, "building has lately been repaired. Boarding, Fuel, Light, Room, Furniture, and Tuition per year, \$130. Music, French and Drawing (extra)."

This institute, or female seminary as it was later called, was the property at the north end of town now owned by Mrs. Johnson Rankin. It was used for school purposes until about 1880, when it became a private residence.

When the public schools were opened, all the children living north of the Run were obliged to attend school in their own township (Peters). The school was a small brick building and stood on the left side of the pike on the way to the Gap. There are yet living men and women who received their early education at this little brick school-house, which has long ago disappeared.



DIAGNOSTHIAN HALL

"Ah, now they're standing all forlorn,
Or turned to other use;
While we their sad condition mourn,
Their ruinous abuse—
Their ruinous abuse, my boys;
Yet still they wake to view
The times lamented that were ours,
When these two Halls were new;
When these two Halls were new, my boys,
When these two Halls were new!

Trails and Roads

JN CROSSING the country the Indian always chose the shortest way through the valleys and over the mountains; the hunter naturally took the same trail, and he, in turn, was followed by the trader; the way of the pack horse at last becoming the wagon road. It is interesting to note that the routes taken by men, skilled only in woodcraft, were followed in later years by the engineers of the turnpike and in many cases, of the railroad. The trail through Cove Gap, west of Mercersburg, is a striking example of this. The path for the pack horses carrying their goods over the mountains followed the trail of the Indians through the Gap into the gorge known as Stony Batter. It then makes a steep ascent to the old John Tom place. The turnpike, on entering the Gap diverges to the left and climbs the mountain by an easy, regular grade at no place more than a few rods distant from the packer's path. At the Tom place the turnpike comes into the old path, which it follows to the top of the mountain. There it again diverges, this time to the right leaving the path to the left. Like Stony Batter, the Tom place was a store and inn in the days when the packer's path was a thoroughfare leading from Baltimore to Pittsburgh. It was a common sight in those days to see a long line of pack horses—often as many as fifteen—tethered together, with two men in charge. One man led the foremost horse and the driver followed the file to watch the packs and urge the laggards. Two hundred pounds was considered a horse's load.

On the wagon road which succeeded the packer's path, was seen the Conestoga wagon, that true American vehicle with its curved bottom, which made it especially fitted for traversing mountain roads, the curved bottom preventing the freight from slipping too far at either end when going up or down hill. The body was invariably painted a bright blue, with sideboards of a vivid red. Four to seven horses were used in these wagons, according to the load; and from twenty to one hundred teams would follow in close order. Taverns and inns were numerous in those days, each bearing a name, usually painted on a swinging sign board with some significant emblem added. It is said that every tenth house along the turnpike was a hostelry. The building of a turnpike was an undertaking equal to that of building a railroad in these days. The turnpike passing through this town was built about 1820, the contractor for part of the road being Mr. William Metcalfe, a citizen of Mercersburg.

What is now known as the Warm Spring road was originally an Indian trail extending from the East to the Warm Springs at Berkeley, W. Va. This road enters Mercersburg on the east by Oregon street and continues through the town under the names of Oregon and Park streets, while beyond it is known as the Corner Road. Passing through Blair's Valley, it reaches Berkeley by a devious course through the mountain passes.

The first road to Baltimore, which was mainly followed by the present turnpike, came about in this way. At the April session of the Cumberland County Court, in 1761, the people of Peters township petitioned for a road, saying that they have no prospect of a standing market for the produce of the country except at Baltimore, and flour being the principal commodity, this "township produceth and having two mills in said township, viz: John McDowell's and William Smith's," they pray the Court to "appoint men to view and lay out a road from each of said mills to meet at or near the house of William Maxwell and from thence to run by the nearest and best way towards the said town of Baltimore." The viewers reported in favor of granting this petition but the branch roads to the mills were restricted to bridle paths which were to unite near James Irwin's mill in Peters township, and thence through Antrim township to Nicholson's Gap in the South Mountain, and from there to Baltimore.

Colonel James Smith

Abridged from "Incidents of Border Life."

JN MAY, 1755, the Province of Pennsylvania agreed to send out three hundred men, in order to cut a wagon road from Fort Loudon, to join Braddock's road near the Turkey Foot, or three forks of Yohogania. My brother-in-law, William Smith, Esq., of Conococheague, was appointed commissioner, to have the oversight of these road cutters.

Though I was at that time only eighteen years of age, I concluded I must also go out with this company of road cutters, to see the event of this campaign.

We went on with the road, without interruption, until near the Alleghany mountain; when I was sent back in order to hurry up some provision wagons that were on the way after us. I proceeded down the road as far as the crossings of Juniata, where, finding the wagons were coming, I returned up the road again towards the Alleghany mountain, in company with one Arnold Vigoras. About four or five miles above Bedford, three Indians had made a blind of bushes, stuck in the ground, where they concealed themselves. When we came opposite to them they fired upon us, and killed my fellow traveler. My horse making a violent start, threw me, and the Indians immediately ran up and took me prisoner. One of them could speak English, and asked me if there were any more white men coming after? I told them not any near, that I knew of. Two of these Indians stood by me, whilst the other scalped my comrade; they then set off and ran at a smart rate through the woods for about fifteen miles, and that night we slept on the Alleghany mountain.

(Four days later the Indians with their young captive reached Fort Du Quesne. Here Smith was compelled to run the gauntlet and was beaten into insensibility. He was adopted into the Caughnewago nation, but four years later he made his escape to the French at Montreal, who exchanged him with other English prisoners.)

Early in the year 1760, I came home to Conococheague, and found that my people could never ascertain whether I was killed or taken, until my return. They received me with great joy, but were surprised to see me so much like an Indian, both in my gait and gesture.

Now there was peace with the Indians, which lasted until the year 1763. Sometime in May, this year, I married, and about that time the Indians again commenced hostilities, and were busily engaged in killing and scalping the frontier inhabitants in various parts of Pennsylvania. The whole Conococheague valley, from the North to the South mountain, had been almost entirely evacuated during Braddock's war. This State was then a Quaker government, and at the first of this war the frontiers received no assistance from the State. As the people were now beginning to live at home again, they thought it hard to be driven away a second time, and were determined if possible to make a stand; therefore they raised as much money by collections and subscriptions as would pay a company of riflemen for several months. They elected me Captain of this company of rangers, and gave me the appointment of my own subalterns. I chose two of the most active young men that I could find, who had also been long in captivity with the Indians. As we enlisted our men, we dressed them uniformly in the Indian manner, with breech-clouts, leggings, moccasins, and green shrouds, which we wore in the same manner that the Indians do. In place of hats we wore red handkerchiefs, and painted our faces red and black like Indian warriors. I taught them the Indian discipline. We succeeded beyond expectation in defending the frontiers, and were extolled by our employers. Near the conclusion of this expedition, I accepted of an Ensign's commission in the regular service, under King George, in what was then called the Pennsylvania Line.

In the year 1764 I received a lieutenant's commission and went out on General Bouquet's campaign against the Indians on the Muskingum. Here we brought them to terms, and promised to be at peace with them, upon condition that they would give up all our people that they had then in captivity.

They then delivered unto us three hundred of the prisoners and promised that they would bring all into Fort Pitt early next spring.

A little below Fort Pitt the hostages all made their escape. Shortly after this the Indians killed some people on the frontier. The King's proclamation was then circulating, prohibiting any person from trading with the Indians until further orders.

Notwithstanding all this, about the 1st of March, 1765, a number of wagons loaded with Indian goods and warlike stores, were sent from Philadelphia to Henry Pollens, Conococheague, and from thence seventy pack horses were loaded with these goods, in order to carry them to Fort Pitt. This alarmed the country, and Mr. William Duffield raised about fifty armed men, and met the pack horses at the place where Mercersburg now stands. Mr. Duffield desired the employers to store up their goods and not proceed until further orders. They made light of this, and went over the North mountain, where they lodged in a small valley called the Great Cove.

Mr. Duffield and his party followed after, and came to their lodging, and again urged them to store up their goods; he reasoned with them on the impropriety of their proceedings, and the great danger the frontier inhabitants would be exposed to, if the Indians should now get a supply; he said, as it was well known, that they had scarcely any ammunition, and were almost naked, to supply them now would be a kind of murder, and would be illegally trading at the expense of the blood and treasure of the frontiers. Notwithstanding his powerful reasoning, these traders made game of what he said.

When I beheld this, I collected ten of my old warriors, and went off privately after night, and encamped in the woods. The next day, as usual, we blacked and painted, and waylaid them near Siding Hill. I scattered my men about forty rod along the side of the road, and ordered every two to take a tree, and about eight or ten rod between each couple, with orders to keep a reserve fire, one not to fire until his comrade had loaded his gun—by this means we kept up a constant, slow fire upon them, from front to rear. We then heard nothing of these traders' merriment. When they saw their pack horses falling close by them, they called out, "Pray, gentlemen, what would you have us to do?" The reply was, "Collect all your loads to the front, and unload them in one place; take your private property, and immediately retire." When they were gone, we burnt what they left, which consisted of blankets, shirts, vermillion, lead, beads, wampum, tomahawks, scalping knives, etc.

The traders went back to Fort Loudon, and applied to the commanding officer there, and got a party of Highland soldiers, and went with them in quest of the robbers, as they called us, and without applying to a magistrate, or obtaining any civil authority, but barely upon suspicion, they took a number of creditable persons (who were chiefly not any way concerned in the action), and confined them in the guard house in Fort Loudon. I then raised three hundred riflemen, marched to Fort Loudon, and encamped on a hill in sight of the fort. We were not long there until we had more than double as many of the British troops prisoners in our camp, as they had of our people in the guard house. Captain Grant, a Highland officer, who commanded Fort Loudon, then sent a flag of truce to our camp, where we settled a cartel, and gave them above two for one, which enabled us to redeem all our men.

After this Captain Grant kept a number of rifle guns, which the Highlanders had taken from the country people, and refused to give them up. As he was riding out one day, we took him prisoner, and detained him until he delivered up the arms; we also destroyed a large quantity of gunpowder, that the traders had stored up, lest it be conveyed to the Indians. The King's troops and our party had now got entirely out of the channel of the civil law, and many unjustifiable things were done by both parties.

After this we kept up a guard of men on the frontiers for several months, to prevent supplies being sent to the Indians, until it was proclaimed that Sir William Johnson had made peace with them, and then we let the traders pass unmolested.

Smith, who was locally known as "Indian Jimmie," subsequently surprised Fort Bedford and released some of his "Black Boys," who were prisoners in the fort. For this it was determined to arrest him, and in the altercation that resulted, a traveling companion of Smith's was killed. He was charged with the killing and taken to Carlisle, where he was tried for murder. He was honorably acquitted of this charge. This was in 1769.

He then removed to Westmoreland county. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Convention of 1776, and of the Assembly 1776-77.

While in the Assembly he organized a scouting party and went in aid of General Washington's army in the Jerseys. After the Revolution he settled in Kentucky, where he served as a member of the Legislature.

In connection with Colonel Smith and his "Black Boys," in the affair at Fort Loudon, it is of interest to note the point of view of the military authority of the Province as shown in the Public Records preserved in the Secretary's office at Harrisburg. Rupp's History of Franklin County gives extracts of these from which the following is taken:

In the report from "Fort Loudon June 4, 1765. The first rendezvous of the rioters was at Justice Smith's about five miles from Fort Loudon, the 6th day of March last. From thence they followed the first convoy of goods, consisting of eighty-one horse loads, twelve miles further, and burned and pillaged sixty-three loads. . . .

"The 10th of May, about 150 of the rioters, in arms, commanded, as I am informed, by James Smith, and attended by three Justices of the Peace, appeared before the Fort, and demanded to search the goods, with an intention, it is believed, to plunder and destroy them, as they had done before. Lieutenant Grant suspecting their design, told the justices that the goods were under his protection, by order of the Commander-in-chief (General Gage), who had been pleased to send him instructions to have an inventory of the goods taken by the Justice of the Peace, and that he intended to apply to one of their number to have it done, but did not think it safe in presence of such a mob, whom he had reason to suspect. To which the Justices made answer, that they would not come again, and immediately said, they were not under the General's orders; but it is the Governor's they are to obey. The Justices further told Lieutenant Grant that they would pay no regard to any military officer's pass, of whatever rank he might be, and that no goods whatever could be safe in going along the communication, without a pass from a Justice of the Peace. . . . None of the Justices has taken any notice of this outrage and violence committed on Lieutenant Grant, and the two sergeants I made mention of in my last; on the contrary, Smith, who heads these villains, together with the rest of the party who committed these violences, have appeared ever since openly at Justice Smith's house, and were seen there by Lieutenant Grant himself, who complained of them to the said Justices, but could obtain no redress."

In a letter from General Gage to Governor Penn, he alludes to the trial of some of the rioters, of March, 1765.

" . . . The difficulty you lay under to bring the persons concerned in the attack upon the convoy to punishment, are very obvious, for it is probable that many of the jury who tried the people who were prosecuted for the riot, were themselves concerned in it; and the acquittal of these people, no doubt, rendered them more bold and audacious afterward. They have acted ever since without any reserve, keeping regular scouts and guards upon the roads.

"I herewith transmit you copies of Passes given by Justice Smith and Lieutenant Smith. With respect to the advertisement which you resent with so much justice, it appears to have been the contrivance of some leader of the rioters," etc.

This advertisement, which had been posted near Fort Loudon, was a scurrilous notice, rough even for those rude times, but is of interest here that it gives the names of both Black's Town and Squire Smith's Town.

"Governor Penn cited June 27, 1765, Justice Smith and Maxwell to appear at Philadelphia to clear up this matter." —

"January 15, 1766, the Governor removed William Smith from the magistracy and issued a writ to apprehend James Smith, as a ringleader of the riots, but no serious effort seems to have been made to punish him or his 'Black Boys.' "

Captivity of John McCullough

Abridged

JWAS born in Newcastle county in the State of Delaware. When I was five years old my father moved his family from thence to a place known by the name of Conococheague Settlement where he made a purchase of a tract of land at sheriff's sale, about a year before what has been generally termed Braddock's war. Shortly after the beginning of the war, he moved his family into York county, where he remained until the spring of 1756, when we ventured home. We had not been long at home until we were alarmed again, and we then fled to Antietam Settlement where we remained until the beginning of harvest; then ventured home to secure our crops. We stopped about three miles from home, where we got a small cabin to live in until my father went home and secured the grain. On the 26th day of July, 1756, my parents and oldest sister went home to pull flax, accompanied by John Allen, a neighbor, who had business at Fort Loudon and promised to come that way in the evening to accompany them back. Allen had proceeded but about two miles toward Loudon until he heard the Indians had killed a man that morning, about a mile and a half from where my parents were at work. He then, instead of going back to accompany them home, took a circuitous route for fear of the Indians.

When he came home, my brother and I were playing on the great road, a short distance from the house. He told us to go immediately to the house or the Indians would catch us, adding at the same time, that he supposed they had killed our father and mother by that time. We were small, I was about eight years old, my brother was but five; we went to the house, the people were all in a bustle making ready to go to a fort about a mile off. I recollect hearing them say, that somebody should go and give my parents notice; none would venture to go; my brother and I concluded that we would go ourselves and went off unnoticed by any person. When we came within fifty or sixty yards of the house, all of a sudden, the Indians came rushing out of a thicket upon us. They were six in number, to-wit, five Indians and one Frenchman. My brother screamed aloud the instant we saw them; they stopped before us, they tied a pair of moccasins on my feet and started off as fast as I was able to run along with them, one of them carrying my brother on his back. We ran along side of the field where my parents were at work, they were only intercepted from our view by a small ridge in the field. When we had got about seventy or eighty perches from the field we sat down in a thicket of bushes, when we heard our father calling us. Two of the Indians ran off toward the house, the other four started off with us as fast as I was able to travel along with them, jumping across every road we came to, one catching me by each arm and slinging me over the road to prevent our tracks from being discovered.

We traveled all that day, and it came on rain towards evening. We traveled on till a good while after dark; at last we took up our lodging under a large tree. At break of day we started again; about sunrise we heard a number of axes at a short distance from us; they immediately took the alarm and made off as quick as possible. Toward evening we stopped on the side of a mountain, two of the Indians and the Frenchman went down into the valley, leaving one to take care of us. In a short time they came back carrying a parcel of hogs on their back and a fowl they had killed, also a parcel of green apples in their bosoms; they gave us some of the apples, which was the first nourishment we got from the time we were taken. We then went down the mountain where they kindled a fire and singed the hair off the hogs and roasted them, the fowl they roasted for us. Here we were joined by the two Indians who had returned when they heard my father calling us. They had a scalp with them. By the color of the hair I concluded it was my father's, but I was mistaken, it was the scalp of the man they had killed the morning before they took us. We traveled in the same manner until we reached Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh). When we reached the fort, we were taken into a French house, where a number of Indians were sitting on the floor. One of the chiefs took my brother by the hand and handed him to a Frenchman who was standing at a room door, which was the last sight I had of him. After

that he took me by the hand and made a speech, then handed me to an Indian who was sitting on the hearth. He took me between his legs, telling me that I was his brother. The next day I was sent to an uncle of my adopted brother, who lived at Shenango on Beaver Creek. I lived with him about a year. Sometime in the following summer we went to a treaty with the French at Presque Isle, where I was given up to my Indian mother, whom I had never seen before. We moved to Fort Le Boeuf, where my mother had a patch of corn. We lived there till fall, occasionally going to the fort to draw rations, as the French constantly supplied the Indians with provisions whilst they lay about the fort. Towards fall my older brother came to take us to Shenango to live among the rest of our friends. We lived about two and a half years at Shenango and then moved to Salt Licks. While living here a trader, one Andrew Wilkins, came to the town. He asked me where I was taken from and my name. I told him.

As soon as he returned to Shippensburg he informed my father he had seen me, which was the first account they received of me from the time I was taken.

The next spring we moved to Mahoning. Some time in the summer following my father came to Mahoning and found me out. I was shy of speaking to him, as I had at that time forgot my mother tongue. My Indian brother not being at home, my father returned and left me. The next fall my father went out to Fort Venango or French Creek, along with Wilkins. Wilkins sent a messenger to Mahoning for my brother to take me to Venango, telling him that my father would purchase me from him. Accordingly he took me off without letting me know his intention. When we got to Venango we encamped about a mile from the garrison. My brother went to the garrison to bargain with my father for me, but told me nothing of it. The next morning my father and two others came to our camp and told me that my brother wanted to see me at the fort. I went along with them. When we got there he told me I must go home with my father.

I wept bitterly—all to no purpose; my father was ready to start; they laid hold of me and set me on a horse. I threw myself off, they set me on again and tied my legs under the horse. That night when we encamped, my father tied my arms behind my back; however, I had them loose before he lay down. I took care to keep it concealed.

About midnight I arose and made off as fast as I could. I had got near a hundred yards from camp when I heard them hunting me with a large dog. I climbed up a tall tree, the dog stopped at the root of the tree but they urged him on. The dog came back to the tree again and after a short time they came back and stood under the tree for a considerable time—then returned to the fire. I could see them distinctly from where I was. I then went down and steered through the woods till I found the camp of my friends, then went on about ten miles and there waited till they came up to me. Not long after I left them, my father came to the camp and they denied they had seen me, but promised if I had returned to Mahoning to take me to Pittsburgh that fall. This promise they did not keep and it was not till the next year that I was sent back.

In the fall of 1764 a treaty of peace was made with the Indians, by which all prisoners were returned. There were about two hundred of us.

John Martin, from the Big Cove, came to Pittsburgh after his family, who had been taken by the Indians the fall before I was taken. He got leave to bring me down along with his family. I got home about the middle of December, 1764, being absent eight years, four months and sixteen days. Previous to my return my father had sold his plantation, where I was taken from, and bought another one about four miles from the former; where I have resided ever since.

The foregoing is a condensed account of John McCullough's own story of his capture by the Indians, taken from the original manuscript, now in the possession of his grandson and namesake, John McCullough, Esq. The full narrative is to be found in "Incidents of Border Life."

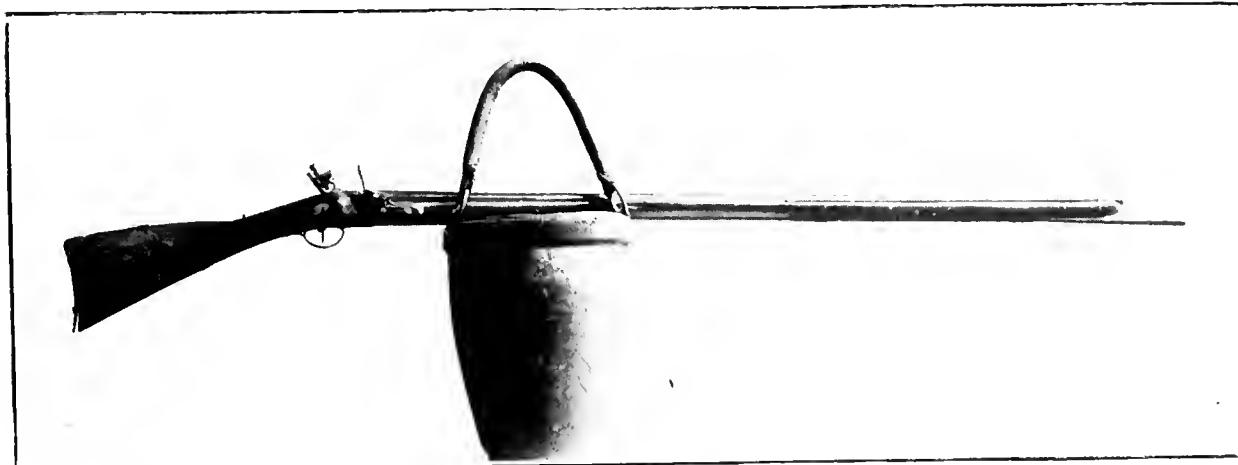
The plantation from which the two brothers were taken captives was situated about three miles southwest of Upton, and the home to which he returned after his captivity is the Hargleroad farm, about three and a half miles east of town.

Of the younger child, James, nothing was ever known, from the time he passed out of his brother's sight in the Council House.

In his father's account book, the date of the children's capture is entered with this quotation from Jeremiah, Chapter XXII, Verse 10: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." The father care-



CASEY'S KNOB AND TWO-TOP



THE OLD FLINT-LOCK GUN DROPPED BY THE INDIANS WHO CAPTURED JOHN McCULLOUGH
ONE OF THE LEATHER FIRE-BUCKETS OF LONG AGO

It was customary for each householder to keep two buckets hanging in his
hall. This one bears the name of
Matthew Smith

fully marked the passage in his Bible as well. The verse has become so woven into the family history that as a sort of *In Memoriam* for the lad, each later member underscores the passage too.

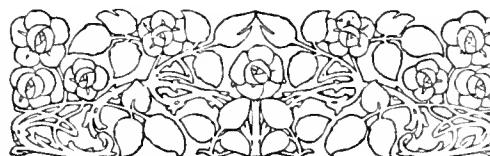
The restored captive was obliged to learn his English over again, and to begin school at the beginning; which, as he often said, was the hardest thing he had to do in his life. That he improved his time is shown by his narrative in "Border Life."

The parents of John McCullough were strict "Old School" Presbyterians and one of their greatest difficulties was to hold the boy in check on the Lord's day. If he saw a deer, his eight years among the Indians caused him to raise his gun without a thought of the Sabbath. He never saw an Indian after his return, although there were many opportunities, as they often passed through Mercersburg on their way to Washington. Mr. McCullough never wished to meet them, he said, except for one thing, and that was to see if he could talk with them or if he had forgotten their language just as he had forgotten his own, years before. He was unwilling to have his family speak ill of them, because they had always been kind to him at any rate.

One of the Indians left his gun behind in order to carry the younger child. This gun has been carefully preserved by the family. An interesting story has been handed down in connection with this same gun.

After the death of the father, the young man and his mother lived together at the farm. One day, while the son was absent in town, his mother heard the dogs barking furiously. She went out and found that they had treed a bear. She secured the Indian gun, but not having any bullets, she used odds and ends of lead instead. She fired seven times, each time hitting the bear but not in a vital spot. As she knew the bear would not come down because of the dogs, she went to the house and prepared to mould some bullets. But before she was ready to use them, her son came home, and having been trained by the Indians, he knew where to hit to kill, and soon had a dead bear.

Mr. McCullough married late in life (judged by the standards of those days), being thirty-five years old. His first wife was Mary McKinney. After her death he married Elizabeth Cunningham, a niece of Dr. King, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Mercersburg; of whose church Mr. McCullough was a member. He lived to be more than seventy-five years of age. Mr. McCullough is buried in a small graveyard on what is now the Mosser farm, near Upton.



Robert McClellan, Scout

THE records of the War Department show that one Robert McClelland (surname also recorded as McClelland and McClellan) was a private in Captain James Flinn's Company of Scouts in the service of the United States under the command of Major General Anthony Wayne (Kentucky), from September 21, 1793, to December 31, 1793.

The name Robert McClellan (also recorded as Robert McLellan) appears on a pay roll of the Spies selected by William Wells in the service of the United States serving with the legion commanded by Major General Wayne in 1794 (Kentucky). The records show that his service began July 1, 1794, and ended December 6, 1794. This roll bears the remark, "Appointed lieut. July 28, 1794, by Major General Wayne, and to receive the company emoluments as a lieutenant of mounted volunteers."

In "Border Life" we read that "Robert McLellan (whose name has since been immortalized by the graphic pen of Washington Irving, in his "Astoria") was one of the most athletic and active men of foot that has appeared on this globe. On the grand parade at Fort Greenville, where the ground was very little inclined, to show his activity, he leaped over a road wagon with the cover stretched over; the wagon and bows were eight feet high."

From Roosevelt's "The Winning of the West" we also quote:

"In June, 1794, Wells, Miller, and a third spy, Robert McClellan, were sent out by Wayne with special instructions to bring in a live Indian. McClellan, who a number of years afterwards became a famous plainsman and Rocky Mountain man, was remarkably swift of foot. Near the Glaize River they found three Indians roasting venison by a fire, on a high open piece of ground, clear of brushwood. By taking advantage of the cover yielded by a fallen treetop the three scouts crawled within seventy yards of the camp fire; and Wells and Miller agreed to fire at the two outermost Indians, while McClellan, as soon as they had fired, was to dash in and run down the third. As the rifles cracked the two doomed warriors fell dead in their tracks; while McClellan bounded forward at full speed, tomahawk in hand. The Indian had no time to pick up his gun; fleeing for his life he reached the bank of the river, where the bluffs were twenty feet high, and sprang over into the stream bed. He struck a miry place, and while he was floundering McClellan came to the top of the bluff and instantly sprang down full on him, and overpowered him."

"Wells went off with three companions—McClellan, a man named Mahaffy, and a man named May. The four scouts succeeded in capturing an Indian man and woman, whom they bound securely. Instead of returning at once with their captives, the champions, in sheer dare-devil, ferocious love of adventure, determined, as it was already nightfall, to leave the two bound Indians where they could find them again, and go into one of the Indian camps to do some killing. The camp they selected was but a couple of miles from the British fort. They were dressed and painted like Indians, and spoke the Indian tongues; so, riding boldly forward, they came right among the warriors who stood grouped around the camp fires. They were at arm's-length before their disguise was discovered. Immediately each of them, choosing his man, fired into an Indian, and then they fled, pursued by a hail of bullets. May's horse slipped and fell in the bed of a stream, and he was captured. The other three, spurring hard and leaning forward in their saddles to avoid the bullets, escaped, though both Wells and McClellan were wounded; and they brought their Indian prisoners into Wayne's camp that night."

McClellan, as plainsman and Rocky Mountain guide, appears in "Astoria," where Washington Irving describes him as follows:

"McClellan was a remarkable man. He had been a partisan under General Wayne in his Indian wars; where he had distinguished himself by his fiery spirit and reckless daring, and marvelous stories were told of his exploits. His appearance answered to his character. His frame was meagre but muscular; showing strength, activity and iron firmness. His eyes were dark, deep set, and piercing. He was restless, fearless, but of impetuous and sometimes ungovernable temper."



GENERAL HUGH MERCER

This remarkable man was a native of the West Conococheague Settlement. His parents lived in the neighborhood of the Dickey plantation, midway between Mercersburg and Fort Loudon. There is an impression that in his childhood he had been an Indian captive for a time. However that may be, it is certain that it was here in West Conococheague that he spent his youth. Numerous are the traditions handed down from the generation that knew him to be the McClellan of "Border Life." In the frontier sports he far surpassed his comrades in agility and endurance. On the race course he was known to run faster than a horse could trot. This race course lay on the smooth slope between the Dickey (now Hassler) farm and Fort Loudon. Here he first performed the feat (afterwards enacted at Fort Greenville) of leaping over a covered wagon.

Again we quote from "Frontier Men in Border Life": "The last I heard of the brave, hardy, and active McClelland he had just returned to St. Louis, in 1812, from an expedition across the Rocky mountains. He had been to the Pacific Ocean at the mouth of the Columbia River. . . . This enterprise was equal to the daring genius of the man."

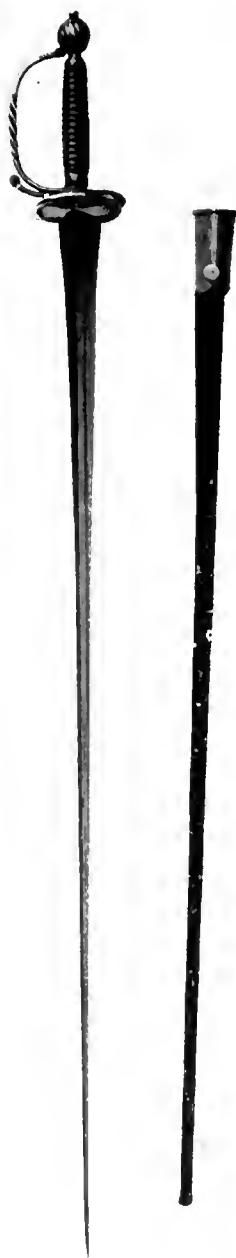


General Hugh Mercer

HIN THE Parish Register of the little country church at Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, there are the following entries: "June 9th, 1723, this Lord's day, Mr. William Mercer, the Mistress Anne Munroe, were proclaimed for the third time." Their marriage followed in the same month. Then: "January 17th, 1726, the Reverent Mr. William Mercer, and Mrs. Anne Munroe his wife, had a son baptised named Hugh."

In view of the above entries, I must take issue with such of his biographers as give the year 1721 as the date of the birth of my great-grandfather, Hugh Mercer. More accurate history should place it in the year 1725.

Descended, on his paternal side, from a long line of ministers of the Church of Scotland, dating from about 1650, it was doubtless both from inheritance and training that Hugh Mercer was so thoroughly imbued with those sterling virtues of truth, a high sense of honor, loyalty, and devotion to duty, which made him the good and great man he was afterwards to become. According to our family tradition he was a man of modest, gentle, unassuming nature, content to do his duty faithfully as he saw it, without any undue regard either to the praise or blame of others; and he would, no doubt, in his early years have been very much surprised had it been foretold of him how prominent a part he was destined to play in after-life, in the history of his adopted country. Hugh Mercer became a student of medicine at Marischal College in 1740, and we next hear of him as an assistant surgeon in the army of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" in 1746, in that ill-fated attempt to place him on the throne of his fathers. The Scotch, especially those from the Highlands, were always loyal to the House of Stuart, and Mercer, no doubt convinced of the justice of the cause, and with all his martial and patriotic spirit stirred to the depths, hastened to "link his fortune and his fate" to the cause of the Pretender. This was all the more to be expected as he had fighting blood in his veins, his maternal grandfather being Sir Robert Monroe, who fought with distinction in the British Army on the Continent, at Fontenoy and elsewhere. He was ordered home to oppose the Young Pretender, and was killed while in command at the battle of Falkirk in 1746. We do not know whether his grandson, Hugh Mercer, was his opponent on that bloody field, but we do know that he was certainly at the battle of Culloden, where Prince Charlie's army was completely crushed, and the Stuart cause lost forever. "In his flight the Pretender was like a hare hunted by hounds. Flora MacDonald, a Scottish maiden, foiled his pursuers; and at length he reached France in safety. His loyal and loving followers found refuge in any way possible, hunted down and mercilessly butchered when caught. The terrible tragedy of the battle was as nothing compared to the butchery of these fugitives by the relentless and implacable Duke of Cumberland, a name made infamous by his treatment of a fallen foe." After remaining in hiding for a time, Hugh Mercer managed to escape the vigilance of his enemies, and in the fall of the year 1746, embarked at Leith for America, landing a few weeks afterwards at Philadelphia. He remained but a short time in that city, however, and then made his first attempt to establish a home, on the western border of the State of Pennsylvania, at a place then described as "near Greencastle," but now, since named in his honor, known to all the country as Mercersburg. Here he settled down to the practice of his profession—a varied experience in those Colonial times on the frontier of civilization, requiring high qualities of endurance, patience, skill and courage. It is believed that Mercer's services as a physician and surgeon covered the whole Conococheague Settlement, embracing the entire district between Chambersburg and his own residence; and young as he was at that time, he was well known to all the inhabitants of the region round about, loved and welcomed everywhere, and looked up to as one who not only healed the sick, but who strengthened the weak, comforted the weary, and cheered the sorrowing. It was a splendid preparation for the hardships and privations he was in future called upon to endure—"A life of hardship well done, and consecrated by self sacrifice." But Dr. Mercer was not to be allowed to lead his chosen life for a very long period among those peaceful scenes in that beautiful part of the State of Pennsylvania. After Braddock's disastrous defeat by the French and Indians in his attempt to



SWORD OF GENERAL HUGH MERCIER

In the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania



MONUMENT TO GENERAL HUGH MERCIER

Erected by the St. Andrew's Society in Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia

capture Fort Duquesne in the year 1755, the Indians, emboldened by success, became more and more troublesome, and in self-defense the colonists formed themselves into companies of Rangers, of one of which Dr. Mercer was made Captain. His commission is dated March, 1756, and his territory extended to the Welsh Run district and Mercersburg into the remote regions among the foothills, with headquarters at McDowell's Fort, now Bridgeport. In one of his Indian fights he was severely wounded, and having been left behind by his retreating companions, he narrowly escaped with his life. Closely pursued by the savages, he providentially found a place of safety in the hollow trunk of a tree around which the Indians rested, and discussed the prospect of scalping him in the near future. When they had taken their departure, Mercer struck out in another direction, and completely outwitted them. Sick with his wounds, and worn out with his struggles, he began a lonely march of one hundred miles, but finally succeeded in joining the remnant of his command at Fort Cumberland. To sustain existence while on this wearisome march, he was compelled to live upon roots and herbs, the carcass of a rattlesnake proving his most nourishing meal. Hugh Mercer was with the force that surprised and destroyed the Indian village of Kittanning in 1756, but was severely wounded in that encounter, and once more counted among the missing. For the second time he had to use all his wits to maneuver and march through the forest, half famished and faint from the lack of food, until he succeeded in joining his surviving companions. Such energy and bravery elicited the applause of all who knew his experiences, and in appreciation of his services and sufferings, the Corporation of Philadelphia presented him with a vote of thanks, and a beautiful memorial medal. In the summer of 1757 Mercer was made commander of the garrison in the fort at Shippensburg, and in December of the same year was appointed major of the forces of the Province of Pennsylvania, posted west of the Susquehanna. In the following year he was in command of a part of the expedition of General Forbes against Fort Duquesne; and it was on this memorable march that he first met George Washington, then a brigadier general of Virginia troops. A strong attachment soon sprang up between these two men, which lasted as long as Mercer lived, and as a result of that attachment, on the advice and at the suggestion of Washington, Virginia became the home of Hugh Mercer, and Mercersburg lost a good and valued citizen. After the conclusion of the French and Indian war, and the evacuation of the forts by their French garrisons, Mercer, who had been promoted to the rank of Colonel, retired from military life, and moving to Fredericksburg, Virginia, again commenced the practice of his profession as a physician. "At this time, although thinly settled, this part of Virginia contained the home of many of the most distinguished families on the Continent. They gave Mercer the cordial welcome to which his education and talents entitled him, reinforced by his brilliant career as a military man, and supplemented by the brotherly love and many favors shown him by General Washington." Life in the quiet little town of Fredericksburg during the next few years was uneventful; the only matter of interest being Mercer's marriage to Isabella Gordon, the daughter of a prominent Virginia family, and a sister of the lady who married George Weedon, a major-general in the War of the Revolution. At his death General Weedon left his property to my grandfather, Hugh Mercer, second, who was an infant at the time of his father's death at the battle of Princeton. With this dear old home, "The Sentry Box," on the banks of the Rappahannock river, are connected some of the happiest memories of my childhood and early girlhood. My father, Hugh Mercer, third, was the much beloved eldest son of the family, and, as long as his parents lived, his children were taken by him every year to spend a few weeks at "The Sentry Box," still dear to my memory. In 1775 Dr. Mercer's quiet life was again to be interrupted by political troubles. "Ominous clouds were gathering in the Colonial sky, and the perilous situation was quickly and fully realized by the patriotic Virginians. When the general British order went forth to seize all military stores in the Colonies, the Americans made prompt resistance without further parleying. Massachusetts was speedily followed by Virginia; and in almost the first important item we find that Dr. Hugh Mercer was drilling a partially organized body of Virginia men to be ready for any emergency. They did not have long to wait, and when "the next gale from the North brought the clash of resounding arms, the patriots of Virginia commenced organizing for immediate fighting."

In March, 1775, the Virginia Convention assembled in St. John's church, Richmond, where the eloquence of Patrick Henry and his splendid rallying cry of "Liberty or death," stirred all hearts to decision and action. Mercer, with his customary modesty, made to the Convention his simple proffer of service in the expressive words, "Hugh Mercer will serve his adopted country, and the cause of Liberty, in any rank or station to which he may be assigned." Noble words these, which found their echo in what he said later, "We are not engaged in a war of ambition, or I should not have been here. Every man

should be content to serve in that station in which he can be most useful. For my part I have but one object in view, and that is the success of the cause; and God can witness how cheerfully I would lay down my life to secure it." After some balloting and discussion, to Mercer was assigned the Colonelcy of the Third Regiment of Virginia, but Congress having adopted the Virginia troops as a part of the Continental Army, Mercer was not long permitted to remain a Colonel, but on the urgent recommendation of Washington was made a Brigadier-General. His commission is dated June 5, 1776, and his assignment with "the Army around New York." It is impossible within the limits of this short sketch, to follow all the details of the later career of my illustrious ancestor, much as it would interest me to do so, and I must confine myself to matters only of the greatest interest.

The friendship between Washington and Mercer continued warm and unabated, and there is every reason to believe that the latter was often consulted upon military matters by his great Chief. It is stated on good authority that the idea of attacking the British army at Trenton originated with Mercer, and he is also credited with the plan of the battle of Princeton. This was a most daring venture, for our little army was struggling against tremendous odds, and a single break in the American calculations meant untold disaster. "All went well through the night, but in the early hours of the 3d of January, 1777, the American troops were surprised by the 17th British Regiment under Colonel Mawhood. General Mercer was on a fine gray horse, occupying the post of honor in the front, and at the first volley from the enemy his horse was brought down, and his most trusted lieutenant, Colonel Hazlett, killed. The British troops charged after the third volley, and the Colonists were driven back in disorder before a bayonet charge, by a force vastly superior in numbers." Mercer was unable to extricate himself from his fallen horse in time to defend himself at once, and at that instant he was surrounded by a detachment of the enemy, who thought from his prominent position in the front that they had captured the "rebel General Washington." They demanded his surrender, but with too reckless courage he refused, and sought to fight his way out with his sword, when he was struck from behind by a blow with the butt end of a musket, and was knocked down, receiving while he lay helpless no less than seven bayonet wounds in his body, in addition to two wounds in the head. As soon after the battle as possible General Mercer was moved to an adjacent farm house owned by Mr. Clark, where he was tenderly cared for by Mrs. Clark and her daughter; and for a time his recovery was hoped for in spite of the intense pain from his wounds and the great loss of blood. Everything that medical skill could accomplish was done to alleviate his suffering, and to save the life of this brave and gallant man, but nine days after the battle he expired in the arms of Major George Lewis, who had been sent by his uncle, General Washington, to minister to the wants of the dying hero. General Mercer died as he had lived, bravely and calmly sinking into his well earned rest. "What is to be, is to be! Good-bye dear native land! Farewell adopted country! I have done my best for you! Into thy care, O America, I commit my fatherless family! May God prosper our righteous cause! Amen!" Such was his final prayer, his race was won, his labor over!

And so passed into the Great Beyond this brave and good man, a pure patriot and a martyr to the cause of liberty. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole country mourned his loss. His body was removed under a military escort from Princeton to Philadelphia, where it lay in state for a day, and was then interred in Christ Churchyard with military honors, and attended, it is said, by over thirty thousand persons. General Mercer was a member of the St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia, and his body was removed in 1840 to Laurel Hill Cemetery, and reinterred in the burial lot purchased for the purpose by that Society, which, in addition to caring for his grave, is the custodian of his sword, now deposited with the Historical Society of Philadelphia. I cannot more fitly close this sketch than by quoting the fine words of a recent biographer. "He is entitled to the gratitude of all liberty-loving America. His life was beautiful and complete in its symmetry, and was both a benediction and benefaction. The memory of such a man cannot perish from the face of the earth, but shall be as eternal as Truth."

In writing the above sketch I wish to acknowledge my obligations to James D. Law, Esq., Judge John D. Goolick, and the St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia. MARY MERCER WALKER.



HOUSE BUILT BY SAMUEL FINDLAY

The Findlay Family

With Particular Reference to Governor William Findlay

FONE OF the things which best shows the migratory nature of the American people is the fact that of a family prominent in Pennsylvania in the closing years of the Eighteenth Century and the early years of the Nineteenth Century, not one person of the name is now living in that State. There are direct descendants of the line in the State, but the Findlay name has passed out of the State's life.

Adjutant Brown, a defender at the siege of Derry, came to Philadelphia as a refugee soon after. His daughter, Elizabeth, married here Samuel Findlay, and their son, Samuel, came to the vicinity of Mercersburg—long before that town existed; settling on government land. Living near by were other Scotch-Irish refugees, and among them the family of William Smith. (I have in my possession the land patent issued to the Smiths by King George II.) Jane Smith, daughter of William, married Samuel Findlay, 2d, and, dying at the age of thirty-five, left behind her six sons, among whom were to be men active in public life. These six sons first saw the light of day in Mercersburg, though in 1785 Samuel Findlay purchased a tract of land near the White Church, still known to some Mercersburgers as the "old Findlay farm."

After Samuel Findlay's death (his grave is to be seen in the White Church graveyard) his farm was divided among his children, and some of the sons lived for several years on these sections of the home farm, before they were called to wider fields of public service.

The oldest of these sons, John, was born on March 31, 1766; the second son, William, was born June 20, 1768; James was born in 1775. The other sons were Jonathan, Samuel, Robert.

John Findlay married Agnes Brownson March 11, 1788. This happy union was blessed with seven children, five girls and two sons. The wife died in 1805, and in 1808 he married Jane Bard McDowell, who survived him and lived in Mercersburg with her step-daughter-in-law, Mrs. Sally Findlay. John Findlay lived on part of his father's farm and all his children were born there. In 1809 he was elected Prothonotary and held this office until 1821. He then moved to Chambersburg. During this period he filled the office of Register and Recorder; Clerk of the Orphan's Court; Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions, Court of Oyer and Terminer. In 1821 he was elected to the National House of Representatives as Representative from the Fifth District and remained in this office until 1829, when President Jackson, who was a warm friend and admirer of John Findlay, appointed him Postmaster at Chambersburg, which place he held until his death in 1838.

The second son, William, was born on the farm in 1768 and proved a bright lad, very fond of his book. It was the family intention to send William to college, but financial loss to his father, caused by fire, broke off this intention. William read and studied, however, and like the other sons, became well educated and competent. On December 17, 1791, he married Nancy Irwin, daughter of Archibald Irwin, the family connected with Irwin's Mill and the Harrison line. The young couple began married life on part of the home farm, which part was willed to him on the death of his father, in 1799. As a young man he became a follower of Mr. Jefferson's political school and an ardent Demo-Republican. His first public office was as Major of militia. In 1797 he was elected to the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, then sitting in Philadelphia. He (not yet thirty years of age) was one of the youngest members. In 1803 he was re-elected to the House. The capital was then temporarily located in Lancaster. William Findlay was the author of a proposal to locate the capital permanently at Harrisburg, and although the bill did not pass at that time, it did later and the seat of government was moved to Harrisburg in 1812. Mr. Findlay was retained in the House and was active there until January, 1807, when he was elected State Treasurer. He resigned from the House and filled the new office until 1817, being annually elected for eleven years. During his official service as Treasurer the second war with Great Britain was fought. The disturbances at large and some poor legislation in the State

flooded the State with faulty paper money. In spite of the greatest care about \$700 of this money found its way into the State Treasury, which Mr. Findlay insisted upon making good from his own funds. This act coming to the notice of the Legislature, they voluntarily refunded the money to him. In 1817 he was a candidate for Governor against General Joseph Hiester, and was elected by about 7,000 majority. His political opponents tried to annoy him by calling for an investigation of the State Treasurer's office. Without giving the matter any personal attention, he administered his governorship; and the Assembly, after investigating the matter for an entire session, said in part, "The conduct of the State Treasurer in his official capacity has been not only faithful but meritorious and beneficial to the State, and entitles him to the thanks and gratitude of his fellow citizens." He remained Governor until 1820, when he was defeated by General Hiester. Visiting some relatives in the old home in Franklin county, he received word that he had been elected to the United States Senate for the full term of six years. This made him United States Senator at the same time his brother John was in the National House of Representatives. After the expiration of his term he was appointed by President Jackson Treasurer of the Philadelphia Mint. This position he held until 1841, when he desired to lay down the burden of public service and spend his last days quietly. He therefore resigned, spending the remaining days of his life with his beloved daughter, Nancy, wife of Governor Francis Rawl Shunk, in whose home, at Harrisburg, he died, November 12, 1846. During his term as Governor the old capitol building was begun, and its corner stone was laid by him. In personal appearance he was much like the other Findlays. His portrait is in Independence Hall. He loved his church, the Presbyterian, and lived and died as a Christian citizen.

Others of this family possessed the political bent. A third brother, James, had Western fever and went in 1793 to Cincinnati, then a frontier fort. In 1798 he became a member of the Legislative Council for Ohio Territory, identifying himself with Mr. Jefferson's party. He became prominent in political life and filled various offices, civil and military, until 1824. In the second war with Great Britain he was commissioned Colonel of the Second Ohio Volunteers, and served under General Hull at Detroit. At the same time his oldest brother, John, who never removed from Franklin county, was Colonel of a Pennsylvania Volunteer Regiment that marched to the defense of Baltimore. Though these brothers did not meet during their military campaigns, they were destined to meet in legislative duties; for in 1826 James Findlay was sent to the National House of Representatives and remained there until 1833. Thus Mercersburg has the remarkable record of having three brothers from one of her families in the United States Congress at one time; a record that has been duplicated but once in our Nation's history.

One other brother needs a word of notice. When Louisiana was added to our territory and the "West" had stretched over and beyond the great Mississippi, Western fever also attacked a younger brother, Jonathan. He crossed the great stream and in 1813 made his home in old Westport, Missouri, where Kansas City now stands. Here he helped erect the State of Missouri and was an active member of the Commission that framed the Constitution under which that State asked for admission to the Union and almost caused the disruption of union in 1820. His public work has not been written up so fully as that of his older brothers, but it has been my good fortune in the last few years to read many family letters written to and by him and his family, and to learn of his political career in the early days of Missouri. His direct descendants are yet living in Kansas City and have intermarried with some of the old families of the State; many of them being active in public affairs of a later day. Such a record for four of six brothers entitles that early family to some notice in the annals of Old Mercersburg; and while their progeny may not have followed the footsteps of the public careers of these brothers, they derive much satisfaction from the fact that the private life of the Findlay brothers is as open to inspection as their public life; that these were honest, hardworking, kindly, God-fearing men, who "owed no man but to love one another."

There are some items of family history which may be of interest here. As I noted, Samuel Findlay, founder of the Franklin county branch, married Jane Smith, daughter of William. William's brother, Abraham, was a Captain in Colonel William Irvine's regiment, the Sixth Pennsylvania, in January, 1776, and afterward became Colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania. Samuel Findlay was Quartermaster in the Sixth Pennsylvania, of which Dr. Richard Brownson was Surgeon. Later, John Findlay, son of Samuel, married Agnes Brownson, daughter of Dr. Richard. James Findlay and William Findlay, sons of Samuel, married two Irwin sisters; and Robert Smith, uncle of James and William Findlay (being a son of William Smith) married the third sister, thus making the uncle brother-in-law



John Findlay



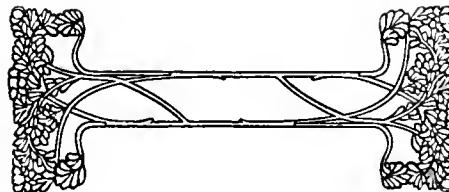
SILHOUETTES OF 1826

1. Colonel John Findlay, born in 1766
2. John Findlay, Junior

to his own nephews. Jane Irwin, who married President W. H. Harrison, was brought up by her aunt, Mrs. James Findlay, in Cincinnati, and the latter lived with her niece in the White House during the President's short term.

Robert Smith was a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives four terms, between 1807-1815; was State Senator from 1819 to 1823; back in the House in the session of 1823-24, when he was made Speaker. In 1836 he was made an Associate Judge of the Sixteenth District and was still in that position in 1842. In the meantime John Findlay's son, John, and Robert Smith's daughter, Sarah, near cousins as they were, found that they desired a closer bond and were married. These were the grandfather and grandmother of the present chronicler and thus she had the privilege of being born a Mercersburger and writing these tales of an older day.

SARA FINDLAY RICE.



Captain Robert Parker

ROBERT Parker entered the service of his country from Philadelphia April 26, 1777, as Second Lieutenant in the Second Continental Artillery, and was promoted to Captain Lieutenant. He served until 1783.

Captain Parker was with his battery in the battle of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth, in General Sullivan's expedition against the Indians, and in the Siege of Yorktown. He witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis and was with the Southern Army. While with General Sullivan's expedition he kept a journal, which has been preserved and printed in the Magazine of History and Biography, published by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. He was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati.

In 1787 he was appointed Collector of Excise for Franklin county. He settled at Mercersburg, where he married a daughter of Squire Smith. Here he built for himself a stone mansion, fine for that period, which is still standing. In the north gable is a tablet containing his initials "R. P." and dated "1788," which is almost obliterated by exposure to the elements. Here he died May 1, 1799. He is buried in Church Hill graveyard.

When General LaFayette visited America, in 1824, a son of General Porter, who was also a nephew of Captain Parker, was presented to him. General LaFayette recalled to memory his father, General Porter, whom he had met at the battle of Brandywine, and said, "I bless you for your father's sake. He was a brave man. He had with him there a young man, a relative, I think, whose name I have forgotten. They fought very nearly together." "Was it Parker?" young Porter asked. "That was the name," the Marquis said; "they were good soldiers, and very kind to me when I was wounded."

Doctor William Magaw

When General LaFayette passed through Meadville in the year 1824, he recognized Dr. Magaw as the Surgeon who dressed his wounds after the battle of Brandywine.

This distinguished Revolutionary soldier was born in the year 1744. He enlisted in June, 1775, in a company of volunteers of Cumberland county, and marched at once to join the American Army, then lying before Boston. The records of the Adjutant-General's office at Washington show that he served as Surgeon in the First Pennsylvania Regiment. He appears to have been in service in June, 1775, but the period of that service has not been found of record. The records show him commissioned Surgeon of the same regiment May 13, 1777, and transferred prior to May, 1778, to the Ninth Pennsylvania Regiment, commanded by Colonel Richard Butler. His name appears in certain accounts, which show that he was paid as of the Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment to January 1, 1783.

Thus he served his country until the close of the war, when he settled in Mercersburg and practiced medicine there for many years.

In 1787 his name appears on the records of the Presbyterian church as a member of that congregation. In 1792 he was granted a patent for the tract of land called Springfield. About 1823 he removed to Meadville, where he spent the evening of his life in the home of his son. Here he died on the 1st of May, 1829.

The following is taken from his tombstone in Greendale Cemetery, Meadville.

"The deceased embarked in the cause of his Country at the dawn of the Revolution, and served throughout all its privations until its close with the confidence and esteem of the great Washington. He was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and died as he had lived, beloved and respected by all who knew him, as an ardent Patriot, upright man and an exemplary Christian."



ROBERT SMITH

A boy of nine years at the beginning of the Revolution
From an old daguerreotype



WILLIAM MCKINSTRY

From a pencil sketch

Doctor Jesse Magaw

Jesse Magaw, who was a son of Dr. William Magaw, was born and reared in Mercersburg. Here he taught school, studied medicine with his father, and later practiced his profession. He is said to have served in the War of 1812 as a medical officer. On January 30, 1823, he married Maria Buchanan, sister of James Buchanan, and widow of Samuel Johnson. On September 29th of the same year he died, a victim to his devotion to his patients during the epidemic which prevailed in this county from 1821 to 1823. His body lies in the neglected country graveyard, a short distance east of Mercersburg.

Honorable William McKinstry

Mr. McKinstry was a native of Belfast, Ireland. He came to Mercersburg about 1796, where he commenced life as a clerk in a general store. Through industry and economy he was enabled in a few years to embark in business on his own account. This he did by purchasing the store of James Buchanan, senior. To this he added other enterprises, both in manufacture and in real estate; investing extensively in the latter. He had a bent for building, and to him, more than to any other one man, Mercersburg is indebted for its many large and substantial houses.

As a member of the Democratic party, Mr. McKinstry represented Franklin county in the Legislature from 1838 to 1840. He lived to the advanced age of ninety-one years and died on April 23, 1861.

Judge Bard

Archibald Bard was an Associate Judge of Franklin county for twenty-one years, serving continuously from his first appointment. He was born in Peters township, a few miles from Mercersburg, on June 27, 1765, and died in 1832. He was a son of Richard and Catherine Bard, who were captured by the Indians in 1760. The narrative of their captivity and escape was compiled by him from his father's papers and can be found in "Loudon's Narratives" and in "Border Life."

Judge Smith

Robert Smith, youngest son of William Smith, senior, was born at Mercersburg in 1766 and died in 1849. He was a member of the Legislature from 1807 to 1815; a member of the State Senate from 1819 to 1823, and Associate Judge of Franklin county from 1836 to 1843.

Doctor Agnew

"Dr. D. H. Agnew offers his professional services to all who may favor him with their calls. He may be found at Mr. Thomas McCausland's, near the Greencastle and Mercersburg turnpike, midway between the above named places. May 10, 1839."

The above, taken from the Repository, is the card of the eminent surgeon. D. Hayes Agnew, who settled for a short time in Franklin county, not far from where Dr. Hugh Mercer had lived.

Dr. Agnew was one of the physicians who attended President Garfield in his last illness.

Honorable Thomas Carson

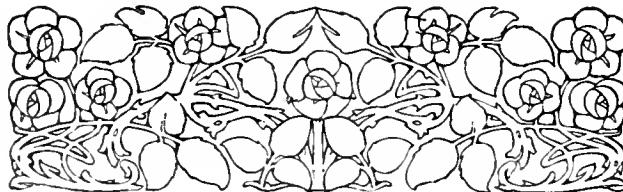
Thomas Carson, who was born August 6, 1791, came to Mercersburg when a young man and engaged in the manufacture of hats, and later in mercantile business. As a member of the old Whig party he served the public as a legislator in both the House and Senate of Pennsylvania. He was a member of the House four years, and was twice elected to the Senate for terms of three years each. During his last term he was elected Speaker of the Senate.

Judge Carson

James Oliver Carson, born February 4, 1796, settled in Mercersburg in 1826, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits. His business interests were many and varied, and his name appears in connection with all the public enterprises of the town.

In 1856 Mr. Carson was nominated by the Republican party for Associate Judge of Franklin county, in which capacity he served for the following ten years.

Judge Carson was an abolitionist who took a most active interest in the great question of his day. He died on June 14, 1870.





JOHN McDOWELL, LL.D.

John McDowell, LL. D.

First President of St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland
Third Provost of University of Pennsylvania

JHE subject of this sketch was of the third generation of Peters township McDowells—one of the oldest families of this county. William McDowell, the emigrant ancestor, was born in Ireland in 1680. He married an Irish lady whose first name was Mary, but her last name is not known. They came across the water about 1715 and first settled in Chester county, near Philadelphia. About 1735, having obtained a warrant or survey of a large tract of land at the foot of Parnell's Knob, in what is now Peters township, Franklin county (then Lancaster county), Mr. McDowell moved to and settled in what was then, or shortly afterwards, known as the West Conococheague Settlement. Most of the land of this survey, nearly eight hundred acres, was taken up, occupied and farmed by his sons as they reached manhood. His son William occupied the northern portion, his eldest son, John, the southern end of this survey, upon which were erected a flouring mill and "McDowell's Fort," famous in frontier history. The remainder of the land was occupied by the other sons of William. Three McDowells, direct descendants of the first William, of the sixth generation, are now living upon this original survey, and another, of the fifth generation, owns the most northern portion. The tract upon which the first William originally settled and built has been continuously and successively owned, occupied and farmed by his direct descendants, from father to son, for over one hundred and seventy-five years. William B. McDowell, of the sixth generation, now lives upon this ancestral homestead.

John McDowell, the subject of this sketch, was born on his father's homestead, at the foot of Mount Parnell, in Peters township, Cumberland county (now Franklin), on February 11, 1751. He was the son of William McDowell (the second son of the emigrant William), a farmer and Justice of the Peace and a ruling elder of the Upper West Conococheague Presbyterian church from December 19, 1767, until his death, September 17, 1812. William McDowell, second, had twelve children, of whom the subject of our sketch was the second. But very little is known of the youth of John McDowell. His early years were spent in troublous times. During the French and Indian wars of 1755-56, his father's family were at different times driven from their home by the Indians. During one of these forays their home was burned by the savages. Apart from these exciting incidents, his youth was probably an uneventful one. They had but few near neighbors, and young playmates were scarce. His home was ten miles from Chambersburg and six miles from Mercersburg, at which latter place he attended church, and also at the old "White Church," located about two miles east of Mercersburg. What school advantages he had does not appear, but it is probable that he was taught by Reverend Steele, then pastor at Church Hill. As Mr. John King taught school from 1760 to 1763, it is quite likely that he included John McDowell among his pupils at the old school house near the White Church.

He was early taught the Bible, the Shorter and Larger Catechisms, and the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian church, these of themselves being good training for the young mind. Where and by whom he was prepared for college is not known. But he probably received part of his early education in Chambersburg, as he had relatives then living there. He entered the College of Philadelphia in 1768, and was graduated with honor in the class of 1771, when he was twenty years old, "having the part of English oration at commencement." It is presumable he had to help himself through college, as he was a tutor from 1769 to 1782.

Under the call of July 28, 1777, he served as a Private in Captain Samuel Patton's marching company." He was never a robust man, and could not stand an army life. In 1782 he left the College of Philadelphia and went to Cambridge, Dorchester county, Maryland, where he engaged in teaching. Whilst teaching he studied law and was admitted to the Bar. In 1784 he was admitted to the Franklin County Bar, at the first term of its Courts, after its erection into a county. He returned to Cambridge to practice law and succeeded in obtaining a large clientele, among whom were a number of the prominent

men of Maryland. In 1789 he was appointed professor of mathematics at St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, and in 1790 was unanimously elected the first President of that college.

St. John's was a State institution, chartered by the State Legislature, which voted and pledged seventeen hundred and fifty pounds "annually and forever thereafter" as a donation to the use of the college for its support. The college was formally opened on November 11, 1789. A building, originally intended for the Governor's mansion, was designated as the college building by the Legislature when it decided to establish St. John's College. This building was four stories high and was later renovated and greatly improved in its interior arrangements. It was called "McDowell Hall" in honor of its beloved President and still retains that name.

In 1806 Mr. McDowell was chosen Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. He accepted the same and retired from St. John's.

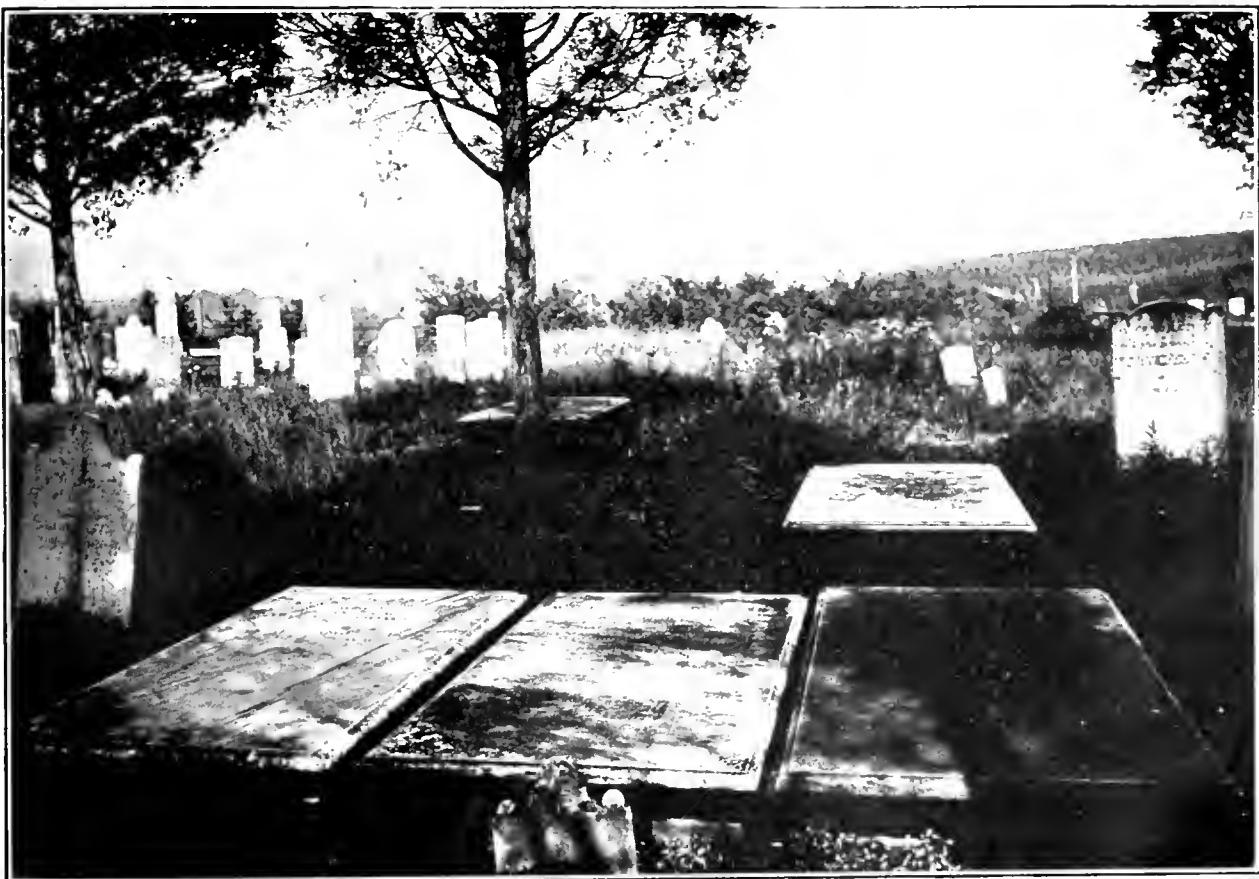
In 1807 he was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society and received the degree of LL. D. from the University. The same year he became the third Provost of the University and continued to fill both positions until 1810, when, owing to ill health, he resigned both these offices; but in 1812 he temporarily acted as Provost for his successor, Dr. Andrews.

Dr. McDowell never enjoyed really good health. In a letter, written by him to his father, soon after assuming the duties of Provost of the University, he says: "Indeed I can not sometimes help regretting that I gave up my favorite plan of becoming a farmer on a small scale, and have again engaged in business which I find will be more troublesome and laborious than I first apprehended." Subsequently Dr. McDowell returned to Annapolis, where he seems to have resided until 1817. During part of this time he acted as President of St. John's College. There are among his letters two or more written in 1815 and 1816 and addressed to "Dr. John McDowell, President of St. John's College, Annapolis, Md." and a letter written by H. Maynadier, evidently a professor, or trustee of the College, to "Dr. McDowell, Mercersburg, Pa." dated September 12, 1816, in which he writes "we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you here among us again, in better health than you left us and in high spirits on account of the Federal victory" and "they (the trustees) rely upon the exertions and good conduct of Mr. Denis and Mr. Wiley—aided by the assistance your health may allow you to give—to bring the institution once more into reputation." These letters seem to show conclusively that Dr. McDowell was again President of St. John's or at least acting as such. The records of St. John's do not show that the College had a President from 1812 to 1820. One authority says Dr. McDowell "was again elected principal of St. John's in 1815, but declined," and again, the same authority says he was "twice President of St. John's College, Annapolis." The writer's father, (born in 1813) repeatedly told him that Dr. McDowell was President of St. John's the second time, and that he remembered distinctly of the doctor visiting his father, the doctor's brother, during the summer; riding on horseback from Annapolis to the "Mountain Foot" and return.

A sketch of Dr. McDowell states that "in 1818 he was awarded the degree of D. D. by Union College," as does also another authority. This is probably a mistake. The President of Union College, in a letter dated April 21, 1811, writes: "I find in the minutes of the Board of Trustees the following record: 'Degree of Doctor of Divinity granted to John McDowell of Elizabeth, N. J., by the Trustees of Union College at their meeting July 21, 1818.'" Dr. McDowell never lived in Elizabeth, N. J., but a Rev. John McDowell did live there, and he is most likely the person upon whom the degree was conferred. This would have been rather a strange and unusual thing to do—award the degree of D. D. to a lawyer and educator, but not a minister, even though he was a great student of the Bible, and of great piety.

Dr. McDowell had the faculty of making friends and companions of many of his students, some of whom corresponded with him as long as he lived. He also exerted a great influence for good over the minds of those brought under his instruction. Many of his pupils in after years represented their States on the bench, while others, who became Governors, Congressmen, and United States Senators, received their early impressions from him.

Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," entered St. John's College, November 11, 1789, and graduated in the class of 1796. He and Dr. McDowell were on terms of intimacy. In an appeal to the Legislature of Maryland to aid St. John's College in its time of need, Mr. Key said: "Thirty years ago I stood within McDowell Hall with the companions and guides of my youth and bade farewell to them and our revered instructor, and received the parting benediction of that beloved and venerated man, who ruled the institution he had reared and advanced not more by the force of authority than of affection." Dr. McDowell was a writer of much force, as some of his essays and addresses,



McDOWELL PLOT IN WADDELL'S GRAVEYARD

The single flat stone marks the grave of John McDowell, LL.D., 1757-1820

still preserved, prove. He said of himself that he was not an orator, his weak voice possibly having much to do with this fact. He appears to have had a prosperous clientele when he gave up the law for an educational career, and was said to be a good lawyer and safe counsellor. He was never married. He was a conscientious, consistent, Christian gentleman, his religious character being apparent on all his walks of life. In politics he was a Federalist. He was kind in disposition, charitable, and simple in his mode of life. By his thrifty management he acquired quite a competency for those days, leaving an estate of some forty thousand dollars. He spent the last two years of his life in Peters township, near Mercersburg, with his sister, Mrs. Margaret Maris, widow of Matthias Maris, and died at her home on December 22, 1820. His remains were interred in Waddell's (later Etter's) graveyard, now Spring Grove Cemetery, in Peters township. The following inscription is on the slab over his remains: "Underneath this marble is deposited the body of John McDowell, Doctor of Laws, once Principal of St. John's College in the State of Maryland and later Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. Distinguished for learning, integrity and piety. Respected by the world, esteemed by his friends and beloved by his relatives. He closed a life of useful labours on the 22d day of December in the year of our Lord 1820, and of his age the 69th."

In his will, probated January 1, 1821, and recorded in Will Book, Vol. C, p. 516, in Register's office, at Chambersburg, Pa., among other bequests is the following: "I give and bequeath to the University of Pennsylvania, all my Latin and Greek books, all my books on Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Among these are, no doubt, many of little value, but there are some, I flatter myself, not unworthy the acceptance of a learned institution." Dr. McDowell was probably the most prominent educator and man of letters that Franklin county has produced.

JOHN M. McDOWELL



James Buchanan

AMES Buchanan, the fifteenth President of the United States, was the second child of James Buchanan, a native of County Donegal, Ireland. In 1783, when twenty-three years old, the elder Buchanan came to Philadelphia; and after a few months became a clerk in the store of John Toms at Stony Batter, at the foot of the North Mountain, near Mercersburg, Franklin county, Pennsylvania. Five years afterward he was in business for himself at the same place.

He was a shrewd business man, with a good English education and a knowledge of men that kept him from being deceived in his trading. His place of business was a good one, and he prospered from the first. Here people from "the West" brought their varied products to exchange for salt, cloth, and many other things that older communities could furnish for their needs. These articles were brought on wagons from Baltimore, and after the exchange at Buchanan's place were put on packhorses for the trip over the mountains.

In 1788 the young merchant married Elizabeth Speer, whose home was at the foot of the South mountain, between Chambersburg and Gettysburg, and for eight years they lived at Stony Batter. At this place, April 23, 1791, the future President was born, and here he spent the first five years of his life.

In the autumn of 1796 the family removed to Mercersburg, where, two years later, the father started a store. This business, like the former venture at Stony Batter, prospered greatly, and continued to increase until the merchant's death, in 1821.

After James, the younger, had received a fair English education, probably from his mother, he attended a school in Mercersburg, where he was taught Latin and Greek. The first teacher was a student of divinity under the Rev. John King, named James R. Sharon, the next, Mr. McConnell, and after him Dr. Jesse Magaw, who later married young Buchanan's sister.

In the fall of 1807 the young student was sent to Dickinson College. The school, he tells us, was without discipline, and he soon fell into the mischievous ways that prevailed among the student body; but being naturally a hard student, he kept up his college work. However, he tells of an incident that occurred during the vacation of September, 1808, that made a lasting impression upon him. While sitting with his father on a Sabbath morning, his father opened a letter just received, read it, and with downcast look handed it to the son, and left the room. The letter was from Dr. Davidson, Principal of Dickinson College, and stated that, but for the respect they had for the father, they would have expelled his son James. Having endured to the end of the term they could not receive him again, and wrote to the father to save him the mortification of having the son sent back.

Young James was greatly mortified, but soon resolved upon what to do. He betook himself to the great spiritual leader of the community, the Rev. John King, trustee of Dickinson, and a man of great influence in the county. Dr. King lectured the boy gently, and on condition that he give his word to behave better at college, promised to intercede for him. As a result, young Buchanan returned to college and applied himself with such diligence that he was put forward by his Society as a sure winner of the first of two honors granted by the school. He, however, believed that his Society was entitled to both honors, and had another candidate from his Society put up with him.

But the authorities gave first honor to his opponents and second to his colleague, leaving Buchanan out entirely. They gave, as the reason for their action, that it would have had a bad effect to give an honor to a student that had shown so little regard for the rules of the school as young Buchanan had shown. This so incensed his friends that they were willing to refuse to take part in the commencement exercises; but he would not allow them to do so. In fact, after receiving a kind letter from the faculty, he himself took part.

Of course, the father was given the son's side of the affair; and his letter is here given for its local association and as a human document.



A SCENE NEAR THE EARLY HOME OF
JAMES BUCHANAN



THE OLD SPRING AT BUCHANAN'S BIRTHPLACE



THE BIRTHPLACE OF BUCHANAN

"Mercersburg, September 6, 1809.

"Dear Son:—

"Yours is a hand (though without date) which mortifies us very much for your disappointment, in being deprived of both honors of the college, especially when your prospect was so fair for one of them, and more so when it was done by the professors who are acknowledged by the world to be the best judges of the talents and merits of the several students under their care. I am not disposed to censure your conduct in being ambitious to have the first honors of the college; but as it was thought that Mr. F. and yourself were best entitled to them, you and he ought to have compounded the matter so as to have left it to the disposition of your several societies, and been contented with their choice. The partiality you complain of in your professors is, no doubt, an unjust thing in them, and perhaps it has proceeded from some other cause than that which you are disposed to ascribe to them.

"Often when people have the greatest prospects of temporal honor and aggrandizement, they are blasted in a moment by a fatality connected with men and things; and no doubt the designs of Providence may be seen very conspicuously in our disappointments, in order to teach us our dependency on Him who knows all events, and they ought to humble our pride and self-sufficiency. . . . I think it was a very partial decision and calculated to hurt your feelings. Be that as it will, I hope you will have fortitude to surmount these things. Your great consolation is in yourself, and if you can say your right was taken from you by a partial spirit and given to those to whom it ought not to be given, you must for the present submit. The more you know of mankind, the more you will distrust them. It is said the knowledge of mankind and the distrust of them are reciprocally connected. . . .

"I approve of your conduct in being prepared with an oration, and if upon delivery it be good sense, well spoken, and your own composition, your audience will think well of it whether it be spoken first, or last or otherwise. . . .

"We anticipate the pleasure of seeing you shortly, when I hope all these little clouds will be dissipated.

"From your loving and affectionate father,

"JAMES BUCHANAN."

The young student returned to Mercersburg, where he remained until December, 1809, when he went to Lancaster to study law with Mr. Hopkins. Although always a diligent student he describes this period of his life as the time when he studied hardest. He says: "I studied law, and nothing but law, or what was essentially connected with it. . . . I almost every evening took a lonely walk, and embodied the ideas I had acquired during the day in my own language." He was pleased with the law and with Lancaster; and was encouraged by his parent's letters not only to do his best in study, but to guard against all temptations.

He was admitted to the Bar in November, 1812. The second war with Great Britain had just started, and, naturally, his first political speeches were on questions arising from that struggle. At that time he was a Federalist, but his poise was such that neither partisan zeal nor prejudice carried him from the plain pathway of patriotic duty. In his papers he speaks of a letter received from his father in Mercersburg, in which the father tells of a strong Federalistic sermon preached by Rev. Eliot, September 12, 1812, who spoke of the war as a judgment—for what sins the note does not say.

His first public speech to the people was made just after the British took Washington in 1814, at a meeting called to adopt measures to hurry volunteers to protect Baltimore. He was one of the first to enlist, and his company, under Major Charles Sterrett Ridgely, was the first of many from Pennsylvania for the defense of that city. He remained in Baltimore until honorably discharged.

In October, 1814, he was elected to the lower house of the Legislature. At this time Philadelphia was threatened, and the chief business of the Legislature was to provide for its defense. The question at issue was whether there should be a conscription law, or a business-like volunteer act. Buchanan urged that the patriotism of the people could be trusted to provide a defense when the volunteers were properly officered; and he gave the fighting on the Niagara frontier as proof. While the Senate and House were wrangling over the question, the news of peace arrived. So strongly had Buchanan urged a vigorous policy of defense that soon afterward William Beale, a shrewd and powerful Democratic Senator from Mifflin county, came to him and urged him, since he was a Democrat in all but name, to change his party name and to call himself a Democrat, predicting that if the

young man did so, he would become President some time,—a prediction often made of promising young men, but seldom verified. But the young lawyer was not yet a Democrat in principles.

From his father at Mercersburg Buchanan received many letters at this time, in which the father feared his election to office had taken the son from his law studies and practice at the wrong time, hoped the young man would merit the approbation of his neighbors, and "above all to merit the esteem of heaven." February 24, 1815, the father wrote hoping that the Legislature will repeal many war measures, and says that that night Mercersburg will be illuminated "in consequence of peace."

Buchanan was returned to the Legislature October, 1815. Now, the great question was the suspension of specie payments. Buchanan was chosen leader of the minority against a proposed law to compel banks to pay specie for their notes, under penalty of losing their charters. In his argument he showed how the suspension of specie payments was brought about by perfectly natural causes, and that for the time the banks should not be disturbed. This debate is mentioned only because it was during this fight that Buchanan changed his views on the United States Bank, and became, to use his own words, "decidedly hostile" to it for the rest of his life.

At the end of the session of 1815-16 he left the Legislature to take up his law practice again; but he was not destined to remain long out of the public eye. Judge Franklin, of his District, had made a ruling regarding the status of militia taken into the service of the United States. The Supreme Court of the United States afterward ruled differently, and in the political excitement of the time Judge Franklin was tried for impeachment. Buchanan, now in his twenty-sixth year, defended him in an address that produced a most profound impression, and which secured the acquittal of the Judge.

About this time the young lawyer became engaged to Miss Anne C. Coleman, daughter of Robert Coleman, Esq., a wealthy resident of Lancaster. She is described as having been a singularly beautiful and attractive young woman. After the engagement had existed for some time, in the late summer of 1819, Miss Coleman wrote Buchanan saying that it was her desire that he release her from it, and, of course, he did so. On the 9th of December, while she was on a visit to Philadelphia, Miss Coleman suddenly died. She was buried a few days afterward in Lancaster. Her lover was heart-broken, and in a tender letter to the father asking to see the body before burial he hints that both she and himself have been victims of the malice of others. It is a shameful commentary on the methods of partisan politics of the time that this incident should have found its way into campaign documents, but such was the case. The estrangement of lovers has never been a strange or unusual occurrence; but the coming of death at such times, as in this case, makes a tragedy such as threw its shadow over Buchanan's long and useful career.

In 1820 he was sent to Congress as a Federalist. Federalism then meant opposition to the War of 1812, and had little in it that appealed to a young man twenty-nine years old, already a leader in his own community. In the same year Monroe was chosen President, almost unanimously, and the Federalist National party disappeared. New parties were soon to be formed on the questions of finance, internal improvements, and slavery.

He first took part in debate in January, 1822, on a bill making appropriations for the Military Establishment. Opposition to the bill was really an attack on Calhoun, Secretary of War. Buchanan defended the Secretary, and was answered sharply by John Randolph, of Roanoke. For a new member he took part in many discussions, his views being conservative rather than radical.

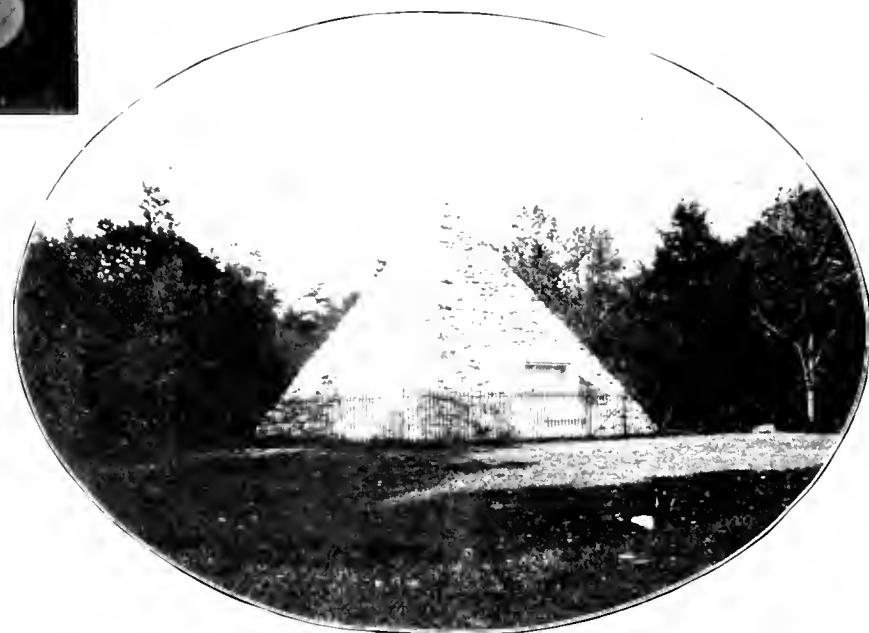
In 1824 he supported Andrew Jackson, and first met the General when sent to ask him, during the struggle over the election in the House, whether he had said that, if elected, he would make Clay Secretary of State. Jackson assured him he had made no such promise. After the House chose John Quincy Adams, Buchanan, then on a visit to his mother in Mercersburg, wrote a letter to the General deplored the outcome of the election in the House and assuring Jackson of the loyalty of his many friends in Pennsylvania. In the bitter strife that followed the election Buchanan became one of the anti-Adams leaders in the House. Another future President, James K. Polk, was also a leader against Adams.

On the 11th of April, 1826, Mr. Buchanan made a speech on the constitutional position of the House in appropriating money to defray the expense of a Panama Commission that brought from Mr. Webster the compliment that "The gentleman from Pennsylvania has placed the question in a point of view which cannot be improved." In the long and varied discussion of this question he also



JAMES BUCHANAN

MONUMENT AT STONY BATTER
MARKING THE
BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES BUCHANAN



VIEW LOOKING NORTH FROM RIFLE PIT

Made in 1863, the Civil War, on Little Cove
Ridge, during President Buchanan's
Term, and marked by Monument

made his first declaration in Congress on the slavery question. He denounced it as a great political and moral evil, thanked God that he had been reared where it did not exist, but stated that if slaves were freed at that time, in many parts of the South, they would rise against their masters and that for the defense of the chivalrous southern race from servile rebellion he would gladly shoulder his knapsack. In his tariff debates he was clear and convincing, and stood for a moderate tariff in the interest of the whole country, rather than of a single section. Though an opponent of Adams, he gladly supported projects for "Internal Improvements."

In 1828 Mr. Buchanan was one of the most influential Jackson leaders in Pennsylvania, which gave the General her twenty-eight votes. He was returned to Congress, where he became Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. His work on this Committee was dignified and able; and some of his speeches on the various questions may still be read with profit. He intended to retire from public life at the end of this session. His experiences in Congress had given him valuable training in constitutional law, and as his professional income was dwindling, he desired to return to his practice. But it was not so to be. In the summer of 1831 President Jackson appointed him Minister to Russia, the appointment being confirmed early in January, 1832. In March he left Lancaster by stage for Washington by way of Baltimore; and on the 8th of April he set sail from New York for Liverpool, which place he reached after a voyage of twenty-five days. The pilot who came on board gave the passengers the welcome news that Liverpool had no cholera, but that it was raging in Cork and Dublin. After he was shown about the city, he left by railroad for Manchester. He notes the fact that the run from Liverpool to Manchester, thirty miles, was made in one hour and thirty minutes. This was over the first stretch of railroad in England. Arriving in London he wrote a long letter to his brother, Rev. Edward Y. Buchanan, in which he tells of the show places he visited and speaks with due reverence of Oxford Cathedral and Westminster Abbey; but says that as "places of worship, however, they must be very damp and uncomfortable." He also speaks of the troubles of King and Church over the Reform Bill agitation; and, like a good American, prefers the American churches to the English State Church system. He requests his brother to forward this letter to his mother at Mercersburg. From London he passed by packet to Hamburg, and from there overland to St. Petersburg.

Writing to Jackson June 22, 1832, he speaks of the cold climate, the short summer night, the manner of building and heating houses; but adds that the objection an American feels to living in the country is not so much physical discomfort as the absence of a free press, due to what he calls "a calm despotism." Nicholas he describes as the kindest of despots, and says, "But still he is a despot." He speaks of the Empress as having referred in an interview to the troubles with some of the Southern States, and says that the people in Europe expect a revolution every time they receive news of such political troubles in America.

As minister to "the most formal court in Europe," he was compelled to do many things not to his democratic tastes. He writes: "Foreign ministers must drive a carriage and four with a postilion, and have a servant behind decked out in a more queer dress than our militia generals."

The chief object of his mission to Russia was to conclude a commercial treaty with that country. Russia still adhered to her policy of aloofness; but with wonderful skill for one of no previous diplomatic training, Mr. Buchanan set to work. Against him were all the leading men of the Court except Count Nesselrode, the chief statesman, who, as minister in 1814, had signed the agreement of the Powers that sent Napoleon to Elba. This great statesman and diplomat became a friend of Buchanan from the first, even giving him suggestions privately as to certain points in the American's proposals to the Russian government. But even with Nesselrode's help it was no easy task to overcome the opposition. It was with great satisfaction, therefore, the American minister learned from the Emperor at a levee in December that the treaty would be concluded. For this treaty Mr. Buchanan deserves all the more credit, because he was practically out of touch with his home government during the negotiations.

After the treaty was concluded, he was absent from St. Petersburg for about a month, spent mostly at Moscow. Soon after he returned to the capital, on the 19th of July, he received the sad news that his mother had died, at the home of one of her daughters, at Greensburg, Pa., May 14, 1833. He had written a letter to his mother on July 3d, and as his work in Russia was almost done, he had great hope of seeing her once more. Mrs. Buchanan was buried in Waddell's graveyard a

Old Mercersburg

few miles north of Mercersburg, where her grave and that of her husband may be seen marked with modest stones.

Mr. Buchanan arrived in America in November, 1833. In December, 1834, he was chosen United States Senator to succeed Mr. Wilkins, who succeeded him as Minister to Russia. He entered the Senate as a Jackson Democrat. The Senate at that time was hostile to the President, especially on the bank question. Webster and Clay led the majority against the President and Benton, Wright and King, the Jackson supporters. Of course, the first great party struggle came when the President removed the executive officers. Webster and others held that the constitutional right of the Senate in consenting to appointments applied also to removals. Mr. Buchanan refuted this in an able address; but all agree that his greatest Senate speech was made on the resolution to expunge from the record a resolution formally carried by Clay, condemning the President for unconstitutional acts in removing the public money from the United States Bank. Mr. Buchanan's speech is a strong condemnation of that purely partisan thrust of Clay's friends.

On the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia he held that, since the District had been carved from two slave-holding States, Congress had no constitutional right to abolish slavery there any more than it had the right to abolish it in the States themselves.

On the question of recognizing the independence of Texas, he said he would gladly vote in favor of doing so, when Texas had won her independence.

As Mr. Buchanan had been the defender of Jackson's financial schemes, it became his task to meet the opposition of Webster to Van Buren's sub-treasury plan. Both men made powerful arguments from their respective points of view; and while the system has its opponents in our day, it has remained since Van Buren's time.

Mr. Buchanan had been re-elected Senator in 1837, and, therefore, was not affected politically by the Whig triumph of 1840. Only one man had previously served more than six years as Senator from Pennsylvania. He was elected for a third term as Senator; and as the election of 1844 was coming on, his friends urged his nomination as the Democratic candidate for President. But many of the delegates were pledged to Van Buren and the Pennsylvanian withdrew his name in the interest of harmony before the convention met. In a private letter he expressed the opinion that Van Buren would be nominated and defeated; but Polk was nominated and elected over Clay on the Texas question.

Polk chose Buchanan as Secretary of State, the man best fitted in his party for the place. The new Secretary was at once in the midst of the Oregon controversy and the Texas question. Had these questions not kept him in his office; he certainly would have been made a Justice of the Supreme Court. But he stuck to his post, though with longing eyes on the Bench. The country was safely steered through the Oregon difficulty, which many had believed would bring on a third war with Great Britain. Even the Mexican difficulty might have been settled amicably; but Mexico refused to receive our Minister Slidell, and war broke out on the Rio Grande. When, during the Mexican War, Great Britain made encroachments upon Central America, Mr. Buchanan had President Polk reassert the Monroe Doctrine in all its old-time vigor; but this course was not followed by their successors, and the affair ended in the disgraceful Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

In 1850 the Whigs were in power and he had no part in the discussion of the "Great Compromise" in Congress; but in public addresses and by his pen he urged its passage, and declared that the Fugitive Slave Law carried out the spirit of the Constitution.

At the convention of 1852 Mr. Buchanan and several others were each so strong that the nomination went to a younger and less well-known man, Franklin Pierce. In this campaign Mr. Buchanan's chief service to his party was a long and effective speech delivered at Greensburg against General Scott.

President Pierce made Mr. Buchanan Minister to England, and he left New York for his post August 1, 1853, reaching Liverpool on the 17th. When Parliament opened in 1854, there occurred the "Court Dress Episode." Secretary Marcy had issued an order that American diplomats should appear in the "plain dress of American citizens." The Master of Ceremonies issued a statement that when the Queen opened Parliament, the diplomats should wear court dress. Consequently, the American Minister was absent at the great ceremony; and this caused much comment in the papers. The Queen soon held her first levee, and Mr. Buchanan informed the Master of Ceremonies that he



IN WADELL'S GRAVEYARD

The enclosed plot contains the graves of James Buchanan, Senior, his wife and children.
The four stones in the distance mark the graves of the Dickeys



IN WADDELL'S GRAVEYARD

The enclosed plot contains the graves of James Buchanan, Senior, his wife and children.
The four stones in the distance mark the graves of the Dickeys

would appear in the dress he always wore with the addition of a small black dress sword. Though he knew he would be received in any dress he chose to wear, he did not expect the very cordial reception he received.

As minister he had to deal with Central American problems and the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Owing to the condition of European polities, England was ready to fight somebody, and he expected Palmerston to assume a warlike attitude; yet, in a private letter to Marcy, Secretary of State, he announced his determination not to yield "one iota of our rights." The Crimean War brought up the question of rights of neutrals; and he handled it with the skill of the trained diplomat that he was, carefully avoiding all entangling alliances. The war, however, ended all further negotiations regarding the construction of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and he asked to be recalled.

But whatever the vicissitudes of official life in London, his social life there was enjoyable. His niece, Miss Harriet Lane, had joined him in the spring of 1854, and her letters home are radiant with descriptions of receptions, personages, and costumes. While they were in London, Napoleon and Eugenie, then in the height of the glory that went out in the Franco-Prussian War, made their famous visit to London. Miss Lane returned to America in the autumn of 1855, and Mr. Buchanan in April, 1856, when he was accorded a most cordial reception.

Already the Democrats of his State were putting him forward for the Presidency, and at the convention at Cincinnati, without any organized effort on the part of his friends, he was easily nominated without pledge or promise. In the election that followed he carried the slave States, with the exception of Maryland; and of the Northern States, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana, Illinois, and California.

The history of the administration of Mr. Buchanan is not within the province of this paper. The first three years of it were spent in trying to allay the bitterness engendered by many years of political strife, while the last months were spent in dealing with one of those crises which are beyond human guidance; but which themselves move men as pawns. By his enemies his administration has been bitterly attacked; and it has been most ably defended by his friends; but he himself never doubted that the ultimate judgment of his countrymen would do him justice. That he was right in this can be seen in our day; and the time is almost at hand when some historian, without partisan bias, or thought of the need of vindicating Mr. Buchanan, will write the straightforward history of those momentous years.

When his term of office expired, he retired to his estate, "The Wheatlands," which had been his home for many years. It is near the city of Lancaster, and was purchased by him in December, 1848. Here, with no offices to give, he enjoyed the letters and companionship of his many true friends. Soon after his retirement he prepared a defense of his administration and had it published about 1865. He even planned a more elaborate work, an autobiography; but owing to the infirmities of old age this latter work was never completed. In the fall of 1861 he wrote a public letter urging all loyalty to aid in the war "made inevitable by the Confederate attack."

He was a man of impressive appearance, over six feet tall, broad-shouldered and somewhat stout. His eyes were blue, one near, and one far-sighted, which caused a habitual inclination of the head to one side.

He was fond of the society of men and women, and was popular at social gatherings. Not a fluent public speaker, he was clear, forceful and convincing. In that Senate noted for its great men, he always commanded attention. His personal integrity was beyond the pale of partisan accusation; and he was always ready to aid those in need.

Reared by pious parents, he was all his life a Christian man; but not until September 24, 1865, did he become a church member. On that day he united with the Presbyterian church in Lancaster.

He died June 1, 1868, of rheumatic gout, and was buried at Lancaster June the 4th. The funeral sermon was preached by his friend and spiritual advisor, John W. Nevin, D. D., President of Franklin and Marshall College.

Mr. Buchanan had inherited the business ability of his father, and he left an estate valued at \$300,000. Little of this, however, was from his salary as President; for, while in office, he insisted on paying many bills that Presidents do not usually pay. He also paid the expense of entertaining the Prince of Wales, although he was really a national guest.

The Buchanan home in Mercersburg was the lower part of what is now Hotel Mercer. The property was sold to J. O. Carson, and later came into the possession of the McAfee brothers, who refitted it to be used as the McAfee Hotel. Later, a third story was added, and after a few years the property was sold to its present owner, C. W. McLaughlin.

The Dunwoodie farm, in which the elder James Buchanan had taken so much interest, is situated about two miles east of Mercersburg on the West Conocoheague Creek. In 1863, Jeremiah S. Black, without seeing the farm or sending any one to inspect it for him, purchased it from the ex-President for \$15,624. It is now called "Patchwork" and is owned by Miss Mary Black.

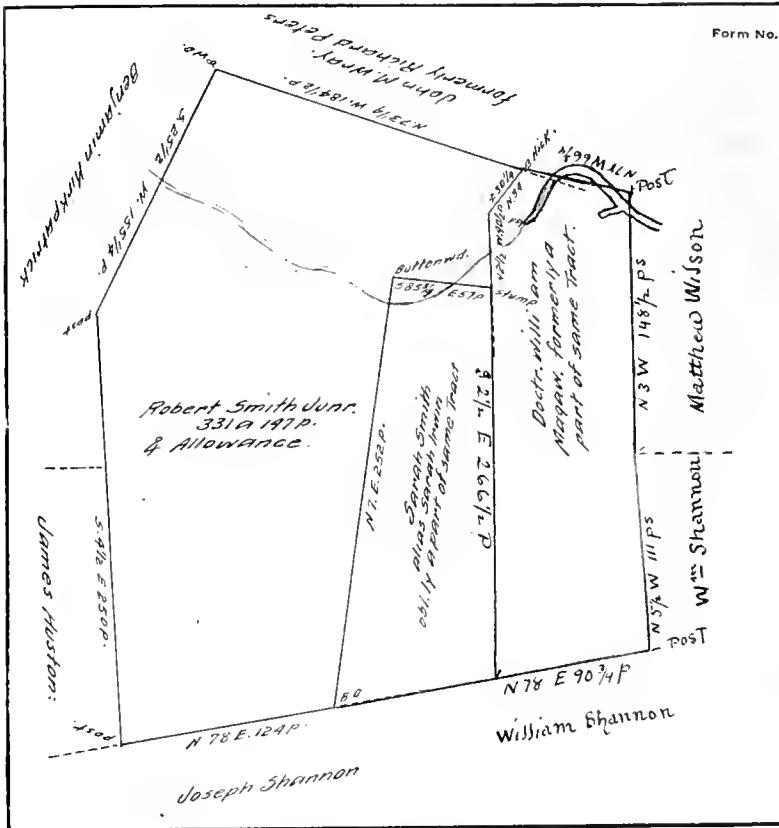
While Mr. Buchanan's mother was living, he visited Mercersburg from time to time; and while he was Senator, 1834-1843, Dr. Theodore Appel says, he frequently visited the town and gave money in support of the school. In a letter dated June 24, 1852, he speaks of having visited his native county of Franklin a few days before, and of having spent much time in trying to persuade an old friend of Democratic faith to vote for Pierce. The friend refused to do so because Pierce had been nominated by a convention. In 1856 Mr. Buchanan, with Colonel Samuel W. Black, of Pittsburgh, drove from Bedford to Lancaster. Judge W. Rush Gillan quotes Mr. A. J. Unger as saying that the two men left their team at Foltz and walked up to Stony Batter, and that very soon a teamster, who had been up that way, reported that "Jimmie Buchanan" was up there. The man had recognized the future President from his pictures. After a short reception at Foltz the two men proceeded to Mercersburg and later to Greencastle and Chambersburg. It was probably on this same trip that he spoke at Colonel Murphy's hotel, now the Mansion House, at a meeting presided over by Captain Jack Cushua.

The story goes, that while the candidate was speaking at this meeting, some of those opposed to him persuaded some boys to call out one of the slanders used against the candidate during that campaign. The men of better judgment of both parties were indignant at the occurrence; and inasmuch as one of the boys was then profiting by Mr. Buchanan's generosity, it was suggested that the aid be withdrawn. But the man soon to be raised to the highest office in his country spurned the proposal, regarding the incident as the trifle it was.

As yet there is no biography of James Buchanan suited to the needs and taste of the general reader of today; but when such a book appears, it will be well worth the study of all interested in American biography and in the history of our country during the years since the War of 1812. To the people of his native State such a book will reveal the courage, strength and ability of him who was Pennsylvania's greatest statesman under the Constitution, Franklin County's most noted citizen, Mercersburg's most exalted son.

JOHN L. FINAFROCK





MAP OF SMITHFIELD

Survey of the tract that William Smith
purchased of James Black and
devised to his sons



SILHOUETTE OF BISHOP WHITE



EDWARD YOUNG BUCHANAN, D. D.

Edward Young Buchanan, D. D.

EDWARD Young Buchanan was born in Mercersburg, May 30, 1811, at which time his brother James was a law student at Lancaster. The mother, ever fond of reading, named her youngest son for her favorite poet. When the boy was eleven years old, his father died, and James Buchanan, twenty years his senior, became almost as a father to him.

William Buchanan had been sent to Princeton, but Edward, like his brothers, James and George, attended Dickinson. He entered the school in May, 1826, and when he left in 1828, held the second honor in his class. In the spring of 1829 he became a candidate for Holy Orders and began to study under the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, then of Pittsburgh, but later Bishop of Vermont. In 1830 he entered the General Theological Seminary in New York City, and was graduated in 1832. On Sunday, July 8, 1832, he was ordained a Deacon in St. James church, Seventh Street, Philadelphia, by Bishop White. He lived to be the last of all those ordained by that good Bishop, who himself had been consecrated to the Episcopate February 4, 1787, in the chapel of Lambeth Palace by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

In 1832 he took charge of Christ church, Allegheny, to enable the Rector, Rev. Sanson K. Brunot, to go to Key West for his health; and in 1833 he went to Christ church, Meadville. Resigning here, he became for a time temporary agent of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the church. In 1835 he was made Rector of Christ church, Leacock, and St. Johns, Pequea, Chester county. In 1845 he resigned the latter and confined his work to Christ church and All Saints at Paradise, the latter a parish which he had originated in 1841. Leaving these two parishes in 1854, he went to Trinity Church, Oxford, Philadelphia, and here he remained for twenty-eight years.

This church, eight miles northeast of City Hall, was built in 1711, and is the mother of many churches in that vicinity. Covered with ivy and embodying the very spirit of the past, it stands as a monument to the broad religious tolerance of those early times. For, sixteen years from the foundation of the Quaker colony, this congregation of the English church worshiped at this place in a log meeting house. The first Rector of Trinity was Rev. Dr. Clayton, who founded the Episcopalian church in the State of Pennsylvania.

During the early period of Dr. Buchanan's rectorship at Trinity President Buchanan and his niece, Miss Harriet Lane, occasionally visited the church, and on such occasions large crowds from the countryside flocked to the church.

The rectorship of Dr. Buchanan was a successful one, and many improvements to the property were made, but the exterior of the church was left unchanged. Dr. Buchanan has been described as a "faithful, learned, hard-working priest" of the Episcopal church. He was gentle in life and prudent in speech and act; but he was a man of strong convictions, and courageously stood for the right with all the strength and tenacity of his race.

His sight failing, he celebrated his jubilee in 1882 and resigned his rectorship. After this he lived quietly in Philadelphia until his death, January 20, 1895. He was buried in the churchyard of old Trinity. In his memory a window and a tablet have been placed in the church where he labored so many years. The window is described as a work of art and is an adaptation of Plockhorst's "Christus Consolator." The tablet, made of bronze, is placed below the window, and bears this inscription in Old English bas-relief: "In loving memory of the Rev. Edward Young Buchanan, D. D.—1854—Rector of Trinity Church, Oxford, Philadelphia—1882. Ordained by Bishop White, and for Sixty-two Years a Minister of Christ in His Native State of Pennsylvania, at Allegheny, Meadville, Pequea, Leacock, Paradise, Philadelphia. Born at Mercersburg, May 30, 1811; Died at Philadelphia, January 20, 1895. 'Lord, Thou Hast Been Our Refuge from One Generation to Another.'"

Dr. Buchanan married Ann Eliza Foster, sister of Stephen C. Foster, of Pittsburgh, author of

"Old Folks at Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," and other songs. Mrs. Buchanan died some years before her husband. His daughters, Mrs. A. J. Cassatt and Miss Annie Buchanan, are living in Philadelphia.

Born after his brother James left home, Edward Buchanan was not so intimate with him as with the brothers George and William, nearer his own age. But these two brothers died early, and after 1832 only James and Edward survived. The two brothers, by correspondence, kept in close touch with each other; and some of the longest and most interesting letters of the elder brother from his various posts of duty are addressed to his brother Edward. Dr. Buchanan was the executor of the estate of James Buchanan.

JOHN L. FINAFROCK.





HARRIET LANE JOHNSTON



HARRIET LANE JOHNSTON

Harriet Rebecca Lane

A Mercersburg Girl

Mistress of the White House 1857-1861

LIIGHTY years ago there was born in the quaint old village of Mercersburg, a little girl, Harriet Rebecca Lane, the youngest child of Jane Buchanan and Elliott T. Lane.

Harriet Lane was of English ancestry on the side of her father, and Scotch-Irish on that of her mother. Her grandfather, James Buchanan, settled near Mercersburg, and in 1788 he married Elizabeth Speer, a woman of strong intellect and deep piety.

The eldest child of the marriage was James, the late ex-President. Jane Buchanan, the next child after James, his playmate in youth, his favorite sister through life, known as the most sprightly and agreeable of a family all gifted, was married in the year 1813 to Elliott T. Lane. Mr. Lane was a merchant, largely engaged in the lucrative trade at that time carried on between the East and the West, by the great highway that passed through Franklin county. Harriet spent the first years of her life in "Old Mercersburg" in the beautiful home built by her father, near the Town Square. Old citizens like Mr. John Hoch and Mr. Thomas Waddell, who were her schoolmates in childhood, have passed with her into the Great Beyond, and none are left of those who knew her here.

We are told she attended Mrs. Young's School, a merry, mischievous girl, never so happy as when ringleader of schoolgirl pranks. "In all the counties of Southern Pennsylvania there was no comelier and more high-spirited maiden." Inheriting the vivacity of her mother, she overflowed with health and good humor. Her Uncle James, then in the prime of life, paid frequent visits to his family in Mercersburg, and the impression which his august presence and charming talk made upon little Harriet was deep and lasting. In 1839 Harriet was left motherless and, when, two years later, death again entered her home, taking her father from her, Harriet and her sister Mary were invited to become members of their Uncle James's home at Wheatland.

Here it was that Harriet Lane, in her early girlhood, helped to entertain the statesmen who were almost constantly the guests of her uncle. The following winter was passed under the care of two elderly maidens at Lancaster, famous for their strict sense of propriety; and her horror at finding herself installed in this pious household, must have been very amusing to Mr. Buchanan, who was never blind to the humorous side of things. He was in the Senate at the time, and Harriet poured out her soul to him in childish letters that complained of early hours, brown sugar in tea, restrictions in dress, stiff necks and cold hearts. She was solaced by fatherly letters from her uncle, to say nothing of pocketfuls of crackers and rock candy. At the age of twelve she was sent, with her sister, to a school in Charleston, Va., where they remained for three years. During this time Harriet made unusual progress in music, but the one great event during those three years was a visit to Bedford Springs, a glorious, never-forgotten time. Next came two years at the convent at Georgetown, a school celebrated for the elegant women who have been educated there. Once a month Miss Lane spent Saturday and Sunday with her uncle, in whose home she met such men as few young girls could appreciate.

He took pains, however, to restrain her youthful inclination to play the role of a belle at Washington. He was especially solicitous that she should not contract an early marriage, saying: "Never allow your affections to become interested, nor engage yourself to any person, without my previous advice. You ought never to marry any man to whom you are not attached; but you ought never to marry any person who is not able to afford you a decent and immediate support. In my experience I have witnessed the long years of patient misery and dependence which fine women have endured from rushing into matrimonial connections without sufficient reflection." It was not long before Harriet became a favorite among the young women of the national capital. Her sagacious uncle admonished her to keep her wits about her in the gay scenes she would find there, and always to be guarded

against flattery. "Many a clever girl," he said, has been spoiled for the useful purposes of life and rendered unhappy by a winter's gayety in Washington." But it was not until the winter of 1854 that she began to attract general attention among the brilliant belles of the Pierce administration, as she conspicuously did at the great ball which the Minister from Brazil gave in honor of the birthday of his imperial master.

When Mr. Buchanan was appointed by President Pierce as Minister to England, he was not accompanied by his niece, but she joined him some months later.

Her first appearance at a drawing-room was a memorable occasion, not only to the young American girl and her uncle, but to all who witnessed her graceful and dignified bearing at the time. For a girl who had never been outside her native land she carried herself through the ordeal with unusual tact and self-possession. Despite her uncle's disposition to simplicity and economy, and his constant cautions that she should make no attempts at "display," her fine appearance and her youthful animation enabled her soon to become a favorite.

The only time when the dress question seems to have disturbed her was when she had an invitation to dinner with the Queen while the court was in mourning, and found that she had no black dress in her wardrobe, and that it was necessary to get one at a day's notice. At the dinner Harriet thought that the Queen, who herself was also still a young woman, and who talked a good deal with her, was "most gracious," while Prince Albert was equally talkative with her uncle. "Everything, of course, was magnificent," she wrote to her sister. "There was gold in profusion, twelve candelabra, with four candles each. But you know I never can describe things of this sort. With mirrors and candles all around the room, and a band playing delicious music all the time, it was like fairyland in its magnificence."

At one of the "Drawing-Rooms" in Buckingham Palace the fair young American, attired in pink silk and tulle with apple blossoms, awakened general admiration among the courtiers. On her way home with her uncle he remarked: "Well, one would have supposed that you were a person of great beauty, to have heard the way you were talked of today. I was asked if we had many such handsome ladies in America. I answered yes, and," he went on to say, as if he felt it were his duty to sprinkle some cold water on the flattery, "many much handsomer. She would scarcely be remarked there for her beauty."

During her year's residence in London she enjoyed several marks of both royal and popular esteem. But not the least notable event in which she participated was when her uncle took her, one summer day in 1855, to Oxford, where he and Alfred Tennyson each received the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws. The poet, then in the prime of manhood, was hardly a more conspicuous figure in the august ceremony at the venerable seat of learning than the golden-haired American girl, whose appearance the English students welcome with an outburst of cheers.

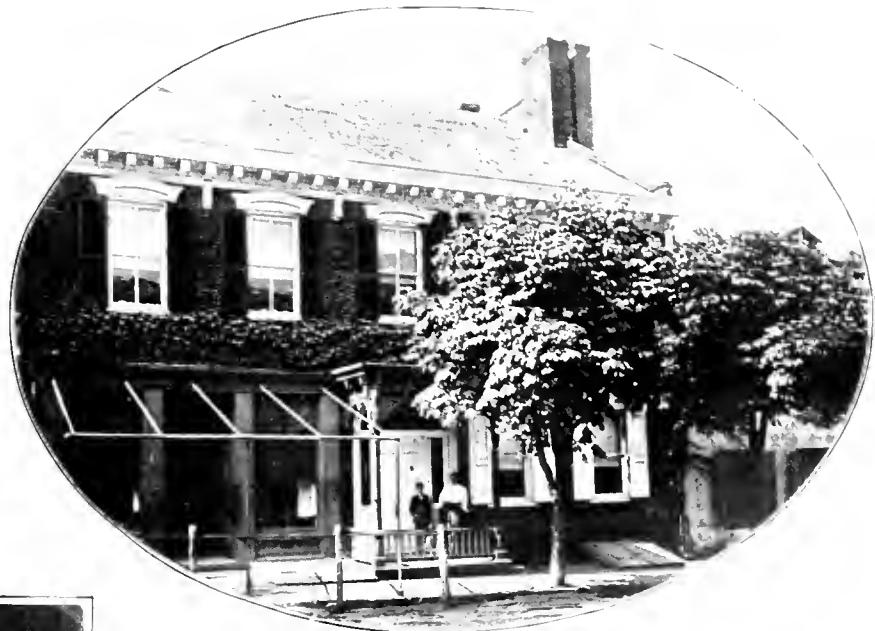
It was characteristic of her uncle that when she had returned to the United States he wrote her: "Take care not to display any foreign airs or graces in society at home, nor descend on your intercourse with royal people, but your own good sense will teach you this lesson. I shall be happy, on my return, to learn that it has been truly said of you, 'She has not been a bit spoiled by her visit to England.'" Six months later, when he took his farewell audience, the Queen expressed a kind remembrance of her, and when he parted with the Marquis of Lansdowne that nobleman exclaimed enthusiastically: "If Miss Lane should have the kindness to remember me, do me the honor to lay me at her feet."

It was only a little more than a year afterward that Mr. Buchanan was called to the Presidency of the United States. His bachelorthood caused his niece to be noted with uncommon interest, but her season in England had given her complete confidence in herself. Indeed, since the time of Dolly Madison there had been few mistresses of the White House who had united to personal charm and popularity an understanding of the graces of social intercourse.

Harriet Lane went into the White House when only twenty-six years of age, with all the exuberance of health, and with a beauty of face and figure such as no young woman who had been its mistress had before shown. It was her destiny to be the only maiden that has ever reigned there during four years as its social queen. Her public advent into Washington in that role was at the Buchanan Inaugural Ball, which was held in a structure temporarily built for the purpose. Attired in a white dress with artificial flowers and a necklace of many strands of pearls around her neck, she was a picture of youthful freshness of spirit as she leaned upon the arm of her tall uncle and was



FROM A WINDOW CORNICE IN THE LANE HOME, MERCERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, NOW IN
POSSESSION OF MRS. A. J. CASSATT, OF PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



THE BIRTHPLACE OF
HARRIET LANE

Now owned by H. S. Waidlich



THE ARCHED HALL-WAY IN THE
HOME OF HARRIET LANE

escorted by General Jessup in full uniform. Indeed, almost from the beginning, the dinners and receptions at the White House, notwithstanding the President's desire not to have "too much fuss," gave her a reputation as a young woman of fine manners and strong sense.

She was very much the modern girl; but her generation was not educated up to her ideas, and the physical exuberance that would have made her a tennis expert and golf champion today subjected her to many a mild snub from her conservative guardian. Buchanan was fond of teasing her with the tale of how she challenged a young man to run a race, and beat him hopelessly—a most unfeminine proceeding. Secretly, he was immensely proud of her, but the times did not endorse such vigor.

Harriet Lane's position in the White House was more onerous, perhaps, than that of any one since Martha Washington, for Buchanan had many personal visitors in addition to his official ones. At the English court Miss Lane had added experience to her attainments, and was quite equal to anything her new position might offer, even to acting as hostess to the Prince of Wales. One of the entertainments provided for him was a visit to the tomb of Washington, where he did reverence most suitably, like the well-bred young prince he was.

On the way up the river to Washington Albert Edward danced with Harriet Lane on the deck of the steamer, and with other girls among her friends. This they all especially enjoyed because Mr. Buchanan would not permit dancing in the White House. The day closed with a sumptuous dinner at the house of Lord Lyons, the British Minister, with the Prince on one side, at the head of the table, and Harriet Lane on the other.

In person, in speech, in carriage and in manner Harriet Lane had the charm of a regal presence. She suggested to her countrymen the grand dame of European society more than had any of her predecessors. Her stature was a little above the average of her sex, her figure moulded in a noble cast, and her head firmly poised on neck and shoulders of queenly grace. On public occasions the air of authority in her deportment was such that Mr. Buchanan's political followers would sometimes enthusiastically hail her as "Our Democratic Queen," while his opponents would solemnly remind him that he would do well to restrain the spirit of royal manners in his household. Her blonde hair, her violet eyes, her fine complexion, and the contour of a face and expressive mouth on which the lines of character were strongly written, marked her at once as a woman of both charm and power. Her voice had the bright musical intonation of a wholesome nature; few English women could surpass her in athletic exercises, and no other "Lady of the White House" has since been so widely copied as a model in her toilettes.

It was said that the White House had never been gayer than on the final night of Miss Lane's public career as its mistress. All Washington had come to say farewell. The band played alternately "Yankee Doodle" and "Away Down South in Dixie." Hour after hour the crowd passed through the doors until it numbered more than four thousand. Dressed in pure white, the mistress of the mansion was greeted with effusive admiration, and by many, too, who believed that in looking upon her they saw the last woman who would grace the White House, and upon her uncle as its last President.

In the winter of 1866 Harriet Lane was married by her uncle, the Rev. Edward Young Buchanan, to Henry Elliott Johnston, of Baltimore, a union which proved ideally happy. Years later, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston brought their two sons to Mercersburg, that they might see the birthplace of their mother and her family; and always on her return to her native town Mrs. Johnston visited the old Waddell graveyard, where the bodies of her ancestors lie buried. That Mrs. Johnston had love for the home of her childhood was evidenced by the fact that she gave to Mercersburg Academy a portrait of her uncle, James Buchanan, and her last visit to the town was when that portrait was unveiled. When she died, in 1903, she willed that the Buchanan birthplace, land at Stony Batter, be purchased, and a monument erected thereon.

It was a strange irony of Fate that Harriet Lane, so "friendled" in her early life, should have lost both husband and sons, which left her to pass the evening of life in comparative loneliness, with only past glories and beautiful memories for companions.

Our thanks are due the Ladies' Home Journal for courtesy in this sketch.

Elizabeth Irwin Garrison

Mother of Benjamin Garrison

Twenty-third President of the United States

ITHE following sketch is from extracts from "Early Schoolgirls of the Conococheague." Archibald Irwin, son of Archibald and Jean McDowell Irwin, succeeded to the old Irwin homestead and the "Irwinton Mills" on the West Branch of the Conococheague. Both the dwelling house and the mill were built by his father. He married for his first wife Mary Ramsey, daughter of Major James Ramsey, who built the mill near Mercersburg, since known as Heister's. The elder of the two daughters by this marriage was Jane and the younger Elizabeth. Nancy Ramsey, a sister of their mother, married John Sutherland, an Englishman, who lived in Ohio, near the home of General William Henry Harrison, at North Bend. The Irwin girls visited their aunt, Mrs. Sutherland, in Ohio, when they met the sons of General Harrison, William Henry and John Scott Harrison. The result of these meetings was that William Henry Harrison, Jr., came to Irwinton Mills in 1824, to wed Jane Irwin. At that time her sister Elizabeth was only fourteen years old. Eight years later she married John Scott Harrison, in Ohio.

In 1889 Benjamin Harrison, the eldest son of Elizabeth Irwin Harrison, became President of the United States. Jane Irwin Harrison was mistress of the White House during the brief administration of the first President Harrison, in 1841. The fine old mansion, built of limestone, in which these two fortunate women, one of them the mother of a President, were born, is still standing, little changed from what it was at the beginning of the Nineteenth century.

It is said that Jane was one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the most gracious, women who has ever presided over the White House. Of Elizabeth, we have this from the pen of her daughter: "In regard to my writing anything about our dear mother, I feel I could not do as well as some others, as I was only a child of eight or nine when she died. I remember her as an angel in our home, a devoted wife and mother. I have never heard any one speak of her in any other way. Our old nurse has frequently told me of her home life and her mild, yet always firm, control of her children. I remember her last visit to the old Mercersburg home—how her little ones missed her and the royal welcome she had on her return." She died many years before her son Benjamin became President of the United States.

IRWINTON MILLS

The birthplace of Jane and
Elizabeth Irwin



JANE IRWIN HARRISON

Mistress of the White House, 1841



ELIZABETH IRWIN HARRISON

Mother of President Benjamin Harrison

Thomas Creigh, D. D.

WHY DO we wish to preserve the memory of those who lived many years ago, whose thoughts and ways of life were so different from ours of today?

Primarily to know what were the forces and principles which made the community in which they lived and worked, and what will make for lasting good in our community to-day, as well as to help the building for the future. Let us see what part Dr. Thomas Creigh took in shaping and developing the life and principles of our town to which he came as a young clergyman, and in which he lived for almost a half century.

He was born in 1808 in Landisburg, Perry county, Pennsylvania, the seventh child in a family of ten. A quiet, sober-minded boy, gentle and serious, often leaving his playmates to be with his mother.

When he was twelve years of age his parents moved to Carlisle, Pa., where there were better educational advantages, and Dr. Creigh entered the grammar school connected with Dickinson College when he was a boy of sixteen. The year before, the son of the principal, Dr. Mason, died very suddenly. He had been a tutor in the school. His father said to the officiating clergyman, the day of his funeral, "Say something which God may bless to these students." The "something" said was so blessed of God that over one hundred of them united with the church within the year. This atmosphere of educating the soul as well as the mind deeply impressed Dr. Creigh and although he did not enroll himself among the church members at that time, his mind was so deeply concerned with his duty to God that his health failed and he was obliged to leave school until this question with his God was settled. He became so possessed with a great desire to be holy and pure, to "put on the mind of Christ," that he professed his faith in his Saviour in a very little time and was at peace.

All who knew him during the rest of his life could truly say that purity was one of his strongest characteristics. When he finished his college course he decided to study for the ministry, at first with Dr. Duffield, of Carlisle, and later one year at Princeton Seminary.

Just before accepting the call to the Mercersburg church, a revival of religion occurred in Dr. Duffield's church in Carlisle, in which Dr. Creigh took part. Doubtless this work among the students prepared him to assume the charge of the church at Mercersburg, left vacant by the resignation of Dr. Elliott, a difficult position to fill for a diffident, inexperienced young man.

In those days the pulpit had authority and power. People discussed religious questions and were alert to note the orthodoxy of their minister. There were few books, fewer newspapers, and the pulpit was the center and source of intellectual activity. The people of this church were largely Scotch-Irish; sturdy, strong-minded, self-willed, knowing what they thought true, and very insistent that their ideas should be promulgated. An exceedingly difficult position for Dr. Creigh to fill.

That he had the wisdom and grace to meet and conquer these difficulties, shows much of the character of the man. Quiet, firm, just, sympathetic, strong for the truth, knowing his Bible and the principles of the Christian faith, preaching them fearlessly, living them sincerely, he soon made his way to the hearts of the people, not only in his own church but in the community generally, leaving his impress so indelibly that today he is still an authority quoted on many questions.

He was a devout student of the Bible, and made it his duty to see that the young of his parish were taught its truths. Meetings were regularly held in different parts of the congregation, when the children were examined in the Shorter Catechism, and the older people in the Bible.

For many years Monday evenings were set apart for a Bible study class, held at different homes, where there could be a free discussion of the questions of the day in regard to religious thought. It was at that time the apparent conflict between Religion and Science was disturbing many minds, particularly the young, and his wise words of counsel and firm faith in the truth of God's word did much to confirm the wavering faith of many.

Old Mercersburg

Dr. Creigh was also a firm believer in the education of women, and was one of the promoters of Wilson College. He was the first President of the Board of Trustees, and was largely instrumental in securing the funds necessary to build and equip the school.

His sympathy for the poor and oppressed was great and many times, both before and during the Civil war, he was called on to use his influence to right the wrongs of some poor colored man. When Mercersburg was raided by General Stuart of the Confederate Army, in 1862, several colored men were taken captive and carried to Richmond. Dr. Creigh wrote to Dr. Moore, one of the clergymen of Richmond, and was instrumental in having these free men sent home.

Living so near the slave States, there were many and different opinions in regard to slavery held by all. Some ministers preached that it was of divine institution, others held just as strongly that it was evil and only evil. It was difficult for a minister to be true to his own convictions, yet just and temperate in regard to the convictions of others, for the tide of feeling ran high. No one ever criticised Dr. Creigh in his attitude over the question, for, while opposed to slavery, he was yet lenient in his judgment of those who upheld it. "Try to do justice to all, in a loving spirit" was his counsel. In his diary during these troublous days, many, many times he wrote, "God give wisdom to do the right." "God guide in all thoughts, words and deeds."

Dr. Creigh was greatly interested in the development of our Western States. Several colonies left his church for various parts of Ohio, Illinois and Iowa. He followed them with letters, and, knowing their needs, aided them in building churches in their new homes. When he made his visits to his son in Nebraska, he visited many of these "children churches," his kindly interest and loving counsel being gladly heard and greatly prized.

Some little idea of the changed conditions in our day and his may be gathered from his visit, in 1847, to Cincinnati. He went to Clear Spring and Hancock by coach, crossed the Potomac River in a skiff, then on to Pittsburg by coach, and down the river to Cincinnati by boat. From Pittsburg to Cincinnati was two days' travel, and five days from Mercersburg to his destination. There were no railroads, no telegraphic communication, no thought of electricity. Many great events occurred during his life, the Mexican War, with all the changes it brought to our country; the great question of the extension of slavery, with John Brown's raid; the Civil War and the emancipation proclamation. Later, the laying of the Atlantic Cable, the telephone and a few of the wonderful inventions in the electrical world. In the literary field, the multitude of books and daily newspapers, while the sewing machine, and other labor saving inventions make us wonder how people lived without these, to us, necessary things.

But the "things which remain," the things which enter into the foundation of our civilization, the purity of life, the sympathy with the oppressed, the uplift of humanity, the belief in God and His word, the efficacy of prayer, all these he had, and left their impress on his community. "The noble things of mind and heart enriched his life, and left their mark."

MARY IRWIN CREIGH.





THOMAS CREIGH, D. D.

Thomas Creigh, D. D.

Extracts from Memorial Discourse

By T. G. Robinson, D. D.

JT WAS no small tribute to the ability and personal worth of Thomas Creigh, that, at the early age of twenty-three, and while still a licentiate, he should be called to be the successor of such men as Drs. King and Elliott in the pastorate of Upper West Conococheague church, now Mercersburg Presbyterian church.

The day having been appointed for his ordination and installation, he left his father's house in Carlisle on the 5th of November, 1831, with great fear and trembling, reaching here the next day. His feelings while on the way hither were greatly depressed and cast down, in view of the weighty responsibilities which he had assumed. The journey was filled with prayers and cries to God for help. Recalling that memorable horseback journey many years after, he writes: "O my God and Father, how I cried unto Thee and Thou hearest me; Why, O why, could I not trust Thee when Thou didst assure me, 'Lo, I am with thee alway, to the end of the world.' Forgive me, forgive, O my Master, my Master." His heart was greatly lightened by the welcome with open arms and loving hearts which he received from the people. On the 16th of November, the Presbytery met, concluded the examinations preparatory to his ordination, when he was set apart with prayer and the imposition of the hands of the Presbytery to the work of the Gospel Ministry, and was then installed as the third in a noble line of able and godly pastors of this church. That day, with its solemn consecration and holy vows, was never forgotten.

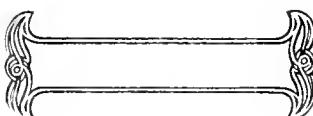
Happy the people to whom God sends such a consecrated servant of His to be their minister. It was with a true consecration of heart that Thomas Creigh entered upon the duties of his holy office. The sacredness and solemnity of the step most deeply impressed him. One desire filled his soul: To make Christ known and promote Christ's glory. Now began his life work. For forty-nine years he stood here as the messenger of God and the guide of this people. His life among you was a living witness against the world's general rule of self-seeking. "Not yours but you" might be written on all those years of ministerial faithfulness. He was eminently loyal to his own church, yet towards all of every name, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ and sought his glory, he preserved a true affection and a large charity and commended them to the grace of God. Dr. Creigh was a man of fine personal presence. Physically, he was of full manly size, and in his bearing and courteous manners at all times inspired respect. He was dignified in his deportment, yet gentle and unassuming. His face was handsome and genial and when the whitened locks of age had gathered the glory of years upon his head, and his countenance, still ruddy with health, beamed with the love and kindness of his warm and Christian heart, all classes paid him the tribute of involuntary homage and admiration.

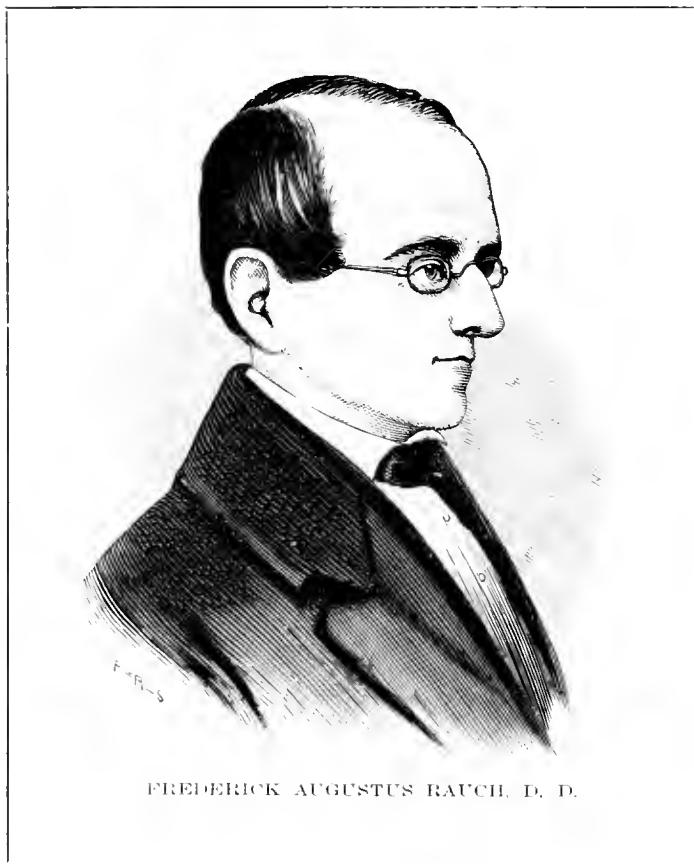
In his daily contact with his fellow men he impressed them with a sense of the truthfulness of his nature, the kindness of his heart and the purity of his life. It was a beautiful thing in the character and life of this man of God, that he kept his sacred office and all his work undefiled by any traces of a worldly spirit. The spirit of peace ruled in him, expelling bigotry, intolerance and harshness, making it painful for him to grieve so much as the heart of a little child.

He was a man of prayer and of habitual communion with God and spiritual things. This people were on his heart. He baptized all his work among you with prayer. It was evidently a habit with him to carry everything to God in prayer. "The love of Christ constrained him." He never lost sight of Him, nor sense of Him, and that lifted into high and holy earnestness all his appeals to his fellow men.

And now he is gone, who, for fifty years sat at the feet of Christ and brought from thence God's word to you. How often did he preach to you of death, and of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, before he so suddenly passed into that sublime and imperishable life beyond the grave! So sudden was his departure that we were stunned and confused by the shock.

Beloved Dr. Creigh! Dear man of God! He was living quite on the verge of heaven. He was permitted to work up to the very last. There was not the loss of an hour. The infirmities of age lay lightly upon him. He was spared, in the great kindness of God, from severe physical prostration and weakness. His mental powers were unimpaired. His thoughts had been gently gathered for months around the coming world. The soft light of the eternal future was falling upon him. His earthly cares were set in order. His ear was listening, daily, for the summons of departure. It came suddenly. In a moment "the golden bowl was broken and the silver cord was loosed." Without the bitterness of death—the spirit passed away. Suddenly, as if, resting for a moment, he leaned against a door; unexpectedly it opens, and lo! all beyond is heaven. So passed dear Dr. Creigh! The door opened and he was gone to be with Christ. He was ready. The trimmed and burning lamp was in his hand. It was not far to go. Nor has he changed his life, his work or his inward self. While he was here he lived for God and worked for God and loved God; and there, too, he is the same man, living for God, working for God, loving God still. To God he gave himself long years ago. He kept his consecration vows clear and fresh to the last, and now, purified, cleansed from the least taint of sin, and glorified, he is still consecrated to Christ and employed in His service. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."





FREDERICK AUGUSTUS RAUCH, D. D.

Frederick Augustus Rauch, D. D.

First President of Marshall College

AS THE Scotch-Irish people of Mercersburg had a distinguished representative of higher education in the person of Dr. John W. Nevin, so the German citizenship of the early part of the Nineteenth Century looked upon Frederick Augustus Rauch as the ideal scholar of their own nationality.

Dr. Rauch was a native of Germany, and at the age of twenty-four was accorded a full professorship in the University of Heidelberg. But on some public occasion he had expressed himself too freely on the subject of politics, and he fell under the displeasure of a then very sensitive government. In danger of imprisonment, he fled the country and came to America. After teaching music and studying the English language for several years, his ability was recognized and he became first President of Marshall College, founded at Mercersburg in 1836. He remained President of that institution, as well as the guiding spirit of the theological seminary until his death in 1841, at the early age of thirty-five years.

The people of Mercersburg appreciated his presence amongst them. They quickly saw in his gentle bearing and refined nature, a man who could enlist the sympathies and affections of a nationality not of his own people. His love of music and intimate knowledge of the German composers gave them a new insight into the beauties of the profound and inspiring anthems of the German masters.

They of the practical life were pleased not only with his learning and piety, but also with his ability to grasp practical ideas. In the spring of 1837, in an address on education to the students of the college and citizens of the town, he uttered many profound as well as practical thoughts. "The fortune of our lives" he said to them, "and our government depends not exclusively on useful knowledge, but on our character as citizens; and to form this character by cultivating the whole man, is the aim of education in the proper sense."

Dr. Rauch admired the sturdy character and aggressiveness of the people amongst whom he had come to dwell. He was stimulated by their good, hard common sense and encouraged by the eager manner in which they rallied to the support of the institutions which he was there to represent. He was much gratified at the readiness with which they were prepared to join hands with the sponsors of the college in the cause of higher education.

Around about him and his assistants at college and seminary from 1836 to 1841, were gathered many young men. Most of them were sons of German-Americans. In 1840 they numbered 140. Many of them found temporary homes amongst the town people. They joined in the social life of the community, shared in the gaiety and disputed seriously upon the religious views which the Scotch-Irish maintained in accordance with the strict tenets of their faith. Dr. Rauch was the moving spirit in all this on the side of the college, and so kindly and unaffected was he in his relations with the people, that he retained their warm regard and friendship until his lamented death.

Dr. John W. Nevin in his eulogy said: "It is so hard for us to understand and estimate properly living worth of a moral or intellectual sort, when it is brought home to our very doors. Seen at a great distance, in some other literary station, Dr. Rauch might easily have been honored by some here as an extraordinary man, to whom he has been all along near at hand only of the most moderate importance under any view. Had he lived five years longer, he would have lifted the village, with the college, into the view of the whole land. Marshall College has sustained an immense loss in his death. For the German church, indeed, in the present crisis in her history, it has seemed to many that his life might be held to be indispensable."

In his lectures Dr. Rauch possessed the rare gift of making difficult things appear easy, at the same time adorning them with poetic thought. His lectures on psychology were published in 1840 and were enthusiastically received by the most competent critics. The work became a text book in many literary institutions.

Dr. Rauch was buried in Mercersburg, and afterwards his remains were removed to Lancaster, where a suitable memorial stone was erected. The name of Frederick Augustus Rauch ought to be placed upon Franklin county's roll of honor, for notwithstanding his youth, he was one of the great German-Americans of the Nineteenth century.

LINN HARBAUGH

John Williamson Nevin, A. A., LL. D.



CCUPYING a central position in the great Cumberland Valley, which has been deservedly called "Pennsylvania's Historic Gardenspot," is the well known town of Mercersburg. Within the memory of people still living it was as to size only a small village; and while Virgil's description of the early Carthage—"magalia quondam"—is scarcely applicable here, yet the difference between Mercersburg *then* and *now* is far more considerable, in every way.

But suddenly the Franklin county mountain village began to boom, somewhat like many of our great Western cities, which a few decades ago, were simply undefined patches of prairie or forest; with this difference, however, that Mercersburg's new existence was not of mammon origin or quality, backed in its uplift by millions of gold engineered by Captains of industry and Napoleons of finance. It was not money, except in very small part and incidentally, that made Mercersburg known far and wide. Nor was it some unexpected discovery beneath the soil nearby of precious ores followed by reports in newspapers under flaming headlines, exciting in eager minds visions of fortune and all that earthly fortune implies, that gave the village a name soon to be known of all men. No, not money, nor any great discovery that *means* money; but, *brains*, a real advent of brains, and not in the rough, with mere possibilities, like huge boulders of granite or marble, containing within shapeless bulk ideals of exquisite art; brains that were forces greater and mightier than all the forces of unconscious nature combined; such were the chief assets of the new-born Mercersburg, a name to be pronounced thereafter in connection with things vast, intellectual, spiritual, eternal, and pronounced with a true accent by the wise and great of all lands.

Before the advent of Doctor Nevin, Mercersburg had already made a start on the road to fame. It had been decided that a college and theological seminary should be established in the mountain village. There must have been reasons back of such a decision which led representatives of the ancient and original Reformed Church to thus determine. The place itself, its physical aspects, had much in its favor. I remember well when but a child, some years after the beginning of its educational history, how enthusiastic persons spoke and wrote of its splendid and charming natural features; of fertile lands with varied hills and plains, overlooked by mountains that could scarcely be exceeded for grandeur, and these forming, as they poetically expressed it, a "natural amphitheater," in the shadow of which was the village of Mercersburg, the diamond in that glorious setting, the apple of gold in a picture of natural beauty; and still more and better, here in this newly discovered Attica was to rise the Athens, the intellectual capital of America.

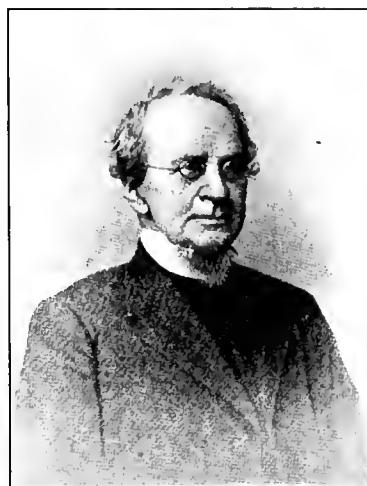
In Dr. Theodore Appel's life of Dr. Nevin there is a Latin poem, an elegy, written by Prof. R. C. Schiedt, Ph. D., of Franklin and Marshall College, in which he speaks of the great Doctor as headmaster and light of the modern Athens. Among the witnesses of his superior greatness given in the poem the following is the verse here referred to:

"Testis Mercersburgensis Schola, Montium Athenae;"

that is, the school of Mercersburg, the Athens of the mountains, is witness—and without Nevin in it there would not be sufficient reason for decorating the place with the name of the ancient world's most renowned seat of learning.

And yet it should not be forgotten that the great name of Mercersburg was not created by one man only. When Dr. Nevin arrived there in 1840, seventy-one years ago, a great educational beginning had already been made, and Marshall College was even then known and respected abroad, chiefly because its first President, Dr. Frederick Augustus Rauch, had become recognized as one of the most learned men of the age. His associates in the college faculty were men of high character and learning, and probably no other school of the kind grew so rapidly in the estimation of men whose opinions were of real value.

Such in brief was Marshall College when Dr. Nevin arrived. It was his first meeting with Dr. Rauch, of whom he had heard much, and he at once found in him so charming and valuable a com-



JOHN WILLIAMSON NEVIN, D. D., LL. D.

panion that he felt already at home in his new environment. He also found in all the members of the college faculty men of ripe scholarship, able to conduct their several departments with distinction.

It is not to be supposed that Mercersburg was wholly indebted for its fame to its becoming the seat of these institutions of learning, and to the presence in them of some of the most renowned men of that day. Its inhabitants were of that order of intelligence fully able to appreciate such an advent to their community. And the greater Mercersburg of today, while owing immensely to Marshall College and the schools of learning that have come after, is indebted also to the character and enterprise of its early inhabitants.

A brief account of Dr. Nevin's early life may reveal much of the secret of his remarkable celebrity in later years. He was born February 20, 1803, in Franklin county, near the Cumberland county line. His father, John Nevin, was a farmer, who had graduated with high honors from Dickinson College, sharing equal honors with Roger B. Taney, who became Chief Justice of the United States. In a family of six sons and three daughters John Williamson was the eldest. Their father was not only a man of education, he was also a sincere Christian, a faithful and active member of the Presbyterian church. He and his excellent wife brought up their children in the Christian faith, all of whom followed the pious example of their parents. Mr. Nevin also (a very rare thing on a farm) prepared his sons for college, and so thorough was his preparation that his boys were fully abreast of their compeers in their classes. At the age of fourteen John entered Union College at Schenectady, N. Y., from which he graduated at eighteen. Two years later he became a student of theology at Princeton, N. J., graduating at the age of twenty-three.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty a theological student has to encounter is the Hebrew language, and very few become good Hebrew scholars. They are seldom expected to read more than a few chapters in the Hebrew Bible during the three years' course; but young Nevin successfully undertook the task of reading and studying critically every word in Old Testament Hebrew. Very soon after his graduation, Dr. Charles Hodge, Professor of Hebrew at Princeton, left for a two years' absence, in Germany, when Mr. Nevin, only four years out of his teens, was at once selected to take Dr. Hodge's place until the latter's return. So ably did he fill this learned position that on Dr. Hodge's return to Princeton, young Nevin was called to the Professorship of Hebrew and Old Testament studies in the Theological Seminary of the Western University at Allegheny. During the two years he filled Dr. Hodge's chair at Princeton he also wrote a complete work, in two volumes, on Biblical Antiquities, a work that became very popular in our own country and in Great Britain. He remained at Allegheny ten years, often doing the work of other departments outside of his own, as he was equally well versed in all branches of the theological course. He was there considered by far the ablest man in the faculty, and his fame was in the ascendant, as a new and brilliant star, until, at the age of thirty-seven it seemed to have reached a point it could not exceed. But just then a movement began which proved that for him the supposed limit was only a turning point in his still ascending fame.

It was in the year 1840 that the Reformed Church gave Dr. Nevin an earnest call to teach theology in the Seminary at Mercersburg. After due consideration he accepted the invitation. This was the beginning of the second great part of his life's work. He entered a church that was a lineal descendant of the original Reformed Church of the Sixteenth century, and he felt more in his element than ever before, with a wider scope for some lines of thought than he had previously enjoyed.

Dr. Nevin's fourteen years at Mercersburg were the classic years of his eventful life. Associated as he was with that remarkable man, Dr. Rauch, he had stepped into a new world of thought, and the contact was mutual—two men of different nationality, temperament, and outward personality, yet in perfect agreement in all that pertained to the truth which alone makes men free, and uniting their mighty intellectual and spiritual forces in the glorious work of uplifting and saving our fallen race.

Dr. Rauch was a German, and a scholar such as even Germany, the world's great storehouse of learning, produces only at intervals. Dr. Nevin was an American of the Americans, but of Scotch-Irish and English blood of the very best quality. Rauch had become a master of English, and Nevin, even before coming to Mercersburg, had acquired a thorough knowledge of the German language and a large part of its literature; nothing seemed to be lacking to make the two men congenial co-workers in the great cause of education. Both were most eminent philosophers and theologians. Of great use

to each other, they therefore became all the more useful as teachers. Dr. Rauch's perfect knowledge of German thought and literature was acquired by him as a native, therefore he could open the wide fields of German philosophy and theology to the learned American, to whom the vast areas, in wonderfully brief time, became as familiar as to one born and reared in them.

This delightful companionship continued only one year, when the two kindred spirits were separated by the death of Dr. Rauch. But a single year's companionship of two such men is of countless worth, and its rich results are for all time.

Thus Dr. Nevin, although residing in this rural nook, was in reality a cosmopolitan, holding communication and fellowship with men of renown in the world's great centers of learning, while Rauch, at the very beginning of mature manhood, passed away, to live on in living epistles, whose children and children's children are walking in the same light.

Dr. Nevin now became President of Marshall College, and held the position for twelve years, when the college was removed to Lancaster.

A few years later Dr. Philip Schaff came from Berlin, Germany, to Mercersburg, to take charge of the school of theology; church history being his special department. He, too, was a man of great learning, and soon became famous. He had a literary knowledge of the English language, and in a brief time could speak it fluently. Most of his books (which were numerous) he wrote in English—and his English is a marvel of purity, elegance and perspicuity. While at Mercersburg, he wrote the first volume of his Church History and some other works; and the two illustrious names, Nevin and Schaff, were habitually spoken in a single breath, as if the two were one. But of Dr. Schaff some other writer will doubtless speak.

When Dr. Nevin became President of the college, he continued to teach theology until his temporary retirement. His distinguished work and achievements as head of the college soon gave the institution reputation and name. But it was chiefly as teacher of theology that he became known to the learned part of the religious world, at home and abroad. The celebrated Dollinger (at whose feet Americans, already known as men of high scholarly attainments, sat, having crossed the ocean to hear his learned lectures) declared that Dr. Nevin was the greatest theologian in America; and he carefully preserved Nevin's writings as productions of the highest value. In England he was held in equal estimation by her greatest theologians, with some of whom he had literary and friendly correspondence. A noted European linguist, traveling in America, said he must see Dr. Nevin, as he heard his name spoken in almost every learned circle, especially in Germany, and that, judging from what he had heard, Dr. Nevin must be one of the greatest men living. The two men met; the foreigner said afterwards: "I now know more about Dr. Nevin than all those theologians and sages put together; *I saw and heard him!*"

In the year 1844, at the age of forty-one, he wrote and published his remarkably learned work, "The Mystical Presence." Dr. Ebrard, well known as one of the most eminent scholars of Germany, wrote an exhaustive and highly favorable review of the work, and congratulated America on having at least one theologian fully abreast with the richest thought of Germany. Wilberforce, Bishop of London, pronounced "The Mystical Presence" the greatest work of its kind ever written. There were, not strange to say, severe criticisms from various quarters, but all such forces combined could not shake a leaf of the tree grown to maturity from the soil of Truth, as apprehended by a mind that, like St. Paul's, was "the mind of Christ."

This work may be regarded as the beginning of what has been called "Mercersburg Theology." It claimed to be simply the theology of the New Testament. To it all Christian beliefs appealed; it was a question then of interpretation. In the course of the ages, after the completion of the New Testament Scriptures, some important doctrines, owing to various human conditions, were misapprehended, and the misapprehensions became fixed in the general Christian mind. So that, while the several parts of the teaching by Christ and the apostles were infallibly true, it did not necessarily follow that their apprehension by the church would be always and in every case without error. It is simply a fact that erroneous views obtained in every period of Christian history, not only in the "dark ages," but long before and since, in Protestantism as well as in Roman Catholicism. Hence the profound significance of Dr. Nevin's idea of "historical development," and the duty of theologians to sound anew the depths of divine revelation. This Dr. Nevin did, and the results of his investigations seemed

to men of receptive minds the opening of a new age in Christendom—an age of Christian manhood, and of the clearing away from the minds of thinking men the cobwebs of centuries.

During the same period Dr. Nevin vigorously attacked the largely prevailing system of operations in the churches known as "new measures," a system that usually developed into wild religious fanaticism, far away from the teachings of Christ and the apostles. For this he was severely criticised, even by some in the historical Protestant denominations, who, however, in after years publicly acknowledged that he was right and themselves wrong.

Then came the "Mercersburg Review," first as a bi-monthly, later as a quarterly. Through it Dr. Nevin spoke more fully than ever before, and his voice was heard at home and abroad—a voice with no uncertain sound. From 1849 to 1853 the leading articles were written by him, and they constitute the chief Nevinian classics. It was these that Dr. Dollinger spoke of to some American students, saying they contained the best and most profound theological wisdom that came to him from America. And today, after all the hard utterances against them in various American quarters, those same quarters are alive with the sentiments once so fiercely opposed, and the very terminology used by Dr. Nevin is employed there as freely as were formerly the mummified shibboleths of a long reigning American Puritanism.

Mercersburg is justly proud of having been the residence of some of the world's most illustrious men, of whom Dr. Nevin was undoubtedly the most eminent—like Diana, of whom it is said, "*deas supreminet omnes.*" Of great civilians there was one whose fame as a learned statesman, diplomat, lawyer, and President of the United States (spoken of as Pennsylvania's favorite son Sage of Wheatland, the pride of Franklin county), was bounded only by the limits of civilization—James Buchanan, born near Mercersburg. That great man was one of Dr. Nevin's most ardent admirers and considered him the equal of any man living. Dr. Nevin's knowledge was so comprehensive that he might truly be called a universal genius. Like Zwingli and Calvin he was a statesman as well as theologian and philosopher. During the Civil War, or soon after, he was asked to make an address before a political State Convention, and consented to do so. A brilliant literary gentleman, who heard the address, declared that, though every word was delivered extempore, it was fully equal, if not superior, to the most philosophic and elaborate orations ever written and spoken by one of the greatest statesmen of the time, William H. Seward. The address was not partisan, and the favorable comment upon it by men of all political creeds proves that reasonable civic doctrine is far more acceptable, even in this land of parties, than the smartest special pleading of stump oratory.

But of all Dr. Nevin's great possessions, his Christian character was the greatest. The terms *theorist* and *doctrinaire* do not apply to him. He sought for the best knowledge attainable of the Truth to which his Lord and Master bore witness; and by that his whole life was formed. Like St. John he listened to the Master's beating heart, so that like him he was able with an eagle's eye to pierce every cloud between earth and heaven, and like him, when occasion called, he was a "son of thunder," before whom all opposition melted away.

His theology, therefore, was not confined within the narrow limits of conventional orthodoxy or tradition; it was a living and ever expanding theology, and hence that vigorous idea of historical development which he insisted upon as absolutely necessary in the nature of things; and without which evangelical Protestantism itself would have no right to exist.

The people of Mercersburg, and others equally interested, do well to honor the early educational history of the town, and thus waken up joyful memories of a glorious past. Although, be it well understood, its later history is no less honorable in every way, and that the "Athens of the mountains" has not fallen into ruins.

NEVINUS! Ille est gloria saeculi
Et flos amoenus milium Americae;
Doctissimusque vere in oris
In quibus ille bona acta fecit.

Quum siderum turmae procul in nihil
Profugerint; quum Lunaque non erit;
Et igneus cum sol erit non;
Tunc erit, en! etiam NEVINUS!

ABNER R. KREMER

Traill Green, M. D., LL. D.

TRAILL Green, M. D., LL. D., was born, Easton, Pa., May 25, 1813, and died there April 29, 1897. He graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in 1835. Professor in Lafayette College, 1837-1841; Marshall College, 1841-1848; Lafayette College the second time, 1848-97. He was a member of many learned societies, and was the author of numerous treatises on scientific subjects.

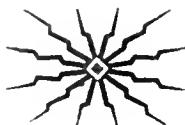
"While Professor of Natural Sciences in Marshall College, Dr. Green did not practice medicine but was the medical counsellor of the students, and his advice was often solicited in important cases in the town. Though chemistry was his favorite study, he was an excellent botanist, and his students accompanied him on many long walks among the mountains."

He possessed the rare faculty of interesting children, and gave lavishly of his time and strength to Sunday school work. Beside superintending the Reformed school in the morning, and working in the Presbyterian church, of which he was a member, in the afternoon, he delivered weekly lectures, and was active in promoting the annual Fourth of July picnic gotten up for the benefit of all the schools of the town and neighborhood, and to "celebrate the day with appropriate religious exercises." At the picnic of 1844 Dr. Green made the address to the children and dismissed the procession in the Diamond upon its return to town. Three hundred and twenty-five copies of the hymns were printed for this occasion.

Great sorrow was felt over Dr. Green's departure from Mercersburg, and when he returned to attend a reunion, in 1886, he found warm friends and a cordial welcome awaiting him.

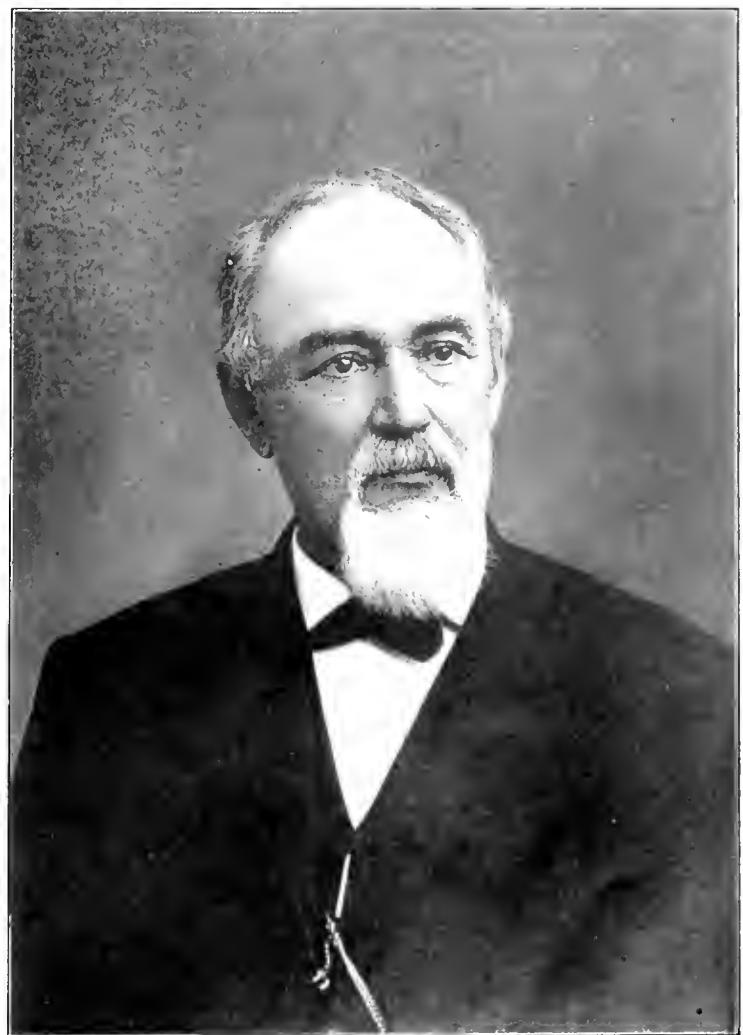
Thomas Conrad Porter D. D., LL. D.

"Thomas Conrad Porter, D. D., LL. D., was born January 22, 1822, at Alexandria, Pa.; died at Easton, Pa., April 27, 1901. Graduated at Lafayette College and studied theology at Princeton. Pastor Monticello, Ga., 1847; Second Reformed Church, Reading, Pa., 1848-49; First Reformed Church, Easton, Pa., 1877-84. Professor Marshall College, 1849-53; Franklin and Marshall College, 1853-66; Lafayette College, 1866-1901. A distinguished botanist and voluminous author." A memorial of his life was published by his son-in-law, Dr. Samuel A. Martin.





TRAILL GREEN, M.D., LL.D.



THOMAS CONRAD PORTER, D.D., LL.D.

Philip Schaff, A. A., LL. D.

By his Son

HILIP Schaff spent twenty of the best years of his life on Seminary Hill. He used to say, "I am a Swiss by birth, a German by education and an American by choice." The years he spent in Mercersburg were not only important for the work he accomplished during that time, but also as a preparation for labor in those wider relations he sustained in the last period of his life, spent in New York. I refer more especially to his services for the reunion of Christendom and as President of the American Committee on Bible Revision.

Dr. Schaff was born in Chur, in the eastern part of Switzerland, January 1, 1819, and died in New York City, October 20, 1893. There were three easily distinguished periods in his career—the years of his preparation spent in Europe, 1819-1844; the years spent in Mercersburg, 1844-1863; and the years spent in New York City, 1863-1893.

Left an orphan by the death of his father, he was obliged from an early age to depend upon himself for support. He was precocious as a child, and early manifested high ambitions. Friends recognized his ability, and, in 1834, he left his native town and journeyed on foot to Kernthal, in Southern Germany, which was noted both as a religious community and for its boys' school. One of his sons, Schley, attended the same school fifty years later, from 1867-1869. From Kernthal the young Swiss passed into the Gymnasium, or Latin school of Stuttgart, making there two friendships which were continued in America and remained close for life. One friend was William Julius Mann, who became a distinguished divine of the Lutheran church, and came to Mercersburg at Dr. Schaff's suggestion, 1845. He was afterwards pastor of the principal Lutheran church of Philadelphia, and later professor in the Lutheran theological seminary at Mt. Airy. The other friend was Gustav Schwab, a highly respected merchant of New York City. Mr. Schwab's father was the great Southern German poet, Gustav Schwab, and it was in his church, for he was a pastor also, that Philip Schaff, as a university student, preached his first sermon. It was characteristic of Dr. Schaff that he retained the friendships of his early life, and in his frequent visits to Stuttgart and other German cities, as well as in other lands, he was accustomed to revive and rebind these old ties. In other ways he retained his close connection with the associations of the past, as for example when he delivered one of the addresses in Kernthal, in 1869, at the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of that community, also often preached and made public addresses in Stuttgart on the American Sabbath and the Evangelical Alliance. In Stuttgart he founded its first Sabbath school, and must be regarded as one of the originators of the Sabbath school system in Germany.

The course at the University followed; first at Tübingen and then in Halle and Berlin. In all three seats of learning he came into close personal contact with the Professors, some of whom were among the most distinguished theologians of the last century, such as Dorner, Tholuck, Julius Müller, Twesten, and Neander, the eminent church historian. He was much in Tholuck's home and acted for a time as Neander's amanuensis. The blank books in which, in his student years, he took his notes of lectures are still extant; the handwriting very small, but clear and neat. He continued to write a beautiful hand till he was disabled the last year of his life by a stroke of paralysis. A little book, written at the University of Berlin when he was twenty-two, on the *Sin against the Holy Ghost* attracted a good deal of attention.

After travelling for a year in Italy, and spending a winter in Rome—where he had an interview with Pope Gregory XVI—in company with a young German, Baron von Kröcher, Schaff returned to Berlin, 1842, as a teacher (*docent*) in the University, and gave courses of lectures. But it was not the will of Providence that he should remain in Europe. His first childish ambition, as he said, was to be a soldier. Then he wished to be a poet, and some of his early poetical effusions are still extant, but he says, "As soon as I woke to the paramount importance of religion, I chose the ministry." He never had

Old Mercersburg

any idea of coming to America until a commission, sent by the German Reformed church to secure a German Professor for the Theological Seminary in Mercersburg, arrived in Germany, 1843. The committee consisted of Rev. Theodore L. Hoffeditz and Dr. Benjamin S. Schneck. They were unsuccessful in inducing Dr. Frederick W. Krummacher, then one of the most powerful of living preachers, to accept the place. At the advice of a number of distinguished Professors, they then turned to young Schaff. They were attracted to him on account of his scholarly attainments, and no doubt, also, on account of a certain love of freedom and adaptability which he inherited with his Swiss nature. Dr. Schaff's acceptance of the call proved to be of the utmost importance for his sphere of usefulness. Writing years afterwards of this step, he said, "Had I remained in Europe, I would have had a more comfortable literary life and perhaps accomplished more in the line of mere scholarship. But my activity in America has been more stirring, more practical, and, I hope, also, more useful than it could have been in Europe."

The young Professor caught sight of America for the first time July 28, 1844. He traveled leisurely through Pennsylvania, stopping at Easton, Harrisburg, and other places, and was met in Chambersburg by a delegation of students, George W. Aughinbaugh and D. A. Wilson. Accompanied by them and by Dr. Schneck, he first saw Mercersburg from Prospect Hill on the evening of August 12th.

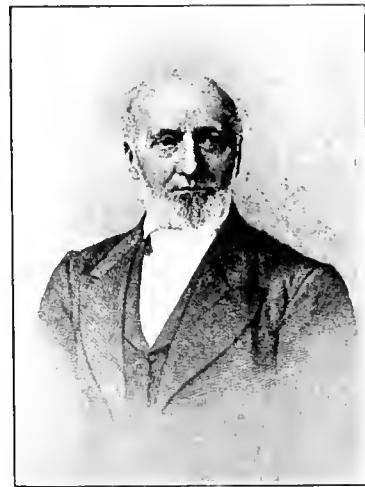
The buildings of the Academic department were brilliantly illuminated, and a large concourse of citizens, students, and visitors had come together to give welcome to the young stranger. Forming in procession, they marched up Seminary street to the college and seminary buildings on Seminary Hill. Over the gateway to the campus an arch of evergreens had been thrown. Addresses by the students in English and German were delivered. In his reply, Dr. Schaff passed from the scene which had greeted him as he looked down upon Mercersburg and the amphitheatre of mountains, back to Switzerland and Germany; expressed the feelings which had moved him to cross the ocean; and made a forecast of the teaching which Mercersburg should stand for. It is exceedingly characteristic that he at once, in this first public utterance in his new sphere of activity, indicated the free spirit in which German theology should be adapted to American needs. Speaking in German he said:

"Here the profound ideas and thorough knowledge which the German mind brings forth in the sweat of the brow from the depths of eternal wisdom, must render tribute to the practical aim of the religious life. They must be delivered from a one-sided speculative interest by the practical spirit of the American people and be transmuted into conduct and life, and so help to completely reconcile thinking with living, the ideal with that which is real, the invisible with that which is seen."

Dr. John Williamson Nevin was at that time a professor in the Seminary and Dr. Schaff was called to co-operate with him, as Professor of Church History. Dr. Benjamin Bausman, who saw the young Swiss that year, 1844, has described him "with black hair and a face as fresh and florid as an Alpine rose; in his conversation speaking with his whole body, abounding in gestures, graceful and unstudied. His cordial greeting, his smiling face, his lively chat soon put me, an awkward, shy, country boy, at my ease." For the next twenty years Dr. Schaff trained class after class in the seminary, and engaged in literary work and the hardest study. He occupied the residence north of the Seminary building, his study being the southwest room on the first floor. In December, 1846, he was married to Mary Elizabeth Schley, of Frederick City, Md., by Dr. Zacharias. Of a vivacious temperament and domestic tastes, she proved an excellent wife, surviving her husband nine years. She was a warm friend of the students and made them welcome at her home. Their children, eight in number, were all born on the Hill, Anna, Anselm, Willie, David Schley, Meta, Philip, John and Mary. Anna died in infancy; Willie, in his third year, after a painful sickness following an operation for a chestnut hull which the child had swallowed. His case awakened wide sympathy. Philip died in New York at the age of seven, of typhoid fever, and John at the age of nine, in consequence of a fall from a tree. Meta, a beautiful and most accomplished girl, in 1876, at the age of twenty, died from typhoid fever.

Dr. Schaff might be seen day after day riding on horseback for exercise. He preached in the country round about, he romped with his children, he engaged hilariously in the picnics on the Fourth of July at Buchanan's birthplace. During the war he took a decided position on the side of the Union, made addresses in favor of the Union cause, and during Stuart's raid Rebel pickets were stationed at his front gate, and he only escaped being taken prisoner by being absent from home.

His labors and interests were extended far beyond the locality in which he was placed. He went to and fro among the German Reformed churches in Pennsylvania and Maryland, sought a wider acquaintance among the Presbyterians, Congregationalists and other Christian leaders from New Eng-



PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D., LL. D.



THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF GERMAN
REFORMED CHURCH, MERCERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,
1836

land to Pittsburgh and Chicago. Interested as he was in scenery and art, it was a marked feature of his career that, wherever he went, East or West, he sought out men, so that, when he died, it was said that probably no American scholar knew well so many American scholars, and no German so many German scholars, and no Scotchman so many Scotch scholars as did he. Called to teach theology through the medium of the German, he soon discovered that it was a mistake to attempt to do this, and that it was also impracticable, as few of the students knew German. He had been here only a year when, in an address before the Goethean Society, he advocated that it was unwise and unpatriotic to attempt to continue the use of German by the descendants of German immigrants in this land. It was evidently the purpose of Providence that America should be one people and speak one language. This attitude brought upon him much obloquy from Germans in different parts of the country, and he was declared in more German newspapers than one to be a traitor to the land of his birth. But time has proved that he was right. As for his use of English, he became master, not only of an idiomatic, but of an exceedingly clear style; a fact which has been recognized by all critics of his writings. In the attainment of facility in the use of the English tongue, much was due to Mrs. Schaff, who insisted upon him speaking English in the family, for although Dr. Schaff, after his marriage, began with much ardor to teach her German, she soon gave it up, declaring that "We are in America and must do as the Americans do." Mrs. Schaff's own ancestors were Germans, the first of them in this country, John Thomas Schley, settling in Maryland, 1735.

Dr. Schaff's influence not only radiated out from Mercersburg through his students. His name, also, attracted the attention of the theological world to the town, and the feet of a number of theologians and visitors, from abroad and at home, such, for example, as the celebrated Theodore Fliedner, in 1851.

His first book which gave him a settled reputation as one of the foremost living church historians, the *History of the Apostolic Church*, appeared in Mercersburg in 1851; the type being set up in part by his own hands. It appeared in German and was the last attempt which Dr. Schaff made to create a German-speaking school of theology in America. Later it was translated into English and published in New York and Edinburgh. A German edition also appeared in Leipzig. He took a part of first prominence in preparing the liturgy of the German Reformed Church, being chairman of the Committee. He prepared the first meritorious German hymn book published in America, a book still in use, and he wrote a catechism. His health breaking, he spent the year 1855-56 in Europe, and in courses of lectures delivered in Berlin, Bremen, and other leading German cities, he described American manners and institutions and set forth their spirit, boldly advocating in hostile atmosphere the principle of the separation of Church and State. On another visit in 1865 he addressed audiences against slavery, and upheld the course of the Northern States during the Civil War. In 1854 he received the title of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Berlin, and in 1888 from the University of New York and of St. Andrews, Scotland.

The confusion produced by the War and the constant invasions and danger from invasion to which Mercersburg was exposed, tended to the disorganization of the Seminary. It was under these circumstances, and seeking a field where there was more scope for his powers, he removed to New York City, in December, 1863, under appointment as Secretary of the American Sabbath Committee. With all the energy and warmth of his being, he threw himself into the cause of upholding the old American Sabbath against the Continental laxity due, especially, to the large influx of Germans in the forties and fifties. With the broad tendency of his mind, he plead the cause far beyond the city of New York and helped to organize the movement in other cities. In 1870 he was made Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, which he found a congenial sphere of labor until his death.

During these years, from 1863 to 1893, Dr. Schaff took a leading part in some of the great ecclesiastical movements of the time. He was the most prominent personality in bringing about and conducting the great Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, 1873, which brought to this country by far the largest number of foreign scholars which up to that time had met on this continent. He was indefatigable in his effort to develop the spirit of unity among Christians of all communions, and was recognized as one of the chief advocates of his day in that good cause.

A peculiar honor came to him in his selection in 1870 by the English Committee for the Revision of the Bible to be the organizer of the American movement. He selected the original American Committee of Revisers, and remained the President of the Committee till the work of translating the Bible

was completed, in 1885. It has been said on the highest authority that to him, his prudence, and the respect in which he was held in Great Britain, as well as among American scholars, was due more than to any other cause the continued co-operation of the English and American committees. His name will therefore be known so long as the Revised Version is read, and succeeding generations seek to know the history of its production. Dr. Schaff also aided in forming the Alliance of the Reformed churches holding the Presbyterian system, and was especially asked by the Committee of arrangements to make the first address at the first meeting in Edinburgh, 1877, for, "a man is needed to put life into our operations and you are the man," as Professor Blaikie wrote. He attended conference after conference of the Evangelical Alliance and the Presbyterian Alliance, always taking an interested part in their proceedings, in Belfast, Copenhagen, Florence, Philadelphia, and other cities.

To these public labors Dr. Schaff added the most unwearied toil in his study, publishing volume after volume which were accepted as contributions of high merit in their departments. He also went to Europe again and again, making his second trip in 1865, but almost always utilizing the trip for the promotion of some general cause such as the Evangelical Alliance or Bible Revision. His last public service was a month before his death, in 1893, at Chicago, when he listened to the reading of a paper at the Columbian Exposition on Church Union which he had written. A stroke of paralysis the summer before at Lake Mohonk had in part disabled him, so that he would not present the paper with his own voice. The strenuous effort to which he put himself in going to Chicago, and seeing all it was possible for any man to see there in a given time, probably hastened his death. To a man of so great energy, it was next to impossible to think of his powers waning.

Dr. Schaff will be remembered first for his contributions to the theological literature of his day, and the interpretation of German theology to English-speaking students. He was the chief mediator in his day between the theology of Europe and that of America. He will next be remembered for his services in the promotion of Christian Unity, and the revision of the Authorized Version of the Bible. In the history of American theology he will always have a place as one of the representatives of the so-called Mercersburg theology, which will give to the old home town, looking out toward Par nell's Knob, a name as long as Americans continue to study their schools of theology.

In his home and private life, he was a sincere and good man, lacking all pretension. I never knew him to be absent from the morning devotion before breakfast a single time in his life, except when he was absent from home, and during the last ten days prior to his death, when he was incapable of going down stairs. He often said that his only hope was that Jesus Christ died for sinners. And so he brought himself, as well as his gifts, under the dominion of the Redeemer. Many of the books of his library he gave to the seminary in Mercersburg, and in the last years his thoughts turned with a childlike affection back to it and the first home to which he brought his wife, and where his children were born. One of his last plans was to visit the old scenes once more with Mrs. Schaff, and he often talked about it. He frequently said that, if it had not been for the quiet of his study there, and the hard studies he made there during twenty years, he would not have been able to accomplish what he did during the last period of his career. My memory of my father in Mercersburg is that of pious reverence for him as a man of study, and also of filial affection as the father who never forgot, on returning from an absence, to bring something with him for his children; of his merriment around the Christmas tree, and of his romping with us on the back porch and yard.

His funeral was attended by a large concourse of people in the Church of the Covenant, New York, on one of the stormiest days I ever witnessed in the city. Prof. Emil V. Gerhart, his life-long friend, and at that time Professor in the German Reformed Seminary in Lancaster, joined with Prof. Thomas S. Hastings, President of the Union Theological Seminary, in paying the last tribute to him from the pulpit. He lies buried in the Woodlawn cemetery near New York City, where his children, Meta and John, had been laid before, and where the beloved companion of his life, Mrs. Schaff, now rests at his side. On the tombstone are the following words:

"Vivat inter sanctos

Rev. Philip Schaff. Jan. 1, 1819—Oct. 20, 1893.

A Teacher of Theology for Fifty Years. Historian of the Church.
President of the American Committee of Bible Revision. He advocated the Reunion of Christendom."

DAVID SCHLEY SCHAFF



WILLIAM M. NEVIN, LL. D.

William M. Nevin, LL. D.

By His Son

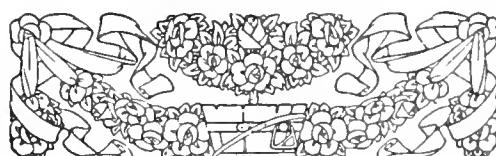
WPROFESSOR William M. Nevin, whose name is inseparably connected with the early history of Marshall College and of Mercersburg at that period, was born of Scotch-Irish ancestry, near Shippensburg, Franklin county, Pennsylvania, in 1806. He went through the Freshman year at Princeton College, but his father, John Nevin, having been elected a trustee of Dickinson College, he finished his course at that institution. Professor Nevin, always "Professor" in spite of the fact that the degree of Doctor of Laws had been conferred upon him by his Alma Mater, was called to the chair of Language and Belles Lettres in Marshall College and came to Mercersburg in 1841. He at once entered into the life of the college and Mercersburg, and as a man of high culture his influence and direction were soon felt and will ever be fondly remembered by those who sat under his teachings. He took an especial interest in the literary societies, the Diagnothean and Goethean, succeeded by the Washington Irving and Marshall, and did more, possibly, than any other one man toward their well-founding and establishment.

Dr. J. S. Stahr, of Franklin and Marshall College, in a memorial tribute to Professor Nevin said: "Some of the finest productions of Professor Nevin's graceful pen were consecrated to anniversary occasions, triennial or alumni reunions, and his full heart ever found expression either when danger seemed to threaten the societies he held so dear, or else when signal success justified the rejoicing of all their friends."

He was a writer of many beautiful lyric poems, some of them appearing from time to time in the "Guardian," published in Mercersburg until 1853. Many of his poems treated of the beautiful, picturesque surroundings of Mercersburg. They were unfortunately never collected and published in book form, and can only be found scattered through the church and college papers and magazines. His metrical translations of some of the "Odes of Horace" are pronounced by scholars to be among the best ever written.

Professor Nevin lived in Mercersburg until the removal of Marshall College to Lancaster, in 1853. He and his family occupied the old South Cottage. There his daughter, Martha (afterwards Mrs. J. Brainerd Kremer), was born. He was always deeply interested in affairs of Mercersburg, and of Franklin, his native county. He was frequently called upon for poetical contributions for local historical anniversary occasions. To the day of his death, which occurred in 1892, he had a warm place in his heart for Mercersburg. Some of his best known poems are "The Bat," "To the Katy Did," "The Pine Knot," and "Ode to Middle Spring Church."

ALBIN M. NEVIN.



Old Mercersburg

THE FENDER

How many circles it hath graced
 Hath fortune caused to stray;
 How many feet once round it placed,
 Have wandered far away;—
 Have wandered far away from us
 To other, foreign climes,
 And left us to regret their loss
 In social winter times.

Its former joys come fleeting by,
 While thus I sit alone,
 With my folding arms and musing eye—
 And my feet upon it thrown;
 With my feet upon it thrown, to think
 Of the smiling forms I knew
 Which still, as the clock would to midnight clink,
 The closer round it drew.

The many songs, the social chat,
 And the serious talk at last,
 Of the young and gay, that round it sat,
 With them away have passed;—
 With them away have passed, but still
 With us the hopes remain
 That some of them from their wanderings will
 Return to us again.

With heads all gray they will sit and tell
 Of the hardships they have tried,
 And draw us round like a fairy spell,
 Again to the fender's side;—
 Again to the fender's side, but yet
 Should others never come
 We will pray with them again to meet
 Above in a lasting home.

—W. M. NEVIN.

The Guardian, February, 1851.

MY HEART IS WEARY FOR THE LILIES

My heart is weary for the lilies. Oh,
That I might wander far beyond the snow
And find the garden where the lilies grow!

Lilies, clean silver lilies to illumine
And glorify the dimness of my room,
Lilies of light to penetrate the gloom.

Not the bright roses of the shining day;
Roses are fittest when the hour is gay;
For holy-hearted lilies now I pray.

Once in the summer time I wooed the Rose,
Drank its perfume and sorrowed when it froze;
Now I want only lilies—and repose.

Christ! make thine Easter lilies bloom again!
See, how thy poor are crying out in pain,
And all the land is full of snow and rain.

Sharp is the wind, and cutting is the sleet,
Cold and unclean we walk the dreary street;
Cold and unclean the mire about our feet.

In vain we turn for hope toward thy sky;
Clouds are so dense, and Heaven—alas—so high
No sun shines visible to human eye.

Death lurks for victims in the poisonous air,
Disease is prowling near us everywhere,
And Pestilence growls threatening from his lair.

Show us, O Thou who once removed our stain,
We need not pray for purity in vain!
Christ, bid thy solemn lilies bloom again.

—BLANCHE NEVIN.

Emanuel Vogel Gerhart, A. D.

Student and Professor of Theology at Mercersburg

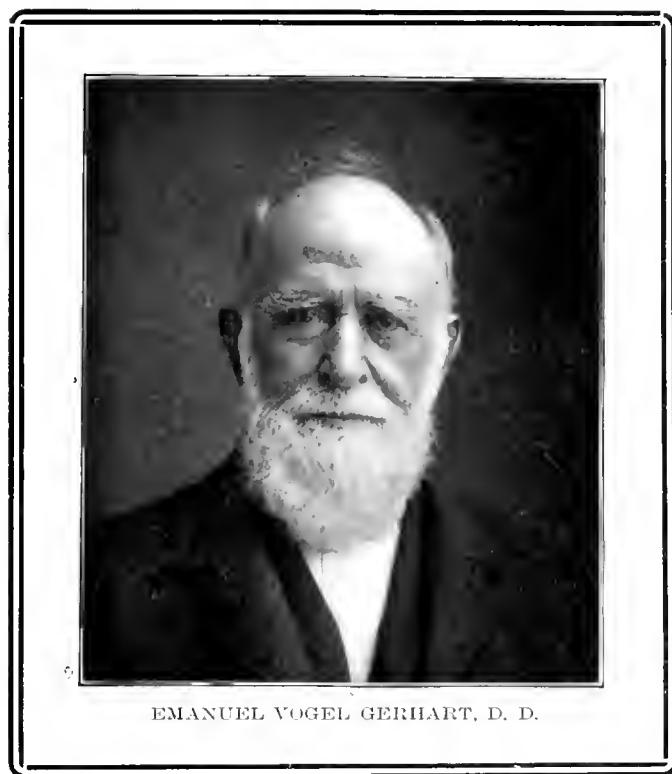
EMANUEL Vogel Gerhart, A. M., D. D., LL. D., was a son of the Rev. Isaac and Sarah (Vogel) Gerhart, born at Freeburg, Snyder county, Pennsylvania, June 13, 1817. Educated in the Classical Institution at York, Pa., in Marshall College and the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa. He was pastor successively of the Grindstone Hill charge, near Chambersburg, Pa.; of the Gettysburg charge, and of the First Reformed church in Cincinnati, Ohio; acting at the same time as traveling missionary in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Wisconsin, etc. In 1851 he was elected President of Heidelberg College, and Professor of Theology in the Seminary at Tiffin, Ohio. In 1854 he was chosen as President of Franklin and Marshall College and as Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy. In 1868 he was elected Professor of Doctrinal and Practical Theology in the Seminary at Mercersburg. Continued in this position at Lancaster until his death. The degree of A. M. was conferred on him "in course" by Marshall College, 1841; of D. D. by Jefferson College, 1857, and of LL. D. by Franklin and Marshall College, 1887. Editor of the *Mercersburg Review*, with the late Dr. Philip Schaff, from 1857 to 1861. For fifty years a frequent contributor to the *Reformed Church Messenger*. He edited and published a volume of Dr. Raueh's sermons, entitled, "The Inner Life." He was the author of "Philosophy and Logic," 1856; "Monograph of the Reformed Church," 1863; "Junior Heidelberg Catechism," 1882; "Institutes of the Christian Religion," 2 vols., 1891-1894. A "Philosophical Introduction to Theology" was completed in manuscript but never published. In his eightieth year he visited Europe as a delegate to the Alliance of Reformed Churches assembled at Glasgow in 1896. Died at Lancaster, Pa., May 6, 1904. Buried in Lancaster Cemetery.

Dr. Gerhart spent two periods of his life in Mercersburg. In his youth he was a student in Marshall College and in the Theological Seminary. In his mature manhood, after twenty-seven years of service in the church, he returned to the seat of his *Alma Mater* as a teacher of theology and as President of the Theological Seminary. His life and work in Mercersburg as a student and as a Professor will occupy our attention in this sketch.

In his boyhood Dr. Gerhart was under the tuition of his father, the Rev. Isaac Gerhart, a minister of the Reformed (German) Church in the United States. In 1833, at the age of thirteen, he entered the Classical Institution of the Reformed Church at York, Pa. Here he continued his studies until the school was removed to Mercersburg, Pa., November, 1835. In the meantime its name had been changed to the High School of the Reformed Church (1835). Young Gerhart was one of eighteen students who followed the institution to its new home. Their arrival at Mercersburg is described by Dr. Theodore Appel in his *College Recollections* on the basis of a graphic account of an eye witness, the Rev. Amos H. Kremer, as follows: "Fourteen of them (students) were brought into the town of Mercersburg on two stages, seven in each. Four others were stragglers, who, with the faculty consisting of two Professors, reached their place of destination in some other way. Seven of them were Diagnothians and eleven Goetheans. Their arrival made quite a sensation in the village."

In the fall of 1836 the High school was chartered as Marshall College, and young Gerhart became a member of the first Junior class. He, with five others, graduated in the class of 1838. The commencement exercises were held on the 26th of September. The names of his classmates were Moses Kieffer, George Henry Martin, Daniel Miller, George Washington Williard, and Andrew Strassburger Young. All but one entered the ministry. Four of the class in later life were honored with the degree of D. D., while two received the degree of LL. D.

For the facts and incidents of his student days we shall have to depend on *College Recollections*, by Appel, and the *History of Franklin and Marshall College*, by Dubbs; but especially on the four Note-books, in which Dr. Gerhart kept a record of his work in the classroom and wrote his essays,



EMANUEL VOGEL GERHART, D. D.

addresses, poems, and letters while he was in college and seminary. These are in the archives of the Historical Society of the Reformed Church in the United States at Lancaster, Pa., and are a rich source of information, not only on the work of student Gerhart, but also of the institutions which he attended. A series of nine "Rules for a Student," at the end of the first volume of his Notes, is evidence of the rigorous self-discipline and the indefatigable industry of the young student. Rule 4, for example, says: "Let it be a rule to employ at least twelve hours of each day in *close* study." Rule 5, "Observe system in everything. Have your day divided into parts, just as an architect divides the space of his house, giving to those studies which are more important for you a larger portion of time." Rule 7, "Let your conduct always be dignified," etc. Rule 8, "Above all beware,—yes beware of the ladies," etc. All of these rules would bear repetition in the halls of academies and colleges of our day. They explain the secret of success of the future college president and systematic theologian.

Those were the palmy days of the literary societies in college. Every student was bent on becoming a speaker and a writer. Student Gerhart, judging from the essays, addresses, and poems, which are carefully written out in these Notes, was most diligent in the cultivation of a literary style. At York already the body of students was divided by lot into literary societies—the Diagnothian and the Goethean. The lot of young Gerhart fell to the Diagnothian, of which he became a charter member and remained an ardent and lifelong champion. His farewell address, as an officer of the Society, is found in his Notes, and its last sentence rings true to a student's enthusiasm: "May the name of the Diagnothian Society forever sound like music in my ears; and may I always prove myself to be its true friend. Now let me bid you an affectionate adieu!" His interest in the Society continued even after he entered the Seminary, as a "History of the Diagnothian Literary Society" in manuscript (March, 1841) clearly shows.

The eighteen essays and addresses, which are preserved in his college Notes, were doubtless written, with a few exceptions, for use in the Society. Space will not permit a citation of the subjects. The beauty of diction and the richness of thought are a prophecy of the coming scholar and author. Some of them were "written for publication." Whether the intention of the writer was fulfilled or not, we cannot tell. The fertility of his mind is shown by the frequency of his compositions. In 1836 he wrote ten essays; in 1837, from January to September, six; and in 1838, five. Printed in a volume they would cover at least 150 octavo pages. Those who afterwards knew the well poised mind and the dignified manner of Dr. Gerhart will be interested to know that the subject of his first essay in college was the "Necessity of Self-Command" (1836).

Occasionally he came under the spell of the poetic Muse. Eleven of his poems are scattered through his Notes. He wrote on a variety of subjects—Woman, Inward Peace, The Macedonian Cry, The Sabbath, Mary, Life, etc.

He entered heartily into the social life of the village. In a letter to a friend, the first draft of which in lead pencil is in the Notes, he alludes to the pleasure he found in his association with the ladies of the town, "especially the pious, intelligent and handsome," and to two weeks of his vacation which he spent "very pleasantly in Hagerstown, Maryland." This fondness for social fellowship was a delightful characteristic of his whole life. But, withal, he was concerned with the serious side of life. Towards the close of the same letter he says: "I am now pursuing my studies with the view of becoming a foreign missionary." He was doubtless sincere in his purpose, but he was destined to labor for the Church in another sphere.

The year after his graduation the Alumni Association of Marshall College was organized (1842), and he was honored by being chosen to deliver the Alumni Address for the following year, the first of its kind in the College.

He entered the Theological Seminary in 1839, completing his course of study in 1841. The other members of his class were John R. Kooken, Daniel Kroh, Charles H. Leinbach, George H. Martin, and George Strickland. The members of the faculty from 1839 to 1841 were Lewis Mayer, D. D., retired in the fall of 1839; Frederick A. Rauch, Ph. D., and, from the spring of 1840, John W. Nevin, D. D.

While he was a seminary student, he served as teacher in the Preparatory Department of the College in charge of the Rev. W. A. Good, and in the school for young women which had been established in Mercersburg under the principalship of Mrs. Sarah Ann Young. In the latter school he con-

tinued to teach until the fall of 1843, a year after his graduation. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Synod of the Reformed Church at Reading, Pa., in October, 1841, and ordained to the Ministry by Mercersburg Classis at the Grindstone Hill Church, near Chambersburg, Pa., in August, 1842.

In the Seminary, as in College, he continued his practice in literary composition. The following essays and addresses are found in his Notes: "Thorough Knowledge" (January 7, 1839); "Efficacy of Prayer" (April 15, 1839); "Address to Sabbath-School Teachers" (February 10, 1840); "Address delivered before the High-Spring Sabbath School" (September 15, 1839); "The Sinner's Return to God" (June 2, 1840); "Temptation" (August 11, 1840); "When Should the Sinner Embrace Religion?" (September 1, 1840); "Advantages Derived from the Proper Study of Ecclesiastical History" (December, 1840); "A German Address" (December 24, 1841); "History of the Diagnothian Literary Society" (March, 1841); "The Influence of a Holy Life" (1840); "The Ministerial Office."

Of special value for the historian are his notes of the lectures delivered in the classroom by his Professors. The more important are the following: Lectures on Romans, by Professor Mayer; Lectures by Dr. Ranch on Mental Philosophy (apparently an exact copy of the original), on Phrenology, on Hermeneutics, on the Doctrine of the Trinity and the Union of the two Natures in Christ (Summer of 1839).

After an absence of twenty-six eventful years in his life, Dr. Gerhart returned to Mercersburg to occupy the chair of Doctrinal and Practical Theology in the Seminary. He succeeded Dr. Henry Harbaugh, who died December 28, 1867. He was elected at a special meeting of the Eastern Synod at Harrisburg in March, 1868. He delivered his inaugural address at Hagerstown, Md., October 23, 1868, on "The Historical Element in Theology."

To enter upon the duties of his new office he resigned the Professorship of Moral Philosophy and Psychology in Franklin and Marshall College, at Lancaster, Pa., and moved with his family to Mercersburg in August, 1868, residing in South Cottage. He began to teach in the Seminary in September. His colleagues in the faculty were E. E. Higbee, D. D., Professor of Church History and Exegesis, and Jacob B. Kerschner, D. D., tutor. His residence in Mercersburg ended, after a brief space of three years, with the removal of the Seminary to Lancaster, Pa., in 1871.

Until the week of his death he occupied the chair of Systematic Theology in which he attained a national reputation as a teacher and an author, and won for himself the affection and esteem of his students.

The contemporaries of Dr. Gerhart as a Professor in Mercersburg have passed away, and the historian has recorded few, if any, incidents of his life and work at that time. We cannot, therefore, rely on oral tradition or on written documents for facts and events to adorn the story of his life. His first years in the Seminary were doubtless spent in completing his preparation for teaching doctrinal theology, the final results of which were published in two volumes entitled, "Institutes of the Christian Religion," 1891-1894. Besides his inaugural address, two articles from his pen appeared in the *Mercersburg Review*, one on "Dogmatic Theology" (1870) and the other on "The Creed and Dogmatic Theology" (1871). To this *Review*, and its successor, *The Reformed Church Review*, he contributed, from 1851 to 1903, sixty-two articles. He became one of the most distinguished exponents of the Mercersburg Theology, whose founders were Rauch, Nevin, and Schaff.

GEORGE W. RICHARDS



HONORABLE THOMAS BARD McFARLAND

Honorable Thomas Bard McFarland

THOMAS Bard McFarland was born on a farm one mile east of Mercersburg on the 19th day of April, 1828. His father, Captain John McFarland, was of Scotch-Irish descent, and his mother, Eliza Parker, was of English stock. Several generations of his ancestors lived in the colonies, and the McFarlands were among the first settlers of the Cumberland Valley. They are descended from the second Earl of Lennox, who lived about the year 1150.

The farm where Justice McFarland was born and spent his childhood and youth was taken up by Robert McFarland, Sr. Thomas and Richard Penn, "Proprietors and Governors in Chief of the Province of Pennsylvania," issued to him a patent for this land, on January 11, 1769, "in the tenth year of the reign of King George the Third."

This tract of land, which in the original patent is called "McFarland's Delight," contained 248 acres. The Patentee, Robert McFarland, Sr., sold the tract to his nephew, Robert McFarland, in 1777. About this time the buildings, which are still standing, were erected. It descended in due course to a son, Captain John McFarland, father of Justice McFarland, and has been the home of five generations, now being owned by the daughters of the late R. Parker McFarland.

On this farm Thomas Bard McFarland was born. We do not know how he occupied the early days, but there stirred in his veins the hot blood of a virile and hardy race. One historian has called the Scotch-Irish "the backbone of the nation"; another declared that "they were hard to manage"—a statement due doubtless to the fact that they were themselves a race of managers.

His maternal grandfather was Colonel Robert Parker, an officer in the Revolution, a personal friend and counsellor of Washington, and served on the great general's staff at the siege of Yorktown.

He was eight years old when Marshall College was established in Mercersburg. He entered its doors at an early age, and in 1849 received its diploma. It was here that he formed those studious habits which distinguished him in after life.

In the year 1900 Justice McFarland was a guest of honor at the banquet of the Harvard Club of San Francisco, and responded to the Theme, "Reminiscences of College Days." I quote some passages from that response, which will give a suggestion of his literary style, his fund of humor, his seriousness of mind, and the honor in which he ever held his Alma Mater.

"I have always thought," he said in commencing his after-dinner address, "I have always thought, and have said it once before, I believe, that entertaining a man at a banquet and then asking him to make a speech is much like the conduct of a good housewife who gives a tramp a dinner and then makes him saw wood to pay for it.

"I am down for some reminiscences of college days. It is somewhat embarrassing to speak of the modest little college of which I am a graduate in the presence of so many alumni of the great and historic Harvard, whose foundations were laid in the earliest colonial times, and whose superstructure is now as high and broad and firm and splendid as that of any other institution of learning that can be named.

"I was graduated at Marshall College, which was then located at Mercersburg, Pa., in the lower part of the beautiful Cumberland Valley, a few miles from Maryland and near Northern Virginia.

"The thing connected with my college days of which I have retained the most vivid recollection was the mortal fear which I had, as the final examination approached, that I would fail to get my diploma because I would be found deficient in that noble branch of human learning—mathematics.

"In those days the basis and main part of a college education was the ancient languages—and mathematics. We learned something of chemistry and geology, and botany and zoology, and mineralogy, and kindred subjects, but the study of the physical sciences had not the prominence then that it has now. There was not then quite so much glorification of mere facts as there is now.

"It was thought then that the study of Latin and Greek was better calculated than any other study

to develop and strengthen those faculties of the mind which must afterwards be relied on in the original and constructive work of actual life; that it, better than any other study, tended to cultivate all the mental qualities—the judgment, the taste, the imagination, the reason, the power of concentration, and to keep up the strain of a continued line of thought on one subject. I am of that opinion still, and have seen it exemplified in my own profession."

In his closing remarks he said: "As to my own Alma Mater, I desire to say that if I have ever accomplished anything worth mentioning at all, I can trace the cause of it back to the atmosphere of that little Pennsylvania College named after the illustrious Chief Justice Marshall, as great, as original, as correct a thinker as this country, or any other country, has ever produced."

Leaving the college, Thomas McFarland began the study of law at Chambersburg, Pa. His preceptor was Robert M. Bard, Esq., his cousin. "So rapid was his progress and so close his application" that he was admitted in November, 1849, to the Chambersburg Bar.

But Pennsylvania with its splendid traditions was not to be the arena of Thomas Bard McFarland's life-long work. "The call of the West" met a response in his restless nature. The early spring of 1850 found Thomas McFarland, in company with his brother Franklin, on his way to California. He crossed over the plains with an ox-team. He was then twenty-two years old. In 1853 he located in Nevada City and began the practice of law. In 1856, he was elected to the Legislature from Nevada county. His services as a legislator, though of brief duration, were conspicuous, and the impress of his sound judgment was left upon the statutes of the State.

From the Legislature to the Bench was a sequential step, and in 1861 he was elected Judge of the Fourteenth District Court, in which capacity he served for eight years. Nominated by the citizens of the Sacramento district to the Constitutional Convention, he was elected by a large majority.

The convention then elected framed the present Constitution of the State of California, and he took a conspicuous and useful part in the framing of that instrument.

In 1882, a vacancy having occurred in the Superior Court of Sacramento county, Governor Perkins appointed Judge McFarland to fill the vacancy. At the expiration of his term, in 1884, he was elected for a full term of six years. In 1886, however, he was elected for a full term of twelve years as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of California, whereupon he resigned his Superior Judgeship, and took his seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court in January, 1887. He was re-elected to a second term, and sat continually as an Associate Justice of the highest court up to the time of his death, a period of nearly twenty-two years.

Justice McFarland brought to this exalted tribunal the ripe experience of a mind trained by years of assiduous labor in legal lore. His student habits had never been laid aside, and his distinguished service as a judge of the lower courts, extending over a period of more than fourteen years, eminently fitted him to share the responsibilities of the Supreme Court with the distinguished jurists with whom he now divided his labors.

He had already proved himself a tried, unimpeachable jurist, an honest, rugged, honorable man. Magnificently equipped by nature, as well as by profession, he was in the vigor of manhood, mental and physical. And in his whole career as a member of the Supreme Court he was as true to the constitution in the impartiality of his decisions as the North Pole to the Polar Star.

While a District Judge he tried more criminal cases than any other jurist in the State, save only those sitting in the courts of San Francisco, and only one of his judgments was ever reversed. And when in the Supreme Court he is said to have participated in more reviews and written more opinions than any of his associates.

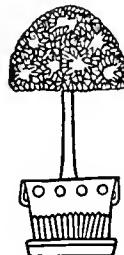
Justice McFarland was above everything else a man. He was tall, strong, and robust in physical frame. He had the full white beard of the generation gone. In politics, originally a Whig, he became a Republican when that party was organized. He knew the people of his State, and his commanding figure won attention wherever he went. He was a thorough Californian and loved its golden slopes, its graceful valleys, and its sunny shores.

I cannot close this imperfect sketch more fittingly than in Justice McFarland's own beautiful words, spoken at the close of an address delivered in the Supreme Court in eulogy of his life-long friend and associate, Justice Niles—an address which many have considered the most finished literary production ever published in the State—words equally appropriate to himself as to his friend:

"If there be another life, if Plato's dream of immortality be not as unsubstantial as were many of his 'Ideas'; if the expectations of millions of Christian men and women be not utterly baseless—may we not hope, at least, that our departed friend has entered upon a sphere of higher existence, with faculties and capacities more suited to its conditions and demands, than those possessed by many who still linger here on this bank and shoal of time, waiting for

'The tide-returning surge
To sweep them from our sight.' "

JAMES GRAY ROSE.



Henry Harbaugh, D. D.

By His Son

ALMOST within the shadow of South Mountain, on the Pennsylvania-Maryland boundary line, four miles southeast of Waynesboro, Pa., stands the old Harbaugh homestead. The house is a double front stone structure whose substantial walls, built in 1805, bid fair to weather the storms of another century, while its less durable companion piece, the school-house at the creek, "Juscht neekschtan's Dady's Haus," lives only in the song of the "Harfe." Here, amid the homely scenes of Pennsylvania German country life, George Harbaugh and Anna his wife, descendants of Swiss emigrants, lived and reared their children, and here it was that their son, Henry Harbaugh, was born, October 28, 1817.

His youngest sister persisted in remembering him as a mischievous boy, though this recollection was dwelt upon in the evening of her life, and in evident contemplation of the attainments of her then doctor of divinity brother.

The older boys of the Harbaugh household were farmers. They accepted that life in good earnest, and were afterwards faithful and successful in that pursuit. Henry suffered by contrast before he grew up to reach the handles of a plow. Upon a trip to the saw mill in the mountains, he was far more eager about the legends of the foothills than he was about loading of the logs upon the wagon. The curious old coins that were one day turned up by the plow interested him more than the plow that turned them up. He chose to contemplate the majesty of the forest trees and the life that teemed among them rather than to assist in reducing such haunts of nature to practical and commercial levels.

So Henry Harbaugh passed his boyhood, in the winter months, at the school-house by the creek; in the summer turning the hay rows or following after the grain cradles in the broad acres of the harvest field. Until his nineteenth year he continued on the farm at home, though he felt a strong impulse to study, and never let slip an opportunity to cultivate his mind. Fond of working in wood, for a time he wrought at the trade of a millwright. But his desires lay in another direction. He wished to go to school, to take a college course, to prepare for the ministry. His father opposed him in all his efforts in this direction, thinking that he ought to stay on the farm. In 1836 he went with some friends to Ohio, and for several years worked at the carpenter bench and taught singing school. When he had saved about \$200, he lost it all through the failure of his employer, but he kept on with his work until in 1840, with some funds in his pocket, he applied for admission to the freshman class at Marshall College, Mercersburg.

He passed through the freshman and sophomore classes, and spent the third year in studying theology. Meanwhile his father saw the bent of his son's mind and came to his help. In 1843, Dr. Harbaugh entered upon his first charge at Lewisburg, Pa., and remained there until 1850, when he accepted a call to the First Reformed church, Lancaster, Pa., where he served as pastor for ten years. In 1860 he became the first pastor of St. John's Reformed church, Lebanon, Pa., and while serving as pastor there, in October, 1863, he was elected by the synod as Professor of systematic and practical theology in the seminary at Mercersburg.

As Professor in the Seminary, Dr. Harbaugh wrought out a full course of lectures in dogmatics, itself a work of immense labor; also a full course of lectures on practical theology, on catechetics, on cultus and on the pastoral work. These lectures contained matter enough for a full sized octavo volume in each case. He then prepared lectures on homiletics, on the history of Reformed dogmatics, and on the Heidelberg catechism. The mere mention of these topics gives no adequate conception at all of the labor involved. During this time he preached almost every Sunday, wrote for various periodicals and edited the "Guardian," a monthly magazine founded by himself while at Lewisburg, in 1850.

Almost from the beginning of his ministry he wrote for publication. In 1849 he published "The



HENRY BARBAUGH, D. D.

Sainted Dead." His second book, "The Heavenly Recognition," came from the press in 1851, and others followed in rapid succession. "The Heavenly Home" and "The Lord's Portion" in 1853; "Union with the Church" and "Birds of the Bible," 1855; "Schlatter's Life and Travels" and "Fathers of the Reformed Church," 1858; "The True Glory of Woman" and an edition of English poems, 1858. He also published "Hymns and Chants" and "The Golden Censer" in 1861. Several publications, not of a religious nature, were "Annals of the Harbaugh Family" 1856, and "Harbaugh's Harfe," a collection of poems in the Pennsylvania-German dialect, collected and published after his death. His published pamphlets were very numerous, and his contributions to various periodicals run into the hundreds.

Of his social life while a student at Mercersburg, Dr. Harbaugh gives a little glimpse in a letter written in the autumn of 1843:

"This afternoon about three o'clock I visited the 'Juvenile Female Sewing Society' of Mercersburg, of which I am an honorary member. Perhaps I told you before of this society. It consists of young girls about twelve years of age. They sew little things, the profit of which is devoted to missionary purposes. They have already between four and five dollars of money. I like to encourage them, so I visit them frequently. They meet every Saturday afternoon. They are also my singing class. I took them a watermelon this afternoon. It was a large and excellent one. They were much pleased and we had a great feast. They are improving beyond all my expectations, and I intend to hold a concert this Fall before I leave. We are at present practicing tunes for it and I think we will have a crowded audience. I do not like to part with my class, and they do not like to part with me, but so it must be. It is harder to leave this class than anything else I have found in Mercersburg."

In later years, his social relations at Mercersburg were very pleasant. During his pastorates at Lewisburg, Lancaster and Lebanon Dr. Harbaugh made frequent pilgrimages to the little mountain town, and he was by no means a stranger upon his arrival there in January, 1864. His "class of little girls" had grown to womanhood, but they still remembered their singing teacher of the early forties.

Here, in the few years allotted to him, Dr. Harbaugh did his greatest work for the seminary and church he loved so well, and here he expected to make his permanent home. In the autumn of 1867 he was stricken with what proved to be a cerebro-spinal affection, and failed gradually in health until December 28th, when he peacefully breathed his last. There has been no death in the Reformed church in this country that caused such universal sorrow.

Dr. Harbaugh was twice married. His first wife was Louisa Goodrich, who died early in life, leaving one daughter, Mary, who became the wife of Dr. S. T. Lineaweafer, and died some years ago. His second wife was Mary Louisa Linn, who, with six children, lived in Mercersburg a number of years. She died in February, 1898, and lies buried at old St. David's church, Radnor, Pa. The children still living are: Wilson L., Margaret A., Henry Lange, Mary Louisa, and John A., all of Bryn Mawr, Pa., and Linn Harbaugh, Chambersburg, Pa.

Dr. Harbaugh is buried in Trinity churchyard, Mercersburg, where a monument was erected by the Synod of the Church on October 18, 1870, with imposing religious services. Other memorials of Dr. Harbaugh have been placed in recent years in several of the churches of which he was at one time pastor. A memorial window in the First Church, Lancaster, and in the old homestead church near Waynesboro, Pa.; also, in the chapel of the seminary at Lancaster a memorial window has been placed. A portrait in oil hangs in the library of the seminary at Lancaster, and a like portrait in the Academy at Mercersburg.

A biography of Dr. Harbaugh, published in 1900 by the Boards of the Church and Sunday school, Philadelphia, 308 pages, gives an extended account of his life and works. The foregoing facts have been largely gathered from this source.

A striking tribute to Dr. Harbaugh's genius is to be found in the frequent use of his works in recent years, and in the many quotations, and reprints of his writings, especially his English and Pennsylvania-German poems, by the press throughout the United States and in other countries.

Probably no two men were ever more congenial and affectionate in their personal relation and social intercourse than Dr. Philip Schaff and Dr. Harbaugh, and it seems befitting to close this brief sketch with the following peculiarly strong and expressive tribute from Dr. Schaff:

"Dr. Harbaugh was no common man. He was endowed with rare gifts of mind and heart, and indomitable energy and perseverance. He had an exuberant vitality, a rich imagination, great power of popularizing and illustrating deep thought, and an unfailing source of genuine, good-natured humor. The defects of his early education he made up by intense application. By the integrity of his character, and the disinterestedness of his labors, he won the esteem, and, by the kindness and generosity of his heart, secured the affection of all who knew him. His cheerful disposition, rich humor, and an inexhaustible fund of original anecdotes, made him a most agreeable companion."

LINN HARBAUGH

"Jesus! I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

"Jesus! I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee, is life to me,
In my eternal home.

"Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee, is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

"Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me
Makes heaven forever mine."

—Henry Harbaugh





THOMAS GILMORE APPEL, D. D.

Thomas Gilmore Appel, A. A.

By His Son

THOMAS Gilmore Appel, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D., the first President of Mercersburg College, was born near Easton, Pennsylvania, November 14, 1829. His early boyhood was spent along the beautiful Bushkill where he imbibed a love for streams and hills that never left him. In the spring of 1840, he moved with his parents to Crawford county, Pennsylvania, crossing the State in wagons and on foot. He used to tell how frightened he was at the cry of a panther in the night time in the foothills of the Alleghanies. Here along French Creek he lived until he was sixteen years of age.

In 1845 he went back to Easton, traveling over the old Erie canal, and entered the classical school of the Rev. Dr. Vanderveer. In 1848 he entered the sophomore class of Marshall College, and was graduated in due course, delivering the valedictory oration. In this address he speaks of the "usual occupations of the village being laid aside, the exercises of the College being suspended, the halls deserted, and the old bell calling the students together for the last time."

Referring to the problems of the age he says: "Beneath this turbulent surface, there is a far greater struggle going forward. Questions, not in regard to the power of steam or the uses to which electricity may be applied, not as to the best and quickest way of accumulating wealth or removing forests and building cities—all highly important in their place,—but problems which have to do with everlasting ideas, with the spiritual, the absolute and the infinite, stand waiting for solution." In his intial production he touched the keynote of his character.

Addressing the citizens of the town he says: "To-day we leave you forever. These mountains too, which have often inspired our minds with the grandeur and the majesty of nature as we gazed upon their summits in the calm and silent evening hour when the golden sun was sinking in his western bed, these shaded groves which have often listened to the whisperings of disinterested friendship, the pleasant walks, the hidden cavern and the grassy mead must all be left behind. There is a spell, however, in the present occasion unknown before. Marshall College herself is about to leave your pleasant and retired village. In a few years this may no longer be classic ground. The mysteries of nature that lie concealed in these neighboring fields and mountains will no longer be explored by Professor and student; their accustomed forms will no longer be seen in your streets, the rooms and halls of yonder temple of science will no longer echo to the sounds of their footsteps, and strangers will tread these grounds, unconscious of the hallowed associations with them in the minds of those far away," etc.

In addressing his instructors he says: "All truth in our world is relative and rests on the absolute truth which gives it reality. Hence the power of the idea,—and hence we attribute more influence to the conflict which is going forward in the world of mind than all the tumult and confusion that is agitating the world in external form."

There is a flavor of old Marshall days about this time-stained manuscript. Little did the youthful valedictorian then dream that he would in after years be called to the presidency of a new institution, sprung from the ashes of his old Alma Mater.

After graduation he taught in the Elmwood Institute for boys at Norristown, Pennsylvania, under the presidency of Rev. J. R. Kooken; and was married on August 27, 1851, to Miss Emma Matilda Miller, of Easton.

In 1852 he took charge of the school of Dr. Vanderveer, studying theology privately; and was licensed and ordained by the Classis of Goshenhoppen at Springfield, Bucks county, Pennsylvania. While teaching he also served as pastor of the Riegelsville and Mount Bethel congregations, near Easton. In 1855 he again crossed the Alleghanies and became pastor of Reformed congregations at Greensburg and Irwin, Pennsylvania.

In 1856 he accepted a call from the Mechanicsburg charge in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, and an appointment as principal teacher in a high school established by Mr. I. D. Rupp. In 1858 he moved to Greencastle, Pennsylvania, and became pastor of the Reformed congregation at that place. He lived there during the entire Civil War, and experienced some of its trials and hardships. A horse was taken from him, and several times he removed his family from the town to escape threatened fire and devastation. He visited the battlefields of Gettysburg and Antietam; was detained once all night in the enemy's lines, and witnessed the horrors of the burning of Chambersburg. Lee's main army marched past his house on its way to Gettysburg, the General himself passing by at six o'clock in the morning in a closed carriage in the rain.

In 1865 he was called to the Presidency of Mercersburg College. Dr. Harbaugh was the moving spirit of the founding of the new institution and was mainly instrumental in the selection of the President. He was a warm and intimate friend of Dr. Appel and this friendship grew and deepened until it was suddenly ended by death. Dr. Harbaugh died December 28, 1867, two years after the College had been under way, and his death was a great blow to the institution as well as to the Theological Seminary and the church at large.

Dr. Nevin preached the funeral sermon in the Reformed church at Mercersburg. Dr. Appel then temporarily filled the chair of Dogmatics in the Seminary, and became the editor of the Mercersburg Review. He pays a splendid tribute to Dr. Harbaugh in the April number of the Review of 1868.

Editing the Review, teaching Dogmatics, and at the same time filling his position as President of the College with all its details, his hands were kept full as may be imagined. But he had splendid health, worked rapidly, and never seemed to tire. He seemed to work all day and all night too. He lived in the cottage south of the Preparatory Building, and the school was conducted in the old Diagnothian Hall, sometimes called "First Hall." In this hall he occupied the main room, teaching all day long from eight o'clock in the morning until four or five and often later in the evening, with a slight intermission at noon. He opened the school in the morning with worship at which he usually started the hymn-tunes himself. He had entire charge of the schedule of the day and assembled and dismissed all classes, pulling a knob at his feet on the platform and ringing the bell in the class rooms below. I think at one time or another he taught every branch in the curriculum.

He also preached in his turn in the chapel, looked after the financial and business interests of the institution, heard all complaints (even about boarding) and administered all discipline. No wonder every night saw his light burning late in his study window.

The institution was primitive in all its appointments and it seemed audacious to call it a College. But if Mark Hopkins, a pupil, and a log constituted a University, why should it not aspire to become a college? There were three teachers to begin with: Dr. Appel, Professor Kieffer and Miss Anna Beall. But the teaching force was soon increased and Seminary Professors and theological students lent a helping hand. Dr. Higbee, Professor Jacob Kershner and Nathan C. Shaeffer (now State Superintendent) taught classes in the Seminary Building. The students marched backwards and forwards through the village in going to and from their recitations in this building; and on Sundays marched over to attend services in the Seminary Chapel. And what sermons were preached in that little chapel! One Sunday it would be the poetic and original Harbaugh; another Sunday, the scholarly Higbee, another Sunday, Dr. Appel (who, it was said, had the philosophical temperament); and at another time Jacob Kershner. Professor Kieffer could seldom be induced to preach, as he always said he had enough to do with teaching.

The gymnasium consisted of one lone, solitary horizontal bar. The students chopped their own wood and carried it to their rooms. How merrily rang the campus with the sound of the wood choppers! There was music in Professor Kieffer's axe as he made the chips fly. Huge piles of hickory wood filled the campus, and it was fine sport to pull the logs out from under the snow and chop them up, and in the evening watch them burn while the joke went 'round, and old Boreas rocked the building to its foundations.

The students made their beds and swept their rooms; and some even boarded themselves, their chief diet being cornpone and syrup. But they accomplished wonders in their studies. There were no distractions. There was nothing to do but study. There was little to talk about but Greek roots and mathematics and science and philosophy; and the institution soon took high rank for scholarship. Discipline was not so much a matter of rule as of honor.



TWO-TOP MOUNTAIN



MOUNT PARNELL

There were ghosts in those days about the Seminary Building. One morning one of the ghosts was found laid up with a broken jaw. One Hallow-e'en the boys laid a railroad through the streets of the village. The track was built of boards taken from Mr. Waidlich's lumber yard. Mr. Waidlich appeared upon the scene and gave one of the boys with a sore thumb a twist until he cried for mercy. No further discipline was needed.

Saturday was a holiday and the boys flew to the mountains or the Conococheague, or scoured the country in search of adventure, exploring caves, etc. There was a cave near Upton where robbers and runaway slaves used to hide. Sometimes it was a trip to Kasey's Knob, or Parnell, or to the Four Moss Hills to gather arbutus, or to McCurdy's Hole for a swim.

The mail was brought once a day by stage from Greencastle. At the first screech of the brakes of the old stage on the hill outside of town, down went books and there was no more study until "Old Moses" arrived with the mail from the postoffice. The distribution of the mail was the event of the day. It was the only touch with the great outside world.

"Old Moses" was a character, and belongs to the Mercersburg of that period. He was an old manumitted slave and was a servant at Dr. Appel's; but he also carried the mail and did chores around the College. He was most obliging to every one, and indeed the institution could not have gotten along without Moses any more than it could have done without Dr. Appel. He really imagined himself the *major-demo*. He played the flute and his repertoire was made up mainly of plantation music of the slavery days; but his liquid notes entranced every one as they filled the air with their weird melody, especially on moonlight nights. Professor Kieffer also played the flute, but his music was of another sort—always a delight to hear.

Elder Jacob Heyser, of Chambersburg, was the institution's right hand man. He contributed liberally of his means when any special funds were needed, and many a financial lift he gave that no one knew aught of. A new pair of steps was once needed at the Hall. It would cost sixty dollars, and there was no money in sight. "Go ahead with the work," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "I have a field of rye ready to harvest that will yield just about that amount. I'll use that as a thank offering for the crop."

There was co-education in those days. The ladies always carried off the honors. The boys who studied to make marks sometimes thought the teachers exercised an unjust discrimination in favor of the weaker sex. Some love matches were formed; but it would take volumes to rehearse that phase of those old Mercersburg days.

The liturgical controversy was then at its height, and the discussion with Dr. Dörner was making Mercersburg known beyond the seas.

Dr. Nevin was writing on the Person of Christ; and Dr. Higbee was publishing a series of brilliant articles on the Pericopes. The church was passing through an interesting period in its history, and Mercersburg Theology was becoming more and more crystallized into a system. Dr. Appel's contributions to the Review at this period were on the following subjects: Churchliness; The Sacramental and Experimental in the Mystical Union; The Humanity of Christ; The Church and the State; The Catholic Church Movement; Church Union; Christian Nurture; Theories of the Atonement; General Synod; The True Doctrine of Realism in its Bearings on Theology (a criticism of Newman's position); Religious Orders in the Church; The Infancy of Christ; The Relation of the Formal and Material Principles of Protestantism to the Principles of Christianity, etc., etc.

In November, 1871, he moved his family to Lancaster to enter upon his duties as Professor of Church History in the Seminary. There were sad hearts as those mountains—"Oh! those mountains, their infinite movement,"—faded from view.

At Lancaster he soon established a reputation as a preacher, a writer and a teacher. He taught in the College as did also the other Seminary professors; and when Dr. Nevin retired from public life in 1877, he was elected President of the College, which position he filled, together with his position in the Seminary, for a period of twelve years. Based on Dr. Nevin's notes he prepared and wrote out lectures on Aesthetics and Ethics; and in the Seminary he worked up a new course on History of Philosophy. These courses became popular with the students.

In 1889 he resigned the Presidency of the College, on account of failing health, and confined himself to teaching in the Seminary. In giving up the College he remarked—"I fell as if I had lost a child."

He was deeply interested in the general affairs of the church, and for a period of over thirty years was a delegate to his Synod. He was President of the Synod at Hagerstown, Md., in 1868;

and of the General Synod at Reading, Pa., in 1893. He was a member of the Peace Commission; of the Committee on the Order of Worship; and was Chairman of the Joint Committee to effect a union of the two Reformed Churches in America. He was a delegate to the Alliance of Reformed Churches, which met in Belfast, Ireland, in 1884, where he read a paper on the "Theology of the Heidelberg Catechism," and at the meeting in London, in 1888, he read a paper on "Liturgical Worship," and made one of the farewell addresses. At the meeting in Toronto, Canada, in 1892, he was Chairman of the Business Committee.

Dr. Appel was one of the founders of "The Clio-Sophic Society," of Lancaster, and its President from the day of its organization, in November, 1879, to the time of his death. The degree of Ph. D. was conferred upon him by Lafayette College in 1867, and LL. D. by the same institution in 1886; that of D. D. by Franklin and Marshall College in 1869. He was one of the founders and the first President of "The Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland."

Dr. Appel was blessed with a family of eleven children, six sons and five daughters. He died Saturday morning, September 17, 1898. The funeral services were held in the College Chapel, when addresses were delivered by Drs. Gerhart, Titzel, Wagner, and Bausman. He was buried in the Lancaster Cemetery. It is stated that one of his life-long co-laborers once said: "Dr. Appel is the greatest preacher in the church."

Dr. Gerhart said of him, "His faith in Christ was the fundamental principle of his investigations and his thinking," and Dr. Titzel's tribute to his memory, "He was exceedingly lucid and logical. In every respect he was a model theologian." Dr. N. C. Schaeffer said, "He was one of those gifted spirits who could teach anything to which he chose to turn his attention."

Of his talents Dr. Callender said: "We are accustomed to think of Dr. Appel as a teacher, a theologian, as a philosophical thinker. He was a concrete, rather than an abstract or logical thinker." While of his work among the young Dr. Bowman said: "A more successful manager of boys has ~~the extent of his~~ influence in shaping the mind and moulding character, ~~than ever been known in the church.~~ The extent of his character of the Mercersburg boys no one can estimate."

W. U. Hensel, speaking of his duties as President of the Clio, said: "Dr. Appel had the philosophic temperament, combined with the critical spirit and readiness of expression, to such a degree that all of these duties rested lightly upon him and seemed to be easily discharged."

Another member of the Clio wrote: "Nowhere did Dr. Appel's social qualities shine forth more brightly than when presiding over the debates in the Clio. Everyone felt the charm of his courteous manner and his winning personality."

His Mercersburg boys, as was the case with all his pupils, not only respected him as a teacher, but loved him as a man. In his personality, heart and intellect were singularly well balanced. As Dr. J. Spangler Kieffer well expressed it: "One of the principal characteristics of Dr. Appel always seemed to us to be the remarkable manner in which thought and feeling were in him combined. He was as warm hearted as he was clear headed. When he expressed himself, one was conscious not only of light, but also of warmth. He was a person of great tenderness of feeling; subtle, sympathetic, kind; an affectionate nature and needing affection. This was manifest, not only in many particular ways, especially in the warmth of his attachment to his friends, but it was diffused throughout all that he said and did."

When failing health overtook him and the shadows began to thicken, he wrote to his life-long friend, Dr. Bausman: "I must get rest. One cannot endure a strain that has no cessation. Your letter came to me like the odor of sweet flowers, and awakened those pleasant, subdued feelings that come from a quiet talk—*pia desideria*—in the gloaming hour, when all nature begins to go to rest."

And so it was, as he laid down his pilgrim staff he felt that his work was done, and he longed for the realities beyond. So far as his personal life was concerned, some of his happiest days were spent at Mercersburg. "That is a very green spot in memory—those Mercersburg days,"—he was wont to say.

Verily, there is something sacred about the Spirit of Mercersburg; and we do well to honor those who have helped to make it what it is. May we express the hope that while sooner or later all Mercersburg Boys must pass away, the Spirit of Mercersburg shall never,—never die.

JOHN W. APPEL



ELNATHAN ELISHA HIGBEE, D. D., LL. D.

Elonathan Elisha Higbee, D. D., LL. D.

ELONATHAN Elisha Higbee was born at St. George, near Burlington, Vermont, March 27, 1830, the youngest of ten children. His parents were Lewis and Sarah (Baker) Higbee. He graduated from the University of Vermont in 1849. In the latter part of 1851, or early in 1852, he came to Mercersburg to enter the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church. In 1854 he was licensed to preach the Gospel. His first regular charge was in a Congregational church at Bethel, Vt. In 1859 he was called to the pastorate of the First Reformed Church of Tiffin, Ohio. While there he also filled the chair of Latin and Greek in Heidelberg College. In 1862 he removed to Pittsburgh, Pa., to become the pastor of Grace Reformed Church. In 1864 he returned to Mercersburg, as Professor of Church History and New Testament Exegesis in the Theological Seminary, as the successor of Dr. Philip Schaff. Here he soon made himself felt as a brilliant exponent of what was known as "Mercersburg Theology," and became a potent force in the leadership of the Reformed Church.

At this point it seems fitting that a word should be said about the foundation of Mercersburg College, with whose history, from its inception to its close, Dr. Higbee's name and personality are so closely inwoven. From 1836 to 1853 Marshall College was located at Mercersburg. From 1853 to 1865 a preparatory school, under various names, was maintained in more or less close, though unofficial, connection with the Theological Seminary. Mercersburg was a College town, in many respects an ideal College town, whose name, good will, and prestige as an educational center of high repute represented a potential value that must have been powerfully suggestive to the earnest and thoughtful men who were at that time on the ground. Indeed at this very time, Dr. Harbaugh, referring to the removal of Marshall College to Lancaster, said, with grim humor it was thought, "The Professors are there (Lancaster), but the cathedral is still at Strassburg." At any rate the idea of a College at Mercersburg could not have seemed strange to any one who considered all the elements at hand. One of the greatest difficulties in the first years of such an institution is to provide adequate quarters for it. In this case they were right at hand, waiting to be used. There was also a deep, but silent, feeling that a large section of the church had been unjustly treated in the removal of Marshall College. The greater part of its endowment, it was claimed, had been collected west of the Blue Ridge and south of the Susquehanna. Thus to re-occupy the buildings, which could not be carried off, seemed an easy, as well as the natural, thing to do. Moreover the men who were active in the movement were children (loosely speaking) of that section of the Reformed Church. Dr. Henry Harbaugh conceived the idea; he was the originator of the plan, and to his superior executive talent is due the swift progress made in working out the details of organization. He was the first President of the Board of Regents; and his amazing energy was a tower of strength that could ill be spared when he died two years later (December, 1867).

From the beginning Dr. Higbee was prominently identified with the movement; and when, in the fall of 1865, the College was opened, with Rev. Thomas G. Appel as its first President, he bore a good share of the labor and care in the difficult task of building up a College against the most formidable odds of all sorts. Laboring thus, in season and out of season, studying, teaching, preaching, lecturing, writing articles for the "Reformed Quarterly Review," of which he was co-editor, and for the "Reformed Messenger," of which he was a syndical editor; and serving upon some of the most important committees by appointment of the highest judicatory of the church, notably that whose labors resulted in the publication of "Hymns for the Reformed Church," which in its ultimate form, one of his colleagues on the sub-committee of three says, "would have been an impossibility, had he not first made such an excellent study of the theory and construction of the Church Year, on which the collection was to be based;" all of which implies the most intense activity, whereby his physical resources were severely drained, with an utter disregard of personal ease and comfort; and his intellectual and spiritual resources were multiplying themselves by use and development into the splendid attainments that crowned his later years.

In 1871 there came a crisis in his life, brought on by the consummation of the efforts that had for some time been making for the removal of the Theological Seminary to Lancaster. Should he stay at his post and by accompanying the Seminary sever his close, though as yet unofficial, connection with the young and struggling College which lay so near his heart, and which was then about to send forth its first small class of graduates? To understand the severity of the ordeal through which he passed, requires a knowledge of details and circumstances connected with the inner history of this whole transaction that cannot here be given. It is enough to say that he decided in favor of the College, thereby voluntarily relinquishing one of the most honorable trusts in the gift of the Reformed Church, a professorship congenial to his tastes and carrying with it the assurance by constitutional provision, of comfortable maintenance to the end of his life. Dr. Appel, with whom he expected to be happily yoked together in what seemed to be the mutually cherished purpose of pulling the young institution through its "heavy beginnings," considered it his duty to resign the Presidency of Mercersburg College, in order to accept a call to the position vacated by Dr. Higbee in the Theological Seminary. This sorely complicated matters, adding an entirely unforeseen element to difficulties which many regarded as already of an insuperable character. It was then, with the keenest sense of the tremendous responsibility he was assuming, that he consented to become the President of the College; but it was also with high resolve and noble purpose that he entered upon the vigorous prosecution of the manifold and onerous duties of the office, which he filled from the fall of 1871 to the fall of 1880, when for lack of funds the institution was compelled to close its doors. Of its sixty-one graduates, twenty-nine entered the Christian ministry.

In the spring of 1881 Dr. Higbee received from Governor Hoyt the appointment of State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania. This necessitated his moving away from Mercersburg to a place nearer the State capital. He entered upon the duties of his office with great zeal and enthusiasm. Coming from a life of comparative obscurity, his course was watched with the keenest scrutiny, and in many quarters with serious misgivings; but he very soon won his way into the inner heart of the school men of the State, and in an incredibly short time he enjoyed in unstinted measure the confidence of his co-laborers—the *living* forces and factors which came under his direction and inspiration, and which he ever regarded as of infinitely more value than the most ingenious *machinery* that might be devised in the interest of system and organization. In pleading, as he so often did, for the more generous financial support of the schools, with the immediate view of inviting and retaining the "very ablest teachers," he says: "However complete our system may be, and however skilfully arranged our appliances and methods, without the presence of earnest and thoroughly qualified living men—without the moulding power of their character and lives upon our children—soul speaking to soul, deep answering to deep, with a voice infinitely more profound and mightier than any written book—the work must fail, and the money virtually be thrown away."

His wishes and hopes were of a twofold character; on the one hand, to see the public schools of the commonwealth, with all their collateral interests, developed to their highest possibility; on the other, to effect, or at least to aid in effecting, an integration of all the educational interests of the State, so that as properly correlated organs of the one body, they might co-operate for the advancement of the body politic—that the superior culture of the higher might be brought to aid and strengthen the lower. How far his aims were realized, we may not definitely state; but that he did very effective pioneer work in restandardizing educational practice by higher ideals, is universally acknowledged.

In the spring of 1885 he was re-appointed by Governor Pattison, although of opposite political views; and again, in 1889, he was continued in office by Governor Beaver, but he did not live the year out. On December 10, 1889, in the midst of his Institute work, he was stricken with apoplexy at Mifflin Station, from which there was no return to consciousness. On December 13th, at Lancaster, Pa., the spirit took its flight, and Dr. Higbee was at rest. He was buried at Emmitsburg, Md.

Dr. Higbee was a man of unusual talents, and conspicuous among his natural gifts was a fine aesthetic sense, a love for the beautiful in every form of its manifestation, which, strengthened and chastened by culture, gave color and tone to almost all that he did and said. Touching his more public character, I am inclined to think that his greatest power lay in his ministry as a steward of the mysteries of grace. I do not forget that as an instructor in the class room he was unsurpassed and had few equals. But that which made him so masterful in unfolding the truth of a particular science and awakening the susceptibilities necessary for its apprehension and appropriation on the part of his pupils, was that settled habit of his mind, according to which he steadily and persistently subordinated

all the manifold forms of truth to the one great overshadowing truth as it is in Christ, "the Truth." Neither do I forget that, upon a memorable occasion, Dr. Higbee himself said, "In remembering that I am a clergyman, I do not forget that I am a man." Manhood was the supreme thing, but a manhood as glorified in the "Perfect Man," that great central fact of our life, which in its comprehensive largeness includes all the functional activities of our earthly existence, and is greater than the preacher, the teacher, the laborer in whatever sphere. In laying aside, therefore, the distinctive robes of his ministerial office to be clothed with the authority of the State as the Superintendent of its schools, he did not lay aside his high calling in Christ Jesus, but continued in season and out of season to do his Master's will as a preacher of righteousness, the only difference being that his field of activity had now widened out into proportions of almost boundless extent. These reflections need no expansion here, and are only thrown out as constituting an essential factor for consideration in estimating the character and full significance of the work he accomplished as State Superintendent.

Of this work, in its deeper undercurrents, exact language cannot be used; there is a subtle something in the quality of it, which defies analysis and eludes the power of description. But so far as it can be done, I believe the following is a conservative estimate:

"Dr. Higbee did three things for the schools of Pennsylvania: One, educational in the highest sense, whose value can be best appreciated only by the minority, in that he taught a more reverent attitude towards the immortal work of training the young, for with him the outcome for Eternity was always near to the life and movement of Time. He put into the minds of thoughtful men and women everywhere in the State higher ideals of intellectual and moral attainments, for in himself he stood—unconsciously, but none the less truly—an embodiment of the highest type of unselfish Christian manhood, and a splendid ideal realized of that generous scholarship, which is at home everywhere in history and rich in the best treasure of all the ages.

"In the second place, his unerring practical sense recognized the fact that, while the majority of men could not see the higher truth as he saw it, all could appreciate the value of increased funds in the treasury of the school district. He addressed himself early to the question of ways and means, as well as to the education of school officers, that they might see aright the duty before them. For a period of ten years no advance had been made upon the State appropriation, and unless the State were educated to see this matter in its true bearings, he saw that none was likely to be secured for an indefinite period. It was six years before he succeeded in securing an advance upon the million dollars per year named in the Constitution of 1873. A half million was then added. Once the break had been made, the increase came of its own momentum. In 1889 he got two millions more easily than the million and a half from the preceding Legislature; and like the rush of waters as the current grows in depth and power, came the magnificent appropriation of \$5,000,000 by the Legislature of 1891. For this increase of the State appropriation beyond the million dollars named in the State Constitution, more credit is due to Dr. Higbee than to any other man, living or dead.

"And third, he introduced Arbor Day into Pennsylvania, with its beneficent thought of tree planting and tree preservation, which has since been observed in the spring and fall of every year throughout the Commonwealth.

"This paper would be incomplete without alluding to the fund of nearly five thousand dollars raised under the auspices of the State Teachers' Association, and devoted to the formation of a memorial to Dr. Higbee from the schools of Pennsylvania—a memorial which, as it finally took shape, is without a parallel in the history of education in America. The features of this memorial are: *First*, a monument over his grave at Emmitsburg—a simple block of granite, brought from his own New England, of many tons in weight; upon it cut a massive cross, with brief record of name and rank and dates; by whom erected; then four words of epitaph that a noble heart may win, but the wealth of Indies cannot buy—"O man, greatly beloved." (Daniel x, 19). *Second*, a life-size portrait, of which more than twelve thousand copies were issued and distributed among the schools and offices of Superintendents in every section of the State. *Third*, a bust in bronze, of heroic size, placed in the State Department of Public Instruction at Harrisburg. And *fourth*, a memorial volume of loving personal tributes and appreciations from many sources, of which ten thousand copies were printed. This last is 'worth vastly more than all the rest combined, for it everywhere bears witness to the spirit that makes for righteousness, to the outflowing of a power for good, which to have set in motion in so many lives is work that is indeed worthy of the very elect of God.'

"Let the living live; and you, gather together your thoughts, leave behind you a legacy of feeling and ideas; you will be most useful so."

GEORGE F. MULL

The Presbyterian Church

WHEN the way was opened for emigration to the New World, the Presbyterians of Ulster, not being allied to Ireland by any long standing traditions or sacred memories, and being subject to many and varied grievances, were attracted in large numbers to the free Province of Pennsylvania. They landed in great numbers at Wilmington, Del., from 1700 to 1750, and from there drifted across to Chester and Bucks counties, Pennsylvania, thence to Lancaster and Dauphin counties, and over the Susquehanna to the Kittochtinny Valley—"The valley of endless mountains"—and settled along the Conodoguinet and Conococheague creeks and the great springs with which the valley abounds. Here is where many of the earliest churches and ministers are found.

To this new land they brought with them an ardent love for their church, its doctrines, its forms of worship, its polity. Coming as they did out of those fierce and protracted persecutions which they and their fathers had endured in Ireland and Scotland, they came with their Bibles and "Confession of Faith" in their hands, and well stored away in their minds. Hence they early and eagerly sought to be supplied with ministers and regular means of grace. These early ministers from Ireland and Scotland were educated men, with thorough collegiate and theological training. As a consequence their principals were well defined and settled. Their preaching was of the most edifying kind; they did not seek to entertain their hearers with mere declamations or ethical preaching, but they taught the doctrines of the Bible, and did not overlook or fail to teach the duties of religion.

This immediate part of the Kittochtinny Valley, called the "Conococheague Settlement," began to be settled by the Scotch-Irish about 1730. In their fatherland they belonged to the Presbyterian Church, and among the first things which claimed their attention in their new home was the organization of a church according to the faith of their fathers. This took place here in 1738. The settlement was called the "Upper West Conococheague," and covered an area about fourteen miles square. At this early period there were but few of any other denominations of Christians in this large field. The Presbyterian church predominated, its members being the first and almost the sole possessors of the soil. Some diversity of opinion arose as to the location of the "Meeting house." The choice lay between the beautiful spring at Waddell's graveyard, near Bridgeport, and the fine spring at what is now known as Church Hill. The latter was selected, and the warrant for the land taken out by William Maxwell and William Campbell. Here the rude log church was erected. Like all the churches of that day, it was cheerless and uncomfortable in the extreme; even the luxury of a fire in midwinter was a thing unknown. Owing to the perils connected with the Indians, this church was surrounded by a Stockade or Fort, where the inhabitants of the community could betake themselves in times of danger.

From its organization in 1738 to 1754 there was no settled minister here. Then they called Rev. John Steel to become their pastor. Mr. Steel was born in Ireland and was licensed by the Presbytery of Londonderry. He came to America in 1742, and was taken under the care of the New Castle Presbytery, ordained and installed pastor of the church of New London in Chester county, Pennsylvania, in 1745, where he continued to preach until he came to Mercersburg, in 1754. He remained here two years, though in most troublesome and exciting times. The whole frontier country was overrun by Indian raids, and as a consequence, the settlement was disturbed and scattered, families broken up, and the congregation for a time disbanded. Mr. Steel, as all accounts of him agree, was a man of great courage and firmness, and of unquestioned soundness in the faith. He carried his rifle with him to the place of worship, and had it by his side ready for use at a moment's notice during the service. When an attack was feared, it was a common thing for him to gather a company of riflemen together, and lead them with great prudence and courage in pursuit of the savages. Because of the frequency of these attacks the congregation was dispersed, and Mr. Steel left for another field of labor. He was a man of pure and exemplary life, revered and admired by all for his bravery. He was a good preacher, and beloved as a pastor. He died in August, 1779, and his remains lie buried in the old cemetery of Carlisle, Pennsylvania.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, FRONT VIEW

Built in 1794 at Mercersburg



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SIDE VIEW

Built in 1794 at Mercersburg

After the return of the people to their desolated homes, they reorganized themselves into a congregation, and received supplies from the Presbytery until in 1762-63, the settlement was again disturbed by the Indians, and once more the church was almost broken up. But though few in numbers, and laboring under great difficulties, they clung together as a church, and while it scarcely had an existence, it still lived to administer comfort and encouragement to them in their trying circumstances. After passing through many and great trials, in 1767 we find the church permanently established, and in a more prosperous condition than it had ever been. Its members, feeling the importance of a settled ministry among them, invited Mr. John King, a young man from the Presbytery of Philadelphia, to preach for them for a time. John King was born December 5, 1740, and being a studious boy was placed in a classical school at the age of thirteen, and continued there until he had acquired considerable knowledge of Latin and Greek. He taught school for a time, and came to this neighborhood, where he had a sister living, and for three years taught school. The Indian war increasing, and his sister, with whom he made his home, being killed by them, also the fact of his school declining, decided him to return to his home in Lancaster county. He remained for a year, perplexed as to what vocation he should follow in life. After much reflection and prayer, he decided to enter the ministry. He next went to the College of Philadelphia, where he graduated in 1767, then studied divinity. After he was licensed to preach, he came to the settlement on a visit, and in the following spring, 1769, he was called to the pastorate of the Upper West Conococheague church, being ordained and installed the following August. At the time of his settlement here the congregation numbered 130 families and the session was composed of the following: William Maxwell, William Smith, John McDowell, William McDowell, John Welsh, Alexander White, John McClelland, Jonathan Smith, William Campbell, Robert Fleming, Samuel Templeton. In 1792 William Waddle, James Crawford, Archibald Irwin, and John Holliday were added to the session, and in 1799 John McMullin, John Johnston, Edward Welsh, William Reynolds, Robert McFarland and John McCullough were added. How few of these old names are in the congregation today! The elders, in those days, were highly esteemed for their office sake. They were spiritual overseers of the flock, who looked after the needs of the people, and made known their wants to the pastor. The services were plain and simple, but solemn and impressive. The singing purely congregational, the clerk or precentor stood just below the pulpit, in full view of the congregation, and would "line out" the Psalm, and take the lead in some familiar tune, when all the people would join with him, praising God with all their hearts. There were two services held each Sabbath, in the morning and in the afternoon. Everyone took a lunch with them, and gathered about the spring to eat it, then, after an hour's intermission, they assembled again in their pews and listened to another sermon.

The communion was held twice a year, spring and fall. The preparatory services commencing on Friday preceding, and ending the following Monday. Sometimes Thursday was observed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. These were seasons never to be forgotten by the Children of God in those early times. They loved to gather around the table of the Lord, where He so graciously revealed himself to them in the breaking of bread. All secular duties were laid aside, and nothing but absolute necessity kept them from attending these services.

The Saturday preceding the communion, each church member was given a "token" by an Elder. This was a small round piece of metal about the size of a dime, and was returned to the Elder after the communicants had taken their places at the table. The "token" was a testimonial that the person holding it was entitled to the privilege of coming to the Lord's table. The use of it was discontinued in February, 1845. The communion tables were stretched the length of each aisle, covered with a white cloth, and a bench on each side, the bread and wine being passed along by an Elder. When those first seated had communed, a hymn was sung, and they quietly went back to their pews, while others would take their places at the table until all had been served. It was a solemn and impressive service. The minister would address the communicants on the great privilege they had enjoyed, and always took this occasion to speak a word to those who did not accept Christ and confess Him as their Savior.

Dr. King was here but a few years when the Colonies began to be excited from one extreme to the other on the subject of their connection with Great Britain. They had become more resolute, and determined to maintain their rights and defend them at all hazards. The historian Bancroft says: "The first public voice in America for dissolving all connection with Great Britain came not from the Puritan of New England, the Dutch of New York, nor the planter of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian."

The crisis had been reached, and the country was in arms. The same spirit which pervaded the country at large, pervaded the minds of the people here, and the spirit of patriotism was kindled in them. In calling out this spirit and fostering it, Dr. King was second to none of the Presbyterian clergymen of his day. He not only volunteered his services and went as Chaplain to the battalion which marched from this part of the country, but many were the sermons preached, and addresses which he delivered in behalf of the liberties of his country. Dr. King labored with great acceptance among this people. The state of the congregation was peaceful and prosperous; at every communion season there were accessions to the membership. He was greatly beloved by his people, and stood high with his brother ministers. They relied on his judgment and came to him for advice. He was honored, in 1792, by being made Moderator of the General Assembly, and in the same year Dickinson College conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon him. He was a man of piety, a fine preacher and faithful pastor. His labors were owned of God, and eminently blessed in building up this church. His marriage record is the longest and best preserved in the Cumberland Valley, and his baptismal record is itself a genealogy of the Conococheague, which reaches over the United States.

During Dr. King's ministry the original church building was twice enlarged. It stood across the road, just opposite the gate into the graveyard, and the land adjacent was all owned by the congregation. It was covered with the old primeval trees, which served as shade and hitching places for the horses. In looking over old records we find this interesting account of the sale of the land:

"October 15, 1773, William McClelland sold five (5) acres and 17 perches land for 10 pounds, to James Campbell, John McClelland and James Maxwell Esq., their heirs, in trust, for the use of the congregation now belonging to the Rev. Mr. King, of Peters township, adjoining lands of Dr. Richard Brownson, Josiah McKinney, William McClelland, John McClelland, part of a tract of 250 acres, granted to William McClelland by Proprietaries of Penna in 1753."

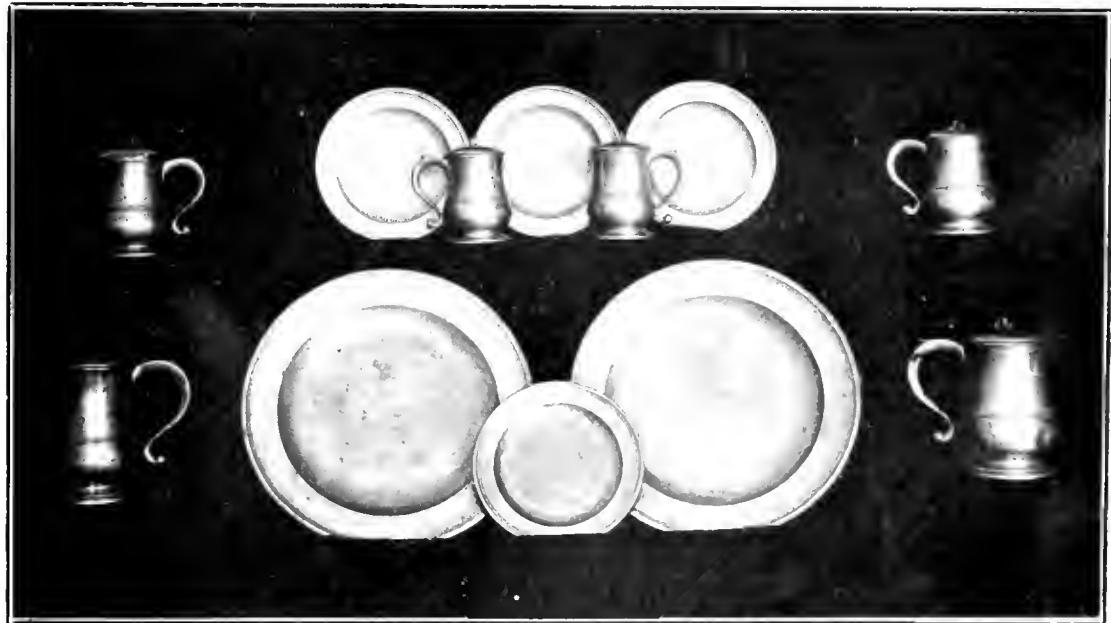
Dr. King married Miss Elizabeth McDowell, a member of his church, and their home was a large house built on a hill a half mile from Bridgeport. It is still standing, well preserved. Dr. King was pastor of this church for forty-two years, during the last four years of which he was greatly afflicted with rheumatism and was obliged to preach sitting in a chair in the pulpit. This chair is still owned by the congregation, has an honored place in the church and is cherished as a sacred relic. Fearing his usefulness was at an end, he resigned his charge September 11, 1811. He became entirely helpless, but lived until July 15, 1813. His remains lie in the old graveyard at Church Hill, where stood the old church in which he so faithfully preached the Gospel of Christ. A marble tombstone was erected over his grave, bearing this beautiful inscription: "As a tribute of respect to the memory of the Rev. John King, D. D., upwards of forty-two years, the able, learned and faithful pastor of the congregation of Upper West Conococheague, whose life exhibited the beauty of holiness; whose death declared the triumph of the cross, this monument is erected by the grateful children of his pastoral care. 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.'"

Dr. Elliott's Pastorate

This ancient church was without a pastor for over a year, when it called Rev. David Elliott. He was born in 1787, in Perry county, Pennsylvania, and received his education in the best classical schools of his day. He taught for a time, then entered Dickinson College, where he graduated in 1808. He studied theology, and was licensed to preach in 1811. He received a unanimous call to this church, and was ordained and installed in October, 1812. When he entered on his labors here the congregation numbered one hundred and thirty-seven families. It grew under his preaching and it was found necessary to build a new and larger church in the country. This was done in 1819, and opened and dedicated in January, 1820, at a cost of six thousand dollars. The town of Mercersburg had been laid out in 1786, and, its population rapidly increasing, it was thought there ought to be a place of worship in the town. Consequently the stone church was erected in 1794, which is still occupied by the congregation. It stood for a number of years without ceiling, floor, pews, or pulpit, and was not used. The ground on which it and the parsonage stand was the gift of the Hon. Robert Smith. After the town church was finished, the services were equally divided between it and the country church. Dr. Elliott's home was a half mile from the latter, a fine stone mansion, which is still standing, in excellent repair. His pastorate was peculiarly blessed of God, and while it covered a period of only seventeen years, he



THE CHAIR IN WHICH THE REVEREND DOCTOR KING SAT TO PREACH FROM 1767 TO 1811, HE BEING AFFLICTED WITH RHEUMATISM



COMMUNION SERVICE USED IN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF UPPER WEST CONOCHEAGUE AS EARLY AS 1775

baptised 655 persons and received into the membership of the church 340. The Sabbath school was organized in 1816, and the prayer meeting established in 1818; both of them connected with the town church. The Female Domestic Missionary Society was formed in 1825, with eighty-three members, more by far than the membership is now; but it is worthy of remark that there are but one or two societies of the kind within the bounds of our General Assembly which have been in existence so long. In the period of eighty-six years, it has contributed almost fifty-five hundred dollars to missions.

The people here were devotedly attached to Dr. Elliott; he was all they desired as a preacher and pastor, and it was with the deepest grief that the congregation consented to his accepting a call from Washington, Pa., but he felt the call was from God. He remained there six years, then was called to a Professorship in the Theological Seminary at Allegheny. In this new field Dr. Elliott found his life work, where he remained till called to his home above. He was honored, as Dr. King was, by being made Moderator of the General Assembly. He died March 18, 1874, aged eighty-seven years. A memorial service was held in this church at the time of his death, and a sermon preached on the life and labor of Dr. Elliott by the pastor. Of the three hundred and forty persons who united with the church under his ministry, but four were living at that time in the congregation.

After two years vacancy, the Rev. Thomas Creigh received a unanimous call to the pastorate of this church. He was young to assume the responsibility of such a large congregation, but relying on the promise of his divine Master for help and strength he came, and was ordained and installed November 17, 1831. When he came the church building in town was extremely plain, neither galleries, pews or ceiling had ever been painted, nor had it ever had a carpet. The pulpit was in the north end, between the doors, and there were also two doors in the south end. The only ornamentation about it was a few feet of wall paper back of the pulpit. The galleries extended around the sides and across the south end. The ground around and back of the church was used as a graveyard, and was a beautiful spot, but in later years the bodies were all removed to Fairview Cemetery. In 1844 the edifice was entirely remodeled, the pulpit changed to the south end, the south gallery put to the north end, the doors at the south made into windows, and a vestibule added to the front of the building.

In these early times there was quite a large membership of colored people who occupied the west gallery in the church, many of them worthy, respectable citizens. In 1843 the congregation decided to hold two-thirds of the services in the town church, and this arrangement continued until 1855, when it was thought best to abandon the old country church. Its walls were considered unsafe, and the greater number of families were living in the town, or nearer the church there. All that now remains to point out where the Gospel was preached for more than a century at Church Hill, is the graveyard, where lie the bodies of the sainted dead, who carried on the work of this church for so many years. In 1850 the "Lecture Room" was built at a cost of six hundred dollars, and in 1860 the bell was purchased, and belfry added, costing three hundred and thirty-five dollars. The Ladies' Mite Society was formed in 1866 and has continued ever since, doing a good work. Its contributions to the present year, 1911, amount to four thousand dollars.

This church has a record that few can show. From 1769 to 1880, one hundred and eleven years, it had but three pastors, Dr. King, Dr. Elliott, and Dr. Creigh. To another has been assigned the life of Dr. Creigh, so we have not dwelt on his life and character. He was well called "the beloved of all."

MARY LOUISA MCFARLAND

Communing Members

Presbyterian Church, Upper West Conococheague

1770

Josiah McKinney
Walter McKinney
Rhoda Galbreath
Robert Galbreath
William McClelland
Catherine McElhattan
Polly Smith
Polly McDowell

1771

Jean McCay
Elizabeth Cunningham
Robert Cunningham
James Shannon
Alexander Young
Joseph Irwin
Mary Oats
Robert McClean
Francis Dill
Anne Dill
William Rankin
Lettue McFarlin

1772

Rebecca Smith
Isabel McMullen
John Black
Isaac Wilson
Mary Barr
William Holiday
Alexander Maxwell
Hannah Cochran
Samuel McDowell

1773

Samuel Fleming
William Kyle
James Dickey
William Shannon
Agnes White
Margaret McDowell
Martha Templeton
Joseph Read
James Read

1774

Joseph Neely
James White
James Woodburn
William Elliott
Margaret Campbell

1775

John Brookie
Agnes Myres
Agnes French
James McCay (McCoy)
James Welsh
Matthew Vanlear
James McCracken

1776

John White
Sarah Campbell
Robert Campbell
John Oats
Anthony Clarke

1777

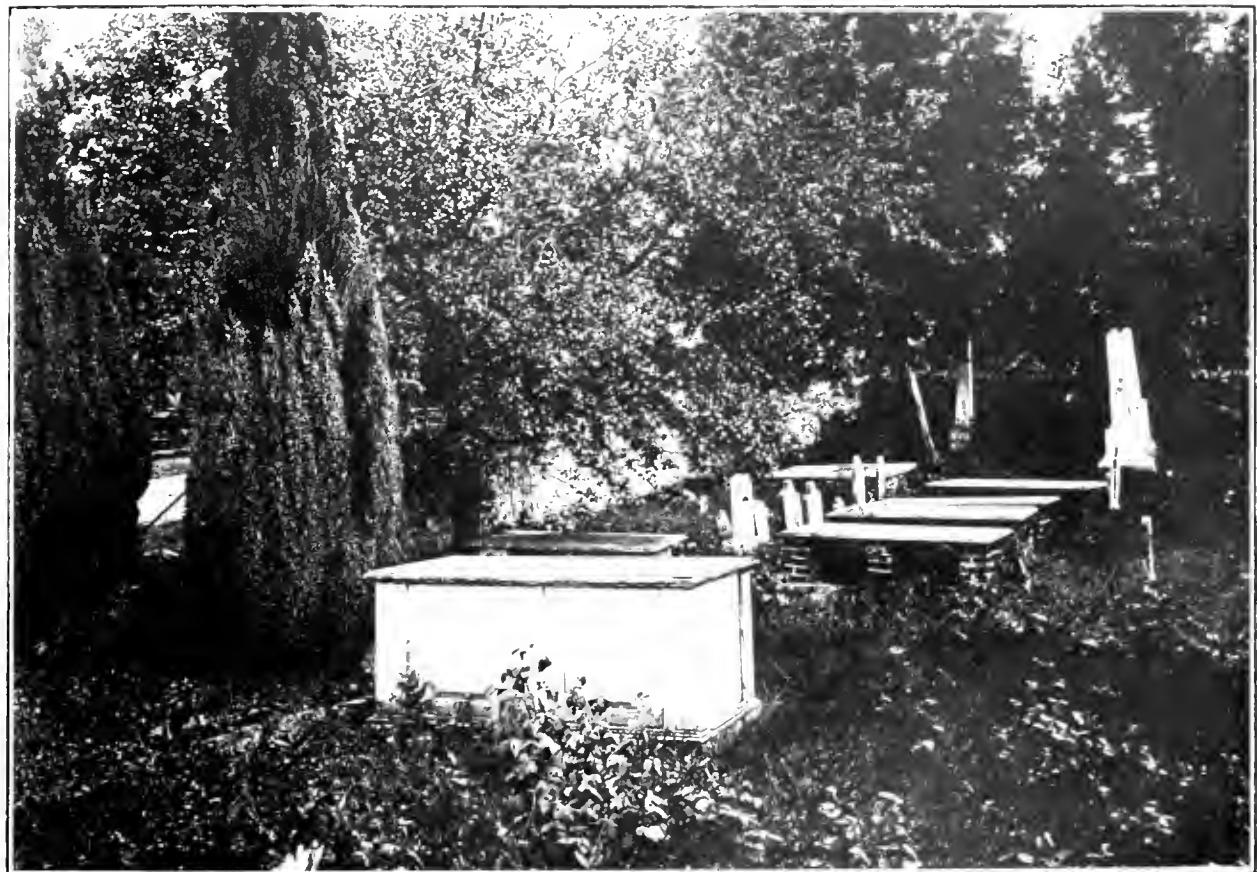
Martha Bigger
Mrs. —— Elliott
John Cunningham
Joseph Shannon

1778

Archibald McElhattan
James Irwin
Polly Irwin
Anne White
Betsy Davis

1779

Thomas Lucas
Hance McCullough
John Hogg
Peggy Smith
Fanny Spear
Jean Dickey,
Robert Dickey
Daniel Fogler



THE CHURCH HILL GRAVEYARD

The large tomb in the fore-ground marks the grave of Rev. John King, D. D. Many valuables were concealed within this tomb during the Civil War. The four flat stones cover the graves of the Bards. The monument in the distance, surrounded by an iron fence, marks the grave of Archibald Irwin, Samuel Findlay, the Smiths, and other early settlers lie buried here.

1780

Samuel Walker	Samuel Holiday
Mrs. —— Walker	John Helm
Jean Parkhill	William Smith
Alexander McDowell (of Wm.)	
Nancy Irwin	
Jenny Campbell (of Patrick)	
Martha Kerr	Hugh Cunningham
Betsy Simms	Finwell Campbell
Polly Brady	Sarah McCollister
Andrew Dickey	Peggy McKinney
Mrs. —— Dickey	Polly Thompson

1781

Rebecca Fleming	John Marshall
Jenny McClelland	Polly Smith
Mrs. —— Kirkpatrick	Mrs. William Dickey
James Walker	John Bouch
Janet Helm	

1782

Edward Welsh	Martha Dickey
Polly Welsh	John Means
Nancy McDowell	Anne McKinney
Peggy McDowell	Jean Wilky
Jenny McDowell	Jean McMullen
Nancy Means	Mary McClelland
Martha Lemmon	William McCasland
Peggy Lucas	Thomas Campbell
James Immair	John Kirkpatrick
John Dickey	

1783

Josiah Smith	Jenny Smith
Esther Smith	Polly Gilchrist
John Lang	Eleanor McCasland
James Holiday	Mrs. —— Lucas
Andrew McDowell	Mary Biggert
Andrew Welsh	Thomas Irwin
Matthew White	Mrs. —— Irwin
Gabriel Taggart	Thomas Griffin
Betsy Taggart	Mrs. —— Griffin

1784

William Cunningham	Martilla Irwin
John McCall	Betsy Irwin
John Hart	Hannah Biggert
Thomas Craven	Polly Scott
Eleanor Craven	James Cunningham
Mary Scott	
Alex. McDowell (of Robert)	
Andrew Speedy	Jean Irwin
Anne Gilchrist	

1785

John Findlay	William Marshall
William McCay	William Moner
—— Shannon	William Dickey, Jr.
Robert Lowry	Samuel Spence
Joseph Lowry	Nancy Campbell
Babby White	Margaret Alexander
Jean Templeton	James Smith
Peggy Curtz	

1786

Nancy Brownson	John Scott (of Wm.)
Nelly Elliott	Jenny Scott
Lovy Bard	Polly Dickey
Archibald Bard	
Robert McDowell (of James)	
Nathan McDowell (of Nathan)	
John Bigger	John Brownson
Polly McCay	Joseph Hancock
Betsy Patton	William Bradley
Nancy McDowell	Adam Johnston
Betsy Steel	Arthur Hunter
Mrs. —— Huston	

1787

Sally McNutt	Jenny Taggart
Peggy Lowry	Polly Craig
Anne Dinwiddie	John Welsh
Polly Smith (of Robert)	James McKinney
Polly Sterrett	William Huston
Polly Taggart	
Robert Campbell (of Patrick)	
Isaac Bard	John Dunlap
James Smiley	John McAfee
Alexander McElhattan	Margaret McAfee
Mrs. —— McElhattan	Robert McFarland
Dr. William Magaw	Becky Scott
John McDowell	Jean Dean
David Hays	Jenny Irwin
Joseph Dean	Jean Lowry

1788

Isaac Spence	John Johnston
James Sterritt	John McClarin
Martha Bigger	Joseph Johnston
Polly Porter	William Scott
Jenny Smith	David Campbell
Mary Simpson (—— Bigger)	

1789

Alexander Robison	John Bigger
Polly Irwin	William McFarland
Becky Elliott	Daniel Duffy

1790

Polly McKinney	Nancy Hays
Polly Lowry	Margery Rhea

Old Mercersburg

John McKinley
John Hair
Sally McDowell
Peggy Patton

Joseph Welsh
Thomas Welsh
Susanna Welsh
Rowland Harris
Mrs. _____ Harris
Peggy Boyd
Susanna Rannels
Ruth McClelland
William McClelland
Josiah McKinney
Robert Elliott

John McFarland
Jean Graham
Nancy Spence
Mrs. _____ Edwards
James McFarland (of James)
William Wilky
Robert McDowell (of Matthew)
Violet Lowry
Esther Walker

James Campbell
James McDowell (of Matthew)
Jane McDowell (of Matthew)
_____ Scott

Patrick Hays
Kairns Sterritt
Betsy Talbot
Miss _____ McFarland
_____ Elliott
Polly Nesbitt

Ruth Fulton
Polly McFarland
Betsy Nesbitt
Mrs. _____ Richey
Robert Steel

Thomas Waddell
Sally Rannels (Reynolds)

Jenny Hays

Thomas Bard
Patrick McDowell
Thomas McDowell

1791

Jeremiah Hamilton
Patrick Lucas
Mrs. _____ Lucas
Rachel Maxwell
Sally Dinwiddie
William Sterritt
Mrs. _____ Shannon
Maxwell Chambers
Mary Walker
_____ Nesbitt
Susanna Maxwell

1792

John Steel
Fanny Harte
Mrs. Patrick Campbell
Miss _____ McIntire
James McCay
Anne Vanlear

1793

Sarah Campbell
_____ Scott

1794

Ruth Fulton
Polly McFarland
Betsy Nesbitt
Mrs. _____ Richey
Robert Steel

1795

Jenny Hays

Jean Kirkpatrick
Matty McClelland

Prudence McClelland
Polly McFarland

1797

Thomas Knox
Francis Irwin
Nancy Bigger (of Andrew)
Kitty Bard
Matty Campbell
Sally Sterritt
Betsy McCay
John McCay, Jr.

Betsy Maxwell

Mrs. _____ Robison
Isabella Work
Betsy Johnston
Martha Ormsby
Betsy Work

1799

Agnes Spence
Polly Rannels
Matty Bard
Mrs. Polly Irwin
Polly Patten

James Withrow
Mary Withrow
William Waddell
Mrs. _____ Chambers
Mr. _____ Sterritt

1800

John Spence
Mrs. _____ Spence
Matty McCullough
Nathan Brownson
Betsy Brownson

Robert McFarland
Anne McFarland
Betsy Vanlear
John Taggart
Anne Taggart

1801

Joseph McCullough
Mrs. _____ McCullough
Eleanor Hall
Abner Knox
Robert Martin
William Waddell, Jr.
George Stevenson
Matty Work

Polly McKinney
John McCay
Isabella McCay
James Walker
Mary Anne Walker
Thomas Nesbitt
Joseph Beggs

1802

John McKinney
John Withrow
George Carson

Jenny McCauly
Nancy Maxwell



THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

United Presbyterian Church

JT IS indeed a labor of love to write a short sketch of Mercersburg United Presbyterian Church. It was my first pastoral love; for eight years it was kind to my virtues and blind to my faults. Two of my children were born in Mercersburg. I seem to be reviewing my youth as I think back over those early years of my ministerial life.

Perhaps our church was called more frequently than by any other name, the Seceder Church, and in some minds, unacquainted with the history, it contained a sinister reflection. It was as if a stone were cast. Yet its origin was in a heroic act of secession from the National Church of Scotland, in 1733, when the rights of the people were trampled upon by titled patrons and the doctrines of grace were set aside by church courts under rationalistic leadership. It was a name of honor, adopted by the Erskines and their fellows and followers as a synonym for "The Associate Presbytery," the name they took at the outset.

In 1742 the Associate Presbytery in Scotland received a petition from the American Colonies for supply of preaching, and in 1753 two ministers were sent to this country—Alexander Gellatly and Andrew Arnot. Thus began the Associate Church in America.

In 1782 a union was formed between the Associate and the Reformed Presbyterian churches and the new organization combined the names into one and called itself "The Associate Reformed Church." But, as often happens, the union left a remnant of each of the uniting branches and made three denominations instead of one. The Associate, and Associate Reformed churches came together in 1858 and formed the United Presbyterian Church, which a few years ago celebrated the semi-centennial of its existence.

The congregation of Mercersburg was organized by the Associate Presbytery of Philadelphia. It grew out of a settlement in the neighborhood of members of the Associate Church, the most influential of them being Mr. Thomas Johnston—the father of Samuel, Alexander, James and John, who were leading men in the succeeding generation. It is stated that they came to the region about the year 1794, from Lancaster county, whence they were driven out by the Indians. Probably they had irregular supplies of preaching during all the years reaching up to the beginning of the first pastorate.

The place of worship was some distance out on the road from Mercersburg to Greencastle, and was known as the Slate Hill Church. It was not far from the dwelling of Mrs. Armstrong Bradley. There was a graveyard there forty years ago, which was encroached upon by the tillage of the field in which it was included, and I am told a few graves are still marked off by a rapidly decaying fence. I have seen a printed statement that it was built as far back as 1772, and that it was a log house. The date I am not able to verify.

Rev. Thomas Beveridge Clarkson

1823-1827

The congregation was fully organized in August, 1822, and Rev. Thomas B. Clarkson became its first pastor October 8, 1823, and continued in this relation till December 14, 1827. Demitting his charge on account of ill health, he remained in the neighborhood of Mercersburg until his death, March 17, 1836. He left a widow, two daughters and one son. The son died early and the daughters were married, the one to Mr. John Webster, with whom she lived out her beautiful life in the place where she was born, and the other to Rev. James G. Carson, a distinguished minister of the church. Two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Webster serve God in the ministry, and bear along the good influence of their godly ancestor. Mr. Clarkson was himself a son of the Manse, a son of Rev. James Clarkson, who came from Scotland in 1773, and was pastor of Guinston church in York county. Rev. Thomas Clarkson is described as "a man of fine personal appearance and of remarkably graceful and attractive manners, of much natural vivacity." At a later day, when I became pastor, the savor of his name lingered in the community. His widow lived near Mercersburg until her death, and was regarded with a feeling akin to reverence by those whose memory went back to the time of the first pastorate.

Old Mercersburg

Rev. Finlay White McNaughton

1828-1857

Mr. McNaughton was ordained and installed as "pastor of the united congregations of Mercersburg and McConnell's Town," August 20, 1828. His ministry was an able and successful one. The report to Synod in 1841 shows that Mercersburg had 102 members and McConnell'sburg 100 members—perhaps the largest enrolment reached at any period of its history. In the year 1845 the pastor and the congregations withdrew from the Associate Synod and joined in constituting the "Associate Presbytery of Philadelphia." In 1857 the congregation returned to its former connection. The report to Synod from the Presbytery of Philadelphia states that "a petition was received from the elders and other members of the Associate congregation of Mercersburg, formerly in connection with us, desiring to be received under our care. The petition was granted and the name of the congregation added to the roll."

Mr. McNaughton afterward united with the Presbyterian Church and later he returned to the Great Cove to end his days. He died at Webster's Mills, April 2, 1889.

James Bruce, D. D.

1858-1863

The union of the Associate and Associate Reformed churches in May, 1858, in the city of Pittsburgh, constituted the United Presbyterian Church. Mr. Bruce was the first United Presbyterian pastor, though he was installed about two weeks before the union was consummated, May 11, 1858. In 1862 the congregation had a membership of thirty-nine. Mr. Bruce was regarded by his people as an able preacher. I have heard them tell how once he disguised himself by removing his beard on a Saturday night and appearing in the pulpit on Sabbath morning with a smooth face. They thought him a stranger till he began to speak. He became a man of large influence in the State of New York, whither he went. He was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1893.

Rev. Robert Gracey Ferguson

1866-1874

I began my ministry July 1, 1866, and made my home as a young bachelor with Atchison Ritchey, Esq., who, with his two sisters and his daughter and son, took me in and for two years gave me a pleasant home, until I was ready to establish one of my own. He was a genial and generous host, bringing out of the stores of a great memory many things to instruct and entertain, clinging to friends with great tenacity, whether white or black. I was ordained and installed October 17, 1866, though my pastorate began July 1, 1866. There I spent eight very happy years. There was no great growth in numbers, the congregation reporting fifty members in the year 1873. Yet its force in the community must not be estimated by its numbers. The people were intelligent and influential, as these names will tell to those who know—Ritchey, Carson, Andrews, Webster, Witherspoon, Johnston, Rankin, Murray, Rhoads, Parker, Imbrie, Brown, McNaughton, Caution.

Though the flock was small, there was great variety in it. Who could tell a story more vividly than Margaret Andrews? What a theologian was Mrs. Witherspoon, though she would have scorned to preach! Mrs. McNaughton might have managed a great business as easily as she managed and adorned a home. Mrs. Murray was as kind to the poor and as thoughtful about the preacher and his family as she was sound in the faith. And what shall I say more? Time would fail me to tell of them all. The elders were John Ritchey, James O. Carson, John Webster; Colonel John L. Ritchey was Sunday school superintendent.

If I were to single out from them all any one, it would be Hon. J. O. Carson, usually spoken of as Judge Carson. He was, I think, Mercersburg's first citizen when I went to the place. As he trod the streets with cane in hand his very presence produced order. His patriarchal appearance, his eyes that pierced through the pretender, his courage and integrity made him a man of mark at home and abroad. One, writing to another of this laudable effort to gather up the history of the town, says: "A history of the town without prominent mention of Judge Carson would be very imperfect. As long as I can remember he was the most weighty, the most regarded, and most active in whatever was for the town's good of any one there." Yet he was, when mellowed by age and grace, a

humble man. I like to bear in mind the words he said to me on his death bed: "I find not a pin point on which to rest but the righteousness of Christ. None but Christ! None but Christ! Jesus is my all in all."

It was a stimulus to serve such a people. Indeed the whole community stirred one to be and do his best. The atmosphere of scholarship, created by the presence of men like Harbaugh, Higbee, Appel, Kieffer and others, was a good one to breathe. I used to look up to them with reverence even when I criticised their churchliness. Of all the pastors I remember best, after the venerable, saintly Dr. Creigh, the jolly Whetstone, who once reported to me a serious fall in his own facetious way: "I thought the whetstone was broken."

The Church Buildings

The first church building was a plain, brick structure. It stood at the turn of the road leading to Greencastle. It was built in the year 1828, and was abandoned in October, 1872. I preached a sort of farewell sermon from Psalms 42, 4: "When I remember these things I pour out my soul in me; for I had gone with the multitude. I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday."

The building of the new stone church, just across the way from the old, was a great undertaking for such a handful of people. But the people gave willingly and largely; several subscriptions were \$1,000 each and others were correspondingly great by persons of less means. Mr. Johnston Rankin, after he had made a very liberal subscription, lost a very valuable horse, and I naturally felt sorry for his loss and said so to him. But he tossed it from him in his own philosophic way by replying, "If I hadn't had it, I wouldn't have lost it."

Mr. James W. Carson, of Philadelphia, was a substantial helper, if not the prime mover. His letters I still have, touching every detail from the breaking of the sod until dedication day. He never wearied in labors, and, like the rest of us, he was proud of it when it was completed. It has had rather a vexing history and we who put so much strength into it raise questions about it sometimes. Perhaps, like David concerning the temple, we will receive credit for what was in our hearts.

Rev. James Ewing Black

1878-1883

Mr. Black was ordained and installed November 11, 1878, and after serving the congregation something over four years, was released from the charge February 26, 1883. He is now pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, Orchard, Neb. The congregation was disorganized by Big Spring Presbytery in 1898; the building was sold and, later, was destroyed by fire. A few of the old members, still residing in Mercersburg, hold their membership in other United Presbyterian churches and others joined churches of kindred faith in the town. The Great Cove congregation, in the course of events, became the stronger one and Rev. J. L. Grove became its pastor in 1885, and for a time preached occasionally to the few who remained at Mercersburg.

The dear old church has passed out of existence, but there are those who yet cherish its memory, and its influence is still felt wherever its members have gone out into the great world.

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled.
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

R. G. FERGUSON

Saint John's Lutheran Church

THE history of a church more than a hundred years old is not easily written. The early records have been lost, and the original members have passed away. The facts pertaining to those early days of toil, sacrifice, and struggle are forgotten, so that a complete history of this church is impossible. However, a diligent research has been made, and the facts gathered shall be put into permanent form.

The first sentence of this history should contain the name of Rev. John Ruthrauff. This faithful ambassador of Christ walked in and out before the people of Mercersburg for twenty-three years, breaking unto them the bread of life, and setting them an example of christian manhood. It was under his wise leadership that this congregation was organized in the year 1804. At the time of the organization, Pastor Ruthrauff was residing in Greencastle. But he was loyal to the little band in Mercersburg, and made ample provision for their spiritual needs.

In those early days the Lutheran and Reformed congregations united their efforts in erecting a log-building, to be used jointly by them as a house of worship. The lot on which this church was built was purchased from Mr. Joseph Grubb, and on this lot, No. 88 of the original town plat of Mercersburg, on Fayette street, a log church was erected, sometime after the year 1786, but prior to the year 1804. The church was small, rudely constructed and destitute of beauty; and the interior corresponded with the exterior. Rude seats were made of slabs with the sawed sides up, and legs put into the under side, which were left as they grew in the forest. The windows were small and the ceiling low: the situation marshy and difficult of access on account of mud and water. Yet this church, humble and simple as it was, served its purpose for a number of years.

The constitution of the Union Church was written by Rev. John Ruthrauff, pastor of the Lutheran congregation, and is signed by himself, Jacob Guyer, Peter Sharar, Daniel Eigel-Berer and Michael Hoke, who constituted the church council. It is not only an article of agreement, but at the same time a constitution, defining the rights, privileges, duties and qualifications of pastors, officers, and people. It is an interesting and in some respects a curious document, but too long to give entire here. It was translated from the German by Rev. G. D. Gurley, and the first division is as follows:

"PREFACE TO CHURCH ORDER

"It shall be and hereby is by the power of this Church-Order established and resolved that this congregation shall be a union congregation and that this church or church building is and shall be a common church belonging to the two Protestant Evangelical religious *persuasions*. Ministers or preachers who serve this congregation must of necessity be a member of some *Evangelical Synod*. Neither of the two religious persuasions shall have the least preference of the other in this congregation, but like power, like right and authority shall be the ground and foundation of the present organization. The church council must necessarily be elected by a majority of votes out of both religions, viz: two elders, who shall at the same time be trustees of the congregation, and also two deacons, who shall remain in office two years. The elders are elected for life so long as they reside in the limits of the congregation, provided their life-walk is consistent with their official duty.

"INTRODUCTION TO CHURCH ORDER

"In the name of God, Amen. We, the undersigned, both church council and congregational members of the Mercersburg mutual union Protestant congregation in solemn manner bind and obligate ourselves to the following Church—Article and Order which shall lay the basis and foundation for a well-grounded union and fellowship and shall likewise be a rule of conduct according to which both the minister or ministers who from time to time teach or preach to this congregation in this church



ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH

are to guide themselves, as well as the church council one and all and each member individually and in particular is to direct himself. Also to inform the way and manner a minister must be qualified who is received into this congregation. Also to make clearly understood the election of the church council, duty of each, time of office, the life-walk each must necessarily follow if he wishes to serve as church counsellor in the government of the church. And finally the duty, obedience and life-walk of each member of this congregation which are to observe toward minister, elders, deacons, and collective church council and each member toward another and are duty bound as members of this society. Declaration which at the acceptance of the present Church-Order was solemnly made—done at Mercersburg, May 10, 1804: We, the undersigned, do hereby openly and solemnly confess and declare that this house of God or church is the property of the united two-fold Evangelical Protestant congregation in and around Mercersburg and is forever appointed to Divine objects and use that in the same the word of God be preached pure and fervently after the * * * of the Holy Scriptures, the teachings of Jesus Christ and His Apostles, the Holy Sacraments administered according to the ordinance of Christ and also have sinners be called to repentance and the repentant and believing be ever better informed as to their souls' welfare and we pray the Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost that He graciously further the establishment of this purpose and commend this house of God and congregation to His almighty protection and guardianship; that He graciously guard the same against abuse, profanation, false doctrine and offense and forever be present at the exposition of His word and have mercy upon dying souls. Amen."

Both congregations continued to grow, and the log church was no longer able to hold the increasing crowds that flocked to hear the Word of God. They felt the need of a larger and better church, and toward the accomplishment of this purpose they directed their energies. The needs were urgent, and in the year 1813 the church was moved to the lot adjoining on the south, and converted into a dwelling. Farewell, little church! "Thou didst serve thy purpose well! Thou shalt not be forgotten!" The log church was used as a dwelling for a number of years; then was a shop, and was finally removed, in 1876, by Christian Haulman, who wished to erect a dwelling on the lot.

On March 29, 1813, the lot on the north was purchased from John Brownson by Michael Hoke and Jacob Guyer, in trust for the Lutheran and Reformed congregations. Forty dollars was the price paid for it. This was done in order to enlarge the graveyard, and also to have sufficient land on which to build a new and larger church. The new church, commenced in 1813 and built of stone, was a neat and substantial structure; and was remodeled in 1834. Among some of the names of members of whom we have heard were the Spanglers, Feagleys, Shearers, etc. Of course, there were others, but we have not been able to learn their names.

The union congregation became divided previous to the year 1811 into two distinct and separate organizations. Yet they still worshipped in the one building, and continued to do so until the year 1847, when the present Reformed Church was built. The stone church was then occupied exclusively by the Lutherans, although the Reformed people still held their interest in the building. During this time there is not much information to be obtained. The pastors lived elsewhere and held services only about once a month. Among the names of early members might be mentioned, about 1850, and, perhaps, a few years previous, the Allemans, Weisers, Millers, Mileys, Shearers, and Kunklemans.

The following is a list of the ministers who served this congregation from 1804 until the building of the new church, in 1868:

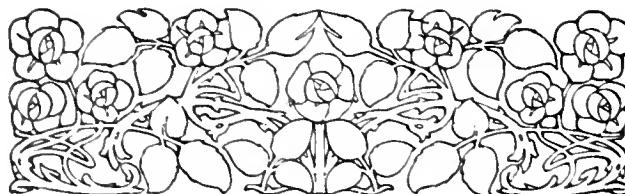
Rev. John Ruthrauff, 1804-1827	Vacancy, 1849-1852
Rev. — Shultz, McConnellsburg, 1827-1830	Rev. P. P. Loose, 1852-1853
Rev. — Baughy, Clearspring, 1830-1831	Rev. M. M. Bachtel, 1853-1854
Rev. — Zenet (Presbyterian), 1831-1832	Rev. S. McHenry, 1854-1859
Rev. Reuben Weiser, St. Thomas, 1832-1835	Rev. G. Roth, 1859-1862
Vacancy, 1835-1846	Vacancy, 1862-1863
Rev. — Eyester, Greencastle, 1846-1849	

It was during this last vacancy, while the congregation was without the service of a pastor, that many of the German members of this church were scattered, and connected themselves with other denominations. In 1863, Rev. A. M. Whetstone, a young minister who had just finished his studies at Gettysburg, was called to the pastorate, and took up his residence in Mercersburg. From that time on, the people being gathered together and having regular services, the congregation began to grow and improve, and it soon became evident that a new church was a necessity. The handful of loyal

and faithful Lutherans were encouraged. They rallied around their pastor, and concluded to undertake the erection of a new church. Accordingly, the lot on which the present church now stands was bought, and the building begun in 1867. It was finished and dedicated July 5, 1868. During Mr. Whetstone's pastorate here, he was in Gettysburg at the time of the battle, and while sitting on the porch of his boarding house, was wounded in the leg. This wound disabled him for several weeks. He was pastor until 1871.

And thus the good work goes on. The congregation has steadily grown, and now is a large and flourishing church. We are reaping today the fruits of the labors of those who have gone before. And, although it has passed through trials ordinary and extraordinary, great has been God's blessing upon this congregation. May its past history be its inspiration for the future!

REBECCA NORTH WAIDLICH





CHURCH OF THE REFORMED AND
LUTHERAN CONGREGATIONS OF
MERCERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA



FIRST ALTAR AND COMMUNION CUP

Used jointly by the Reformed and Lutheran Congregations
of Mercersburg

Historical Sketch of Trinity Reformed Church

THE beginning of this congregation is hidden in the mists of the past. We know that when the Rev. Jonathan Rahauer became pastor of the Hagerstown Reformed charge, in October, 1792, the Mercersburg congregation was one of the ten which constituted that charge. But the records do not say how long it had been in existence. The first important document that has come down to us is both a constitution and an article of agreement between the members of the Reformed and Lutheran churches. It was written in German by the first Lutheran pastor, the Rev. John Ruthrauff, of Greencastle, and went into effect May 10, 1804. A translation of a portion of this paper is given in the history of the Lutheran Church.

It is probable, however, that the union congregation had been organized some years prior to 1804, as both these ministers had been serving the people during that period. Their labors bore rich fruit, for, some time between the years 1786 and 1804, this handful of people erected their first church on North Lafayette street. The deed shows that it was built on a tract of land conveyed by William Smith and Margaret, his wife, to Joseph Grubb, being a "lott" known on the general plan of the town as No. 88, by conveyance dated March 25, A. D. 1786, which lot was conveyed by Joseph Grubb to George McAllen, and thence by deed from James Irwin, administrator *de bonis non* of the estate of George McAllen, deceased, bearing date the 6th day of March, A. D. 1812, to Michael Hoke and Jacob Guyer in trust for the two congregations, the consideration recited in said deed being one hundred and one pounds and one shilling. The church was built of logs on strictly primitive lines, with low ceiling, small windows, and slabs of wood for seats; but it had the first bell in the settlement, and when a member died, it was always tolled. Tradition tells us that this bell came from a monastery in Europe. The people were very proud of it, although it swung from a framework of wood—two uprights and a crosspiece—which was sunk in the ground some distance from the building. On the stone and brick churches, belfries were provided for it, and like other hardy pioneers, it lived to a good old age. The singing was very congregational—no choir, no organ—but a leader pitched the tunes, and all who could took up the strain.

A curious, old, time-worn, leather-bound volume, written in German, preserves the following names: "Confirmed Sat. Dec. 22, 1804. Jacob Schort, Jacob Leimcister, Jonathan Scherer, Johanes Leidy, George Schäfer, Johanes Schäfer, Samuel Brand, Johanes Dahlman, Paul Schäfer, Joseph Zimmerman, Isaac Dahlman, Jacob Kalm, Jacob Dahlman, Martin Reudenaer, Andreas Herkman, Adam Kugel, Maria Bahn, Elizabetha Bahn, Hanna Dahlman, Freny Dahlman, Hana Leidy, Susana Mauerer, Elizabetha Kalm, Anamaria Kugel, Catharina Wolf, Maria Schäfer, Susana Reudenaer, Elizabetha Wolf, Margretha Scherer, Elizabetha Leimeister, Anamaria Leimeister, Anamaria Kamel, Susana Wolf." To these thirty-three "confirmed in the Reformed congregation" are added the names of fourteen who "communed on the Reformed side:" "Michael Hoch, Simeon Leidy, Johanes Wolf, Friederick Scherer, Peter Scherer, Paul Schafer, Johanes Dahlman, Jonas Troutman, Barbara Hisson, Annamaria Wolf, Dorethea Dalman, Catharina Merckel, Elizabetha Breidenthal, Barbara Leidy." As there are usually some prevented from attending the communion, the actual membership probably exceeded forty-seven.

At some time previous to the year 1811, the Reformed people were organized into a separate congregation, and the Lutherans pursued the same course; but they continued to worship in one building until the year 1847. The two congregations soon outgrew the seating capacity of the little log church, and when a larger one was required, and more ground was needed for the graveyard, a lot on the north, adjoining the church property, was purchased March 29, 1813, at a cost of forty dollars, from Mr. John Brownson and his wife Sarah, by Michael Hoke and Jacob Guyer, in trust for the Reformed and Lutheran congregations. The people were full of enthusiasm and began the work at once. The new church was a substantial stone building with galleries and entrance on the side next the street. Tradition says that it and Millmont were erected the same year by rival masons, who

tried to outdo each other in the excellence of their work. At all events, the masonry, done by Mark McAfee, was regarded as a fine piece of workmanship; but the building was not finished until it was remodeled in 1834.

Although unfinished for twenty years, the stone church witnessed great progress in the life of our congregation. While Rev. Mr. Rahauer had ten preaching points, and Rev. Mr. Scholl, seven, Rev. Mr. Dieffenbacher, who was the first pastor to reside in Mercersburg, had only four congregations. He preached alternately in the English and German languages. It was largely through the instrumentality of Rev. Mr. Mayer that Marshall College (1835) and the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church were established at Mercersburg. The cornerstone of the Seminary building was laid on August 17, 1836. Henceforth, the history of the church and schools is closely interwoven. The largest number of communicants during this pastorate was eighty-one. On June 23, 1839, Rev. John Rebaugh, pastor, one hundred and thirty-nine persons communed. After the resignation of Mr. Rebaugh, the congregation was without a pastor for three years, and suffered greatly in consequence. On April 4, 1841, one hundred and one persons communed, but there were only eighty-eight members enrolled at the close of the vacancy.

During the frequent vacancies the pulpit was supplied by the neighboring pastors and over-worked professors of the College and Seminary. Dr. Theodore Appel's book of *College Recollections* tells us that divine service was held every Sunday morning in the chapel, except when the professors were called on to act as supplies to the Reformed congregation in town and on communion occasions. Sergeant David McDonald, who attended our Sunday school seventy years ago, says that the students always sat in the gallery, and Elder A. R. Schnebly, who was a student, contributes the fact that in his day "Pop" (Hon. John) Cessna called the roll.

In the Sunday school and prayer meetings, also, the professors and students gave great assistance to the struggling congregation. The following extracts from the Sunday school records give some details of the work:

"Mercersburg, May 23, 1831.

"Agreeably to public notice given from the Pulpit, a meeting was held in the Church, of her members, whereupon it was unanimously agreed that a Sabbath School Society be formed, and a school established, for the religious instruction of the Children of the Congregation, and a committee consisting of Messrs. Welker, Hoke and Gates was appointed to draft a Constitution and report the same on the 26th inst. for approval."

At the meeting held on the 26th a Constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected: Rev. J. F. Dieffenbacher, president *ex officio*; Mr. Jacob Hosler, vice-president; Mr. Cornelius Gates, secretary; Mr. Michael Sellers, treasurer.

On September 13, 1831, the Executive Committee elected Mr. Adam Hoke, superintendent, and Mr. George Welker, secretary of the school, with the following teachers: "Messrs. Welker, Hosler, Miller, Hoke, Spangler, Parker, Troxall and Myers, and Mrs. Dieffenbacher, Mrs. Gates, Misses Williams, Sellers, Spangler, E. Fegley, Susan Fegley, and Ann Hoke."

The following is a list of the superintendents with their dates:

1835—Mr. Conrad Sohn.	1839—Rev. W. A. Good and Mr. Williard.
1837—Mr. Colliflower and Mr. Young.	1840—Mr. Peter Cook and Mr. Middlekauff.
1838—Mr. Welker and Mr. Reed.	1841—Dr. Traill Green and Miss Moore

From 9th Report, December 30, 1841: "The Sabbath school, under the smiles of heaven, is destined to progress and advance the Redeemer's Kingdom, and it may perhaps be a subject of delight in our declining years to look back upon these, our youthful efforts, in the vineyard of the Lord. R. Good, secretary; Traill Green, chairman."

The 11th Report says: "The number of scholars in attendance, 111. * * * The subject of foreign missions introduced and the school was formed into a Foreign Missionary Society, and elected Mrs. Young, treasurer—amount collected, \$15.75, to be sent to Rev. Benjamin Schneider, missionary at Broosa. During the summer the services of Mr. Henry Harbaugh were obtained to instruct the school in the element of Sacred Music. * * * The singing in the school has been decidedly improved thereby * * * The Secretary has no mournful visitations of divine providence to record. Respectfully submitted, Theodore Appel, secretary."

From the 12th Annual Report, 1844: "The Treasurer reports paying over to Dr. Green for the purchase of new books, \$30.65. * * * Librarian reports the accession of 121 new books. * * *



TRINITY REFORMED CHURCH, MERCERSBURG,
PENNSYLVANIA

At present, we have 15 male, 12 female teachers, 75 male, and 46 female scholars and a better attendance than during any previous year. At the end of the summer session the Singing School held a public concert in the Ger. Ref. Church. The performances on all hands were admitted to be creditable alike to teacher and pupils. With the concert, Mr. Harbaugh dissolved his connection with the class, and Mr. Callender has been elected to supply his place.

"In this connection we must mention the Monday evening lectures of our worthy Superintendent, Dr. Green. They are designed for all the schools in the town, but as they have a strong bearing on our school, they may not be omitted here.

"They are drawn from Bible history,—from the lives of the patriarchs, the prophets, and Christ,—also, from natural philosophy,—the solar system, eclipses, etc.—the progress of virtuous and intemperate persons, etc. All are made, however, to have a religious bearing. To assist him in his lectures in the way of illustration, the Doctor has furnished himself with a magic lantern, and a large number of elegant plates. The representations on the screen are of a superior kind, and arrest the attention of the most thoughtless boy, while it impresses on his mind some Bible truth.

"The good order and attention pervading the house during the lecture, sufficiently vouch for the beneficial results of these exercises. It speaks not a little that the attention of so many young persons can be engaged during a lecture of an hour or more to such an extent. The examinations on the preceding lecture show that the young hearers do not forget what they may have heard. The meetings are opened and closed with prayer. Theodore Appel, secretary."

In September, 1848, Dr. Traill Green, being about to remove to Easton, handed in his resignation as superintendent, having served seven years. Great sorrow was felt over his departure. Prof. William Nevin succeeded him.

In 1853 Mr. E. E. Higbee, a theological student, became superintendent. Among the scholars at this time were Annie Hassler, Maria Metcalf, Sarah Cromer, Ellen Hart, Sarah Hause, Sarah F. Ladebaugh, Mary Mowen, Martin Murphy, Rachel Wolfe, Martha Nevin, Matilda Brewer, Hannah Hoke, Catherine Murphy, Blanche Nevin, John Hoffeditz, Otho Wills, Gilbert Rupley, Anselm Schaff.

The next two record books have disappeared, but we know that between 1853 and 1870 the Theological Seminary furnished the school with Superintendents Albright, S. S. Miller, Wiant, Sangree, and others. Elder D. M. B. Shannon served in that capacity for many years. At one time the classes had names and mottoes, such as "Soldiers of the Cross," "Francke Class," "Roses of Sharon" (the red cheeks of the young ladies possibly suggesting the title), and "Buds of Promise." The motto of the buds (little girls) was: "And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

To the activity of the Sunday school is no doubt partly due the fact that the Rev. Charles McCauley was able to confirm a class of thirty-five catechumens on April 18, 1843, after the congregation had been without a pastor for three years.

The Stone church had varied experiences; one of which, in the year 1842, called forth Dr. Nevin's pamphlet on "*The Anxious Bench*." Another we learn from the following article published in the *Mercersburg Visitor* (a weekly paper) of August 30, 1844.

"The 28th of August came, and with it cool, refreshing breezes and a cloudless sky. Early in the morning, carriage after carriage, sulkey after sulkey, gig after gig were heard rattling into town from all directions, and persons on horseback, and persons on foot, were seen moving toward the scene of action. At 11 o'clock the Band struck up a lively air and, followed by the procession of students, members of the Goethean Literary Society (distinguished by their banner upon which appeared the portrait of Goethe) and members of the Diagnothian Literary Society, headed by David Paul Brown, Esq., of Philadelphia, and the officers of the College and Seminary, left the Seminary building and directed its course to the College ground. Immediately on its arrival at the foundation of the Goethean Hall, the corner-stone being arranged, J. W. Nevin, D. D., proceeded with the ceremony usual on such occasions, after which, Mr. Brown was escorted by the committee, in company with the Professors, to the stage which had been erected in the College grove. The Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, of Berlin, was then introduced to the assembly, and entertained the German portion of the audience with a poem on Goethe. Mr. Brown followed with a most learned and instructive address, which was delivered in a masterly manner, and did not fail to rivet the attention of every one upon the speaker. Long should the young men of Marshall College remember the wholesome advice given. By the portraiture of graphic pictures, connected with sound reasoning, he showed conclusively, that assiduous perseverance is everything, and that it rests with the youth to say whether he shall mount to the top-

most round of fame's ladder, or sink into quagmire of contumely and contempt. He showed, too, that the foundation, that the *corner-stone* of enduring fame, of true nobility, is, and can be no other than *God's Holy Word*. After the address had been pronounced, the assembly was dismissed to congregate in the German Reformed Church at 4 o'clock in the afternoon—at which time a neat and appropriate address was delivered by Professor Wm. M. Nevin, on the subject of National Taste; it was indeed a neat and appropriate address, it reminded us of the old "Spectatior," that specimen of polite literature. In the evening, at the same place, Mr. Brown delighted the people with a treatise on the subject of Ruling Passions, which was continually applauded. Throughout, the 28th was a great day for Mercersburg, but we doubt not, to be equalled on the 25th of next month, when the Rev. Dr. Green, of Allegheny, is to address the Literary Societies, at the invitation of the Diagnothian Literary Society."

But the stone church was too small for the commencements and anniversary occasions, hence the movement for a larger church originated in the College and Seminary. The minutes of the Board of Trustees of Marshall College show that at a meeting held on April 10, 1844, that body voted \$1,000 worth of brick toward the erection of a new church, provided that the congregation raised \$3,000 more.

On October 6, 1844, at a congregational meeting, it was decided to build the church, Dr. Schaff heading the subscription with \$100. The building committee announced on January 18, 1845, that the sum of \$4,395 had been collected, and it was continued with instructions to raise the amount as speedily as possible to \$5,000. Since the College had purchased a lot of brick for a College building that was never erected, the material was close at hand, and the corner-stone of Trinity church was laid in June, 1845, with Rev. Charles McCauley, pastor. It was not dedicated until May 30, 1847, when Rev. John Rebaugh conducted the services and Rev. J. W. Nevin, D. D., preached the sermon, the pastor being Rev. William Phillips. The *Mercersburg Visitor* tells us that Mr. Elias Unger made the plan of the church, and that "Messrs. Gold and Metcalf are to do the carpenter and Mr. Wilson the mason work."

The cut shows the exterior of the building, and the interior was in harmony, with its high pulpit; galleries, supported by columns, on three sides; and massive chancel rail. The pews were cut after the uncomfortable pattern of those good old days; all woodwork was painted white, and the pulpit lamps and those of the side were of solid brass. The Lutheran and Reformed churches had not only the first bell, but Trinity was progressive enough to install the first "instrument" in her gallery. So startling an innovation greatly shocked the strait-laced of the community, and the innocent-looking melodeon was nicknamed the "German Reformed Guyascutus."

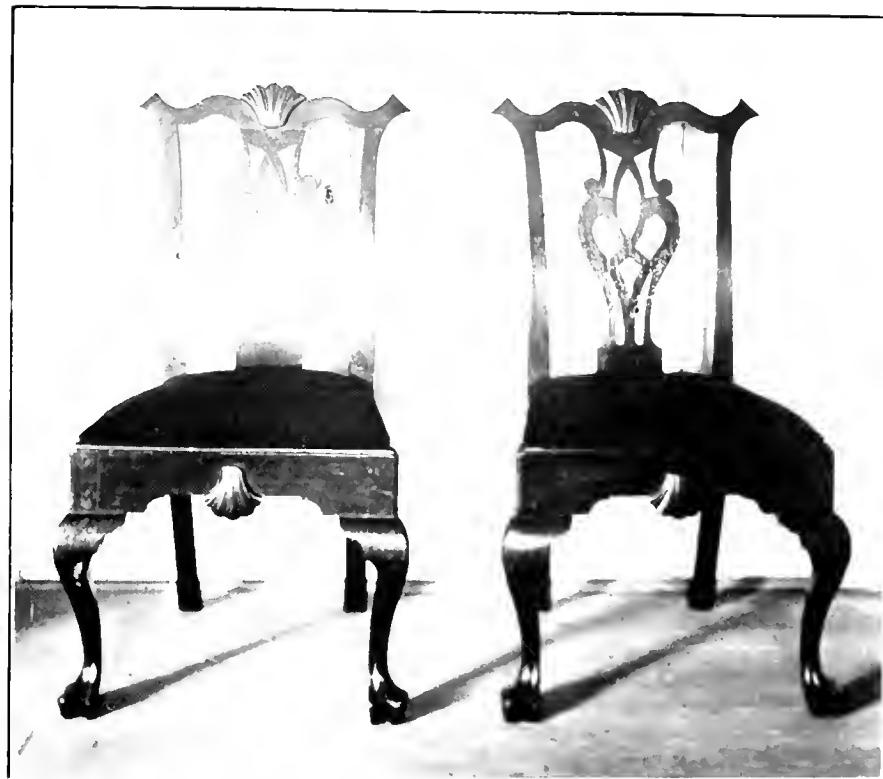
In response to a letter of inquiry from Pastor Knappenberger, Mrs. J. W. Nevin wrote that as money was scarce and furniture badly needed, the two Chippendale chairs were presented by the Theological Seminary from a half dozen which a lady had given the institution while in York.

The committee (consisting of J. Hossler, J. W. Nevin, H. Weber) "to furnish church with stoves, lamps, instrument, etc.," raised \$207.07 between 1847-1851. In February, 1851, the ladies resolved to secure enough for carpet, window blinds, fence and other improvements. Amount reported, \$313.24 from one hundred and thirty-nine subscriptions, besides \$3.26, balance of men's fund and \$2.29 "from Treasury of Church, Penny Collec. which ought to be replaced."

A few of the hundred and and thirty-nine subscribers were: "Peter Cook, Cath. Cook, Har. Hause & wife, Mrs. J. W. Nevin, John Murphy, Wm. Murphy, Jonathan Zellers, Jon. Good, John Barnthisel, George Cook & Lady, Widow Hossler, Peter Shaeffer & wife, G. Rupley, Joseph Reninger & wife, J. N. Brewer, Sam. Palsgrove, Mary Mowry, Dr. Schaff, Profs. Porter & Nevin, Ab. Kieffer, David Smith, M. A. Cushtiwa, B. Bausman, Peter Davis, McClure & Netcher, Maria Kirkwood."

Here are some of the items for which this money was expended:

"122 yards carpeting	\$68.93
"8 yards stair carpeting	3.20
"1 dozen stair rods	1.60
"5 blinds and Gothics	60.00
"5 baskets for use of the church.....	1.47
"Tablecloth for melodeon	1.25
"2 yards silk velvet	5.00



CHIPPENDALE CHAIRS IN POSSESSION OF TRINITY REFORMED CHURCH,
MERCERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

"2 tassels for pulpit	1.75
"2 bus. stone coal62½
"1553½ lbs. iron	46.60
"224 lbs. scroll iron	8.96
"13¾ lbs. round iron75½
"Martin Ritter for making iron fence.....	65.00"

This beautiful fence was wrought entirely by hand.

The new church witnessed a gradual growth in membership, though somewhat resembling the ebb and flow of the tide. In December, 1835, eighty-one persons communed. In 1845, Rev. Mr. McCauley reported one hundred and sixty members, an increase of ninety-two in two years. When Rev. Mr. Appel became pastor, there had been another vacancy, and a decrease of thirty-nine. Rev. Mr. Brown presented twenty-seven annual classical reports, the membership varying from one hundred and thirty-five (two congregations, college removed) to three hundred and ninety-three (three congregations); unconfirmed, from one hundred and thirty to three hundred and thirty-three. In 1845 Mercersburg and Loudon constituted the charge; 1851, Mercersburg alone; 1853, Mercersburg and the Little Cove; same in 1857, and in 1870 Upton was added; but the membership at Upton and the Little Cove was very small. A further glimpse into the church's finances is given us by this extract from the report of Peter Cook, treasurer.

"Penny Collections:	
"1851—Septem.	\$ 2.85
Oct.	3.87
Nov.	6.27
Dec.	3.99
Communion Collection, Dec. 6.....	12.25"

"For Benevolent Objects, Jan. 1st, 1851—April 11th, 1852:

"Domestic Missions

"Collected at Dr. Schaff's Sabbath evening lectures	\$ 7.68
Collected Sabbath evening services and communion	12.00
Collected by Mr. Rust for Cincinnati Church.....	74.00
Foreign Missions	93.68
Beneficiary Education	15.00
Theological Seminary	63.68
	36.00
	<hr/>
	\$208.36

Paid Rev. Appel, Salary, Jan., 1851, to Jan., 1852	300.00
Sexton, Fred Smith, about	30.00
Guyn, for services as chorister	37.25"

Along these lines, too, progress was made, for in 1868 the congregation bought of Dr. John McDowell, for \$3,000, his substantial stone dwelling house, on South Main street, formerly the home of Dr. William Magaw, for a parsonage. Mr. Peter Cook had willed his residence for that purpose, but the legacy did not go into effect until the death of his wife, many years later. Another of his bequests was the sum of \$250 for missionary work.

The church was frescoed in 1862, and the melodeon replaced by a reed organ prior to that time. A solid brass chandelier was the gift of Dr. John McDowell, and through the efforts of Miss Troupe, the font was presented by the Infant Sunday School which she had organized.

At the time Trinity was dedicated, the Lutherans were not ready to buy out the Reformed interest in the Union Church, so it was held jointly until the Lutherans built, in 1868, when they sold out to the Reformed, who disposed of it to the United Brethren, March 14, 1868, for the munificent sum

of \$420, with reservations, viz: "the bell, the settee, the stoves and pipe, the chairs, the lamps and the Sacramental Stand."

But the glory of a church is not in the visible things that she possesses, but in the love of her people. Log, stone and brick buildings sprung from the same spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice. Work was hard, and progress slow, but great results were achieved because the people worked in harmony. Even when the liturgical question raised cyclones elsewhere, it was quiet here; excepting on commencement days and similar occasions.

And then Trinity was the center of life and movement! What crowds the new church held! People flocked from far and near, filling the remotest corners of her galleries. When the procession, formed at the Society Halls and led by Heyser's Band, of Hagerstown, arrived at the church, great was the enthusiasm. The College Glee Clubs assisted with the music. A lady who attended the commencement of 1849, records that "Mrs. Schaff and her sister, Miss Schley, sang in the gallery." In Mercersburg College days the procession formed at the Seminary Building, and Weber's orchestra, of Harrisburg, furnished the music. The last commencements of Marshall College, the Theological Seminary and Mercersburg College were held in this church.

But if walls could speak, these walls would tell not only of marriage bells and commencement rejoicings, but of dark days when the bell tolled and the organ's voice was low and tuned to a minor key. Before this altar many a soldier of the Cross has slept the "sleep that knows no waking," but into eternal day, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," saith the Lord," how solemnly Dr. Nevin's deep voice rolled through the church as he entered the door leading a long line of sorrowing ministers when the beloved Dr. Harbaugh was laid to rest in our churchyard. Where is there another church, whose pastors have been able to call to their aid so many great preachers and distinguished theologians? True, Marshall College had its own Sunday services, and Mercersburg College had a separate congregation, but Trinity Church records are enriched by the names of Rauch, Schaff, Nevin, Appel, Higbee, Harbaugh, Gerhart, Kerschner, and many of the students. During at least a part of the time, the theological students worshipped with us, conducted the Sunday school, and attended even the Ladies' Mite Society, so that one of their number was inspired to write this farewell—

"No more the Mite Society
Your well-appareled forms shall see;
Nor you be there as each man takes
One of the pieces when it breaks."

But the theologians shone most brilliantly in the choir, which occupied the rear gallery. Old residents say that the Reformed Church's fine choir was due to their presence, but others maintain that its best days came after they were gone, when Elder Herman Hause was musical director and Miss Lalla Troupe played the organ. Had Dr. Schaff returned to Mercersburg during the seventies, his churchly soul would no longer have been pained by the neglect of the great church festivals. Three weeks before Christmas, pine-tying began, and the lecture room was crowded with willing workers. How lovely the texts in old English lettering looked against the white galleries! And what marvellous effects Messrs. Lange Harbaugh, Wilberforce Deatrick, John Schick and others obtained with Gothic arches in front of the chancel, the rail and columns wreathed or in solid green, and garlands starting from the chandelier and swinging in mid air from the four corners of the church! At the children's service on Christmas Eve a stately tree always reached the ceiling. No child who sang when "Miss Lalla" taught the carols thinks there are any others half so beautiful.

But when the spring time came and the Moss Hills were carpeted with violets, and Miss Lalla taught her children the Easter carols, Trinity Church called all her children to the greatest services of the year. A member might have neglected the other communions, but the Easter communion crowded the church with her own people. Around the altar the lilies and other flowers lifted their voices in praise, and from the gallery arose the triumphant strain, "The Lord is Risen Indeed! Hallelujah!" of Mr. Hause's bass solo, followed by the question, "And did He rise, and did He rise?" with the answer, "He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of death and triumphed o'er the grave." The impressive service usually began with that anthem and ended with the Te Deum. The Chapel choir, drilled by Prof. Jacob Kerschner, in the German chorals, and the whole congregation united with ours for the evening

service, and Dr. Higbee, that master of oratory, preached wonderful Easter sermons. We always sang, "The Lord of Life is Risen," and nobody suggested a change of tune. "*Frenet euch ihr lieben Christen*" was inseparably connected with the words. It was customary to read the hymns, and when Dr. Higbee read

"Around Thy tomb, O Jesus,
How sweet the Easter breath;
Hear we not in the breezes
'Where is Thy sting, O Death?'"

to his listeners the mysteries of life and death were solved. The great question of the ages was answered; and they left the holy place thrilled with the vision, not of a sealed grave, but of an open tomb. Immortality! How comforting to know that "a fixed conviction of personal immortality is instinctive" with men of all ages and of every race and clime! But how poor and paltry are the blind gropings of instinct compared with the sublime teaching of The Word: "I am the Resurrection and the Life," saith the Lord, "he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." May old Trinity long proclaim the joyful tidings, "The Lord of Life is Risen!" and the voice of countless multitudes respond, "The Lord is Risen Indeed!"

The above sketch was compiled from incomplete church records, histories of Pastors Knappenberger and Yearick, and recollections of native-born citizens of the town by one of Mrs. Netcher's "Buds of Promise."

K. ANTOINETTE SHANNON

Pastors of Trinity Reformed Church

Rev. Jonathan Rahauser, 1792-1817.
Rev. Frederick A. Scholl, 1818-1830.
Rev. Jacob F. Dieffenbacher, 1830-1832.
Rev. Hamilton Van Dyke, 1832-1833.
Rev. Jacob Mayer, 1833-1836.
Rev. Joseph F. Berg, D. D., 1837.

Rev. John Rebaugh, 1837-1840.
Rev. Charles F. McCauley, D. D., 1843-1845.
Rev. William Phillips, 1846-1850.
Rev. Theodore Appel, D. D., 1851-1853.
Rev. Henry Wagner, 1853-1856.
Rev. Isaac G. Brown, 1857-1883.



History of the Methodist Episcopal Church

THE exact date of organization is not known, but the early records which have been preserved show that a "Society" of the Methodist Episcopal Church was formed at Mercersburg prior to the year 1822; possibly less than fifty years after the introduction of Methodism in America. Mercersburg then belonged to what was first known as the Hancock Circuit, and afterwards as the Clearspring Circuit. The circuit was long and hard, and the services of two "Traveling Preachers" were required to fill the work.

In the minutes of the "Quarterly Meeting," held June 17, 1826, the names of the two preachers are given as S. Clarke and N. B. Mills. These quarterly meetings were held at different points on the charge, as were the camp meetings of the early church. In these minutes the names of William Vandyke, John Hart, John King and others are frequently mentioned as "leaders," "stewards," "exhorters," etc., and as having been present at these meetings.

At a quarterly meeting held at Mercersburg June 16, 1832, the Conference of the Clearspring Circuit resolved to form itself into a Bible and Sabbath School Society, to be made auxiliary to the Bible and Sabbath School Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and that each member of the conference become a manager. At the same meeting it was decided that the managers proceed to make arrangements to form Sabbath schools wherever it was practicable. Early the next year (1833) it was reported that the "Sabbath School on the circuit at Mercersburg is in a prosperous condition." In the summer of 1834 a committee was appointed to "draft a recommendation to the Mercersburg trustees in relation to their Church." The church in which the congregation now worship was begun the same year, the corner stone so indicating.

The first preaching service, however, was held in the basement of the new Meeting House sometime during the year 1836.

The church which had been used previous to this time was a small and rude building, situated on what is now known as Park street. It was destroyed by fire.

After a few years the basement of the new church was used as a school, and persons still living in the town relate how they received the rudiments of their education in this place. Amusing incidents about having "barred the teacher out," etc., have been told. About the year 1840 the name of the charge was again changed—from Clearspring Circuit to that of Mercersburg Circuit.

About the time the church was being built, and for some years afterward, the name of "Brother" Hughie McConnell is often mentioned as having served on the Board of Stewards and Committees. He was, what some one has called, an old-time Methodist, and was a very active and prominent member of the church. For a number of years a property belonging to him was rented by the congregation and used as the parsonage.

When the dark days of the Civil War came, the basement of the church was converted into a hospital, and many wounded Confederate soldiers were cared for in this temporary place of refuge. The following record was made by the Rev. J. W. Buckley, who was appointed pastor of the charge by the Annual Conference in March, 1863. "On Sabbath, July 5, 1863, about seven hundred rebel persons, two hundred of whom were wounded at Gettysburg, were brought in and occupied the Theological Seminary, and the basement of our church as hospitals. During this throng and excitement the meeting was suspended, and the attention of the people was occupied in caring for the wounded." On one occasion, when a number of rebel soldiers were being cared for here, one man, who was mortally wounded, was carried to the home of Mr. Leonard Leidy, a member of the church, and was baptized and received into the church before he died. The house in which Mr. Leidy lived at the time was afterward occupied by the widow and children of Dr. Henry Harbaugh, and is now the residence of Mr. Harry Smith. It is interesting to note that, at the present time, the son and grandson of Mr. Leidy are both successful ministers in the Central Pennsylvania Conference, of which Mercersburg charge forms a part.



THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
1834

Several older members of the church, among whom were C. Smith Geyer and John Hoch, Senior, used to tell how, during John Brown's raid, a number of the men were encamped in the basement of the church over night, with their picks and shovels, on their way to Harper's Ferry.

Some time in the early sixties, records were kept of the Classes in the church, with names of the leaders and members under their care. The name of John Hart is given as leader of Class No. 1, and among the members the following names are written: William Adams, Martha C. Adams, Mabel Adams, John Hoch, Charlotte Hoch, William Vandyke, Nancy Vandyke, Catherine Shrader, Tillie Skinner, Samuel Curley, Jane Curley, Cornelius Lauderbaugh, Levina Graul, Sarah McCracken, and Mary A. McCracken.

Later, in 1872, under the same leadership are mentioned: Leonard Leidy, Mary S. Leidy, John F. Geyer, Eliza McFarland, William E. Hoch and others.

Soon after the above date, Mercersburg was made a "station" by the Annual Conference, and so remained for ten years or longer. Then several appointments were added, and it again became Mercersburg Circuit.

In the spring of 1870, a young man, G. W. Izer, came to Mercersburg to serve his first pastorate. Some years later, 1881, another young man, B. H. Mosser, was sent here to begin his ministry. These men have never been forgotten by those who knew and loved them, and both have attained prominence in their respective Conferences. Mr. Izer is now a member of the Philadelphia Conference, and is pastor of one of the large Methodist churches in the city of Philadelphia. Mr. Mosser is serving his third year as District Superintendent of the Juniata District in the Central Pennsylvania Conference. Owing to the "itinerant" system used by the Methodists, there have been frequent changes of pastors, and it would be impossible to tell about them all in this sketch; but many are widely known and have risen to popularity in the church at large. This congregation has increased and prospered materially, and, instead of renting the house in which the preacher lives, the parsonage is now owned and furnished by the congregation. Following is a partial list of early pastors of the church, covering a period of fifty years, with the date of appointment:

Samuel Clarke and N. B. Mills, 1826.	William Earnshaw, 1858.
Robert Minshall, 1827.	James Curns and B. F. Stevens, 1861.
William Butler, 1829.	J. W. Buckley, 1863.
W. B. Edwards, 1835.	J. Benson Akers, 1865.
J. D. Lipscomb and F. M. Mills, 1839.	W. H. Ferguson, 1867.
W. Goheen, 1840.	J. H. S. Clarke, 1869.
Peter McEnally, 1841.	G. W. Izer, 1870.
J. M. Green and Henry Tarring, 1844.	J. H. Feight, 1871.
Josiah Forrest, 1846.	W. W. Reese, 1872.
Daniel Hartman, 1853.	W. V. Ganoe, 1873.
H. Holland, 1854.	Furman Adams, 1874.
R. W. Mills, 1856.	T. M. Griffith, 1876.
N. Schlosser, 1857.	

May the next half century show still greater progress!

SARAH MAUD LONG

Mercersburg Park

The Home of Trees, Moss, Flowers, Birds and Romance

(J) H! There's not in this wide world a Valley so sweet" might well have been written of the charming Cumberland Valley, and some people think that little Mercersburg, in a glorious setting of mountains, is the jewel of her crown. But the loveliest spot around old Mercersburg was undoubtedly, the beautiful Moss Hills. Man has wrought great changes in the town, but only God could make a pleasure ground so enchanting. Let us go back in memory to the spring time of the year 1880, and take a walk to the Grove east of the town, a short distance beyond Seminary Hill. We pass the school, follow the road, or cross some fields, let down three bars, and—what a vista stretches before us! Hill after hill carpeted in the richest, greenest, freshest moss—so deep, so thick—it is not surprising that the coy arbutus loves to play hide and seek in its downy softness. Don't you love to hunt the fragrant pink and white blossoms, and the graceful, trailing foliage?

But look at the side of that hill, all covered with velvety purple violets; and, near by, masses of pure white blood root, the human flower, whose heart bleeds from the prick of an unkind hand. See how the wind waves the graceful anemone, and here we find the modest hepatica, and the yellow dog-tooth violets with mottled leaves, which must be the plebeians of the family, or the name is a misnomer. Oh! but these tiny purple and pale yellow ones, how exquisite! Their faces bear their visiting cards; so no one can mistake their origin. Spring beauties, saxifrage, Dutchman's breeches, the graceful vetch, and countless other wild flowers abound everywhere; but we must come in May, instead of April, to see the dogwood trees form a white canopy over our heads, and the columbine and May apples blossom at our feet. Here the Seminary woods skirt the McFarland meadow, the home of butter cups—all gold and green—could any color combination be lovelier? But we are going home past the creek, and when you see its banks lined with bluets or innocence, the prim little Quaker lady—blue as the sky, fair as a dream—you shall decide.

Mercersburg Lyceum

This association was organized January 3, 1854, with a membership of A. F. Gilbert, J. C. Brewer, M. Cromer, W. W. Sellers, John D. Schriver, W. D. Parker, John D. Crilly, William H. Brewer, John S. McCune, S. M. Ritzell, D. M. B. Shannon, John Grove, J. N. Brewer, William Metcalf, Sr., B. F. Winger, P. W. Minnich, D. Hartman, John Shirts, Leonard Leidy, W. D. McKinstry, John Shaffer, William H. Wilkins, James T. Creigh, John A. Hyssong, S. B. Edminston, J. L. Small, William Metcalf, Jr., A. E. McKinstry, J. J. Good, W. H. Shafer, A. Imbrie, John W. Abbott, H. N. Eberly, William Leber, George C. Brant, B. R. Little, Samuel Hornbaker, R. S. Brownson, W. Dorrance, G. W. Brewer, D. McDonald, Thomas Johnston, Thomas Metcalf, C. Louderbaugh, D. L. Coyle, J. H. S. Smith, S. Cromer, W. W. Keefer, John Wilson, R. P. McFarland, S. A. Bradley, E. B. Hamil, J. B. Creigh, Robert Findlay, H. S. Eichellberger, L. K. Keyser, John Webster, C. B. Huston, Hugh McConnell, George G. Rupley, John Sharar, William McKinstry, P. A. Rice, Eliab Negley, G. H. McConnell, J. F. Geyer, G. W. Wolfe, James L. Hart, J. S. King, James C. King, J. J. Bradley, John Johnston, John L. Carson, D. Carson, A. J. North, James O. Carson, Samuel P. Byers, Robert Parker, J. W. Patterson, James Bradley, Matthew Smith, John Johnston, Robert Shafer, J. S. Clark.

"The objects of this association" as given in the constitution "shall be the mental and moral improvement of its members and the cultivation of its literary taste in the community by means of public orations, lectures, essays, debates, etc."

This Society met every Tuesday evening at "Early Candle-light" and for a period of two years exercised an influence in the community. It opened a library, and subscribed for the following periodicals: Blackwood's Magazine; Edinburg Review; Hunt's Merchant Magazine; Putnam's Magazine, and Knickerbocker. It also took under its special care the celebrations of the Fourth of July and Washington's birthday.

The minutes record that "the secretary read a letter from Hon. James Buchanan, United States Minister at London, expressing his gratitude for the honor conferred in electing him an honorary member of the Mercersburg Lyceum." Other honorary members were Thaddeus Stevens, Rev. J. W. Nevin, Rev. J. R. Kooken, Rev. Thomas Creigh, Rev. Daniel Hartman, Rev. H. Wagner, Sr. P. T. Barnum's name was proposed but rejected. Dr. Schaff gave a series of lectures for the benefit of the Lyceum fund. The admission for the series of five was one dollar for a non-member and lady; for a member and lady there was a reduction of twenty-five cents.

The questions brought up for debate were many and varied. "Should slavery be abolished in the United States?" was decided in the negative, both on the merits of the argument and of the question. "Would a railroad through Mercersburg be interest-paying stock?" also met with a negative decision. Likewise, the following: "Should women be granted the same civil and political rights that men possess?" On the occasion of this debate the ladies of the town were invited to be present and a committee was appointed to make arrangements for their accommodation. "No vote by the ladies" is recorded on the minutes. The association favored the affirmative in the next, "Is it more conducive to man's physical perfections to shave off the beard or to let it grow?" while it fails to record any decision in "Would it be right to place legal restrictions on fashion?" Among other questions it was decided: "That the sale of our public works to an incorporated company would be beneficial to the people of Pennsylvania"; "That theatrical performances should not be encouraged"; "That social dancing is immoral (on this occasion the ladies were again invited to be present, also the brass band)"; "That wealth does not exert a greater influence than knowledge;" "That Napoleon was not justified in procuring a divorce from Josephine"; "That it is not wrong to supply natural corporal defects by artificial means."

The last recorded meeting of this association was in 1856, when "William Sellers was selected to lecture at such time as will suit his convenience," and "James Creigh, Esq., favored the association with a lecture, Subject, What is Americanism?" A vote of thanks was returned to "Mr. Creigh for his able and eloquent lecture. Adjourned. J. O. Carson, Pres., Jno. D. Crilly, Secy."



The Champion Cradling Feat of the World

(D)VER a half century ago, on a beautiful July morning, just as the sun appeared above the horizon, a modern Hercules stepped forth, in the person of Michael Cromer, to perform a feat of prowess and strength never equaled before nor since. This 12th day of July, 1858, was destined to go down in the history of Mercersburg as an eventful one, for on that day Mr. Cromer accomplished the Herculean task of cutting twelve and one-half acres of wheat, from sun-up, until within a few minutes of sun-down, at which time every blade of wheat was severed from its root by the mighty swing of that cradle, and to him was acceded the honor of having accomplished an unparalleled record, a feat of which the performance did not seem so much the victory over a super-human effort, as one of natural-born pluck and strength, to which various other big day's work in the harvest field testifies. This day's work was accomplished with a grain cradle, an implement which is now almost entirely out of date.

The field in which the work was done belonged to Mr. Adam Hoke. It lay east of Mercersburg, and in the rear of Mercersburg College.

Friends being ambitious that fair play should be rendered "Mike," whom they greatly admired, had the field surveyed by a regular surveyor for the benefit of all doubters, and appointed judges, who, at the expiration of the day's work, together with Mr. Cromer, went to A. P. Rice's magisterial and editorial office, where a full record, with all the minutiae, was written out and affirmed by all concerned.

In his early manhood he bore the reputation of being a man of might and strength, with a special aptness and power in "swinging the cradle." Never did he seem happier, nor was his magnificent physique brought better into play, than when, with his long sinewy arms and tremendous stride, he was permitted to sweep through the golden grain and level all before him. The accurate and rhythmic swing of the cradle, with a deft and graceful touch he alone seemed to possess, produced a "swath that varied but little," and as said by an eye-witness still living, it was a scene never to be forgotten. The spectators, two hundred strong, were filled with admiration at the picture he presented, bare-headed and thinly clad, circling, and cutting against the grain, the swaying body in unison with the swing of the cradle.

This particular day's work was brought about by Mr. Cromer having on more than one occasion, cut over ten acres of the sturdy grain in a day, a feat Mr. Atkinson, our present townsman, will testify to, as on one occasion he followed the cradle and bound every sheaf with a double band; which was hardly less remarkable than Mr. Cromer's feat, and at the time excited much comment and wonder. During the ten hours, he bound nearly five sheaves each minute, this record being testified to at the time, by the following, printed in the *Mercersburg Journal*.

"We, the undersigned citizens of the Borough of Mercersburg, do certify that we were present during a portion of the time occupied in cutting over the ground referred to above by Mr. Cromer (and some of us during the whole time) and that the facts set forth in the above statement are true according to the best of our knowledge and belief. Signed.

"R. S. BROWNSON,
"P. A. RICE,
"ADDISON IMBRIE,
"S. A. BRADLEY,
"SOLOMON WEISER,
"HENRY LIGHTNER."

We would here refer to an article published in the *Indianapolis American Tribune*, written by J. Fraiser Richard, of Washington, D. C., a personal friend of our Champion.

"In the year 1886 I was employed to write for a Chicago publishing house a history of that por-

tion of the Cumberland Valley that lies in Pennsylvania and Maryland, between the Susquehanna and the Potomac rivers.

"My labors brought me in contact with the agricultural interests of that most productive region. Some facts gleaned I shall take the liberty of presenting.

"At the time referred to I became personally acquainted with Michael Cromer, a conductor on a branch of the Cumberland Valley railroad; genial, accommodating with men, women and children, who told me the story I am about to relate.

"It was reported in the harvest of 1857 that an expert cradler in the village of Mercersburg, Pa., had cut in one day ten acres of wheat. The feat being noised about, some newspapers ridiculed the idea as being absurdly preposterous.

"In the meantime the report reached the Millard Scythe Company, of Claysville, New York. The proprietors wrote the cradler to ascertain whether, if they should make and present him a suitable cradle, he would undertake with it to beat his former record. Of course with his splendid record to sustain, and his splendid pluck to carry him through, he accepted the challenge, but asked the privilege of having the woodwork built to suit himself, which request the company acceded. In due time the cradle came, a marvel of strength and beauty. The blade was five inches in width, by sixty-five in length, and made of silver steel.

"The memorable day of trial finally came. Judges were appointed, and the champion, in the prime of life, just thirty years old, six feet three inches in height, and weighing 230 pounds, was authorized to begin his task. From far and near the people assembled, some to gratify idle curiosity, some to witness, as they predicted, a gigantic failure; and others to see this modern Hercules actually accomplish his thirteenth labor, the wonder of the agricultural world.

"The cradler had employed his physician and friend, Dr. John S. King, to traverse the field with him, and to give such medical assistance as circumstances seemed to require.

"By the physician's advice he worked bare-headed, cutting the grain regularly by moving around the field, thus losing no time. He was clad in linen shirt and pantaloons and ordinary slippers.

"He took no solid food during the day, but every two hours drank beef broth. Sometime within the afternoon, a friend suggested that a piece of raw beef taken between the teeth would prove beneficial. A messenger was accordingly dispatched to the village to procure a piece, which was held between the teeth and the juice absorbed. At the close of the day's work only the fibers remained.

"Under the conditions agreed upon, the giant was to labor from sunrise to sunset. Once every two hours, when taking his broth, he stopped to whet his scythe. Without halting, even at the noon hour, he forged ahead, cutting a swath eleven feet wide and five feet deep, and making on an average twenty-two clips per minute.

"About two o'clock in the afternoon, a heavy thunderstorm came up, the rain falling in perfect torrents; the lightning flashed, the blade gleamed as it was thrust into the heavy grain swirled by the angry storm; slippers were thrown aside, and still this Ajax pushed ahead, determined to redeem his pledge or die in his tracks.

"Despite all opposition, the cradler persevered. Finally, as the reappearing sun sank behind the western hills, the judges called time. The field was subsequently surveyed, and measured twelve and one-half acres.

"The product of this remarkable day's cradling was 365 dozen sheaves of wheat, yielding, when threshed, 262 bushels of grain. The labor of four men was required for two days to bind his sheaves.

"The story of this champion day's cradling—probably the greatest ever wrought by one man in the world—was confirmed to me by eye-witnesses. When it is known that three or four acres of good wheat, yielding 100 dozen of sheaves, is a good day's labor, this record seems almost incredible; yet it is strictly true. The blade, which I myself examined and measured, was subsequently secured by the State Agricultural Society and put into a new form, corresponding with the old one, and the implement is preserved by the Society as a relic. Within the last few years this champion passed from the scenes of earth to the land beyond the river. May he rest serenely with the reapers there."

Since the above was written, the cradle has been procured from the State Agricultural Society, and is now owned by one of Mr. Cromer's grandsons.

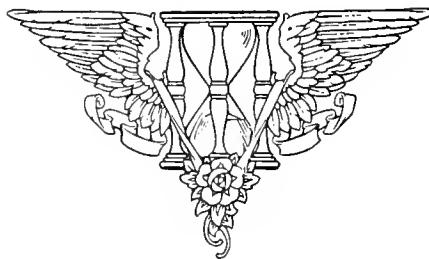
After this famous day's work, our hero's interests and ambitions turned to the gold fields of the

then Far West, and, late in the year of 1859, he made the trip to Pike's Peak with General Fremont, locating there valuable claims. He remained at Pike's Peak until the breaking out of the Civil War, at which time anxiety and a desire to be near his family hastened his return, leaving all interests in the hands of a trusted partner, who was subsequently killed by the Indians.

Later in life he engaged in railroading, an occupation at which we of today remember him well. He was first engaged in driving the famous horse cars of the old Franklin Road, and later as conductor of the Cumberland Valley. At the completion of the South Penn Branch, he was made conductor on it, and thus had the honor of having conducted the first regular passenger train that made the run from Mercersburg to Chambersburg. When Mont Alto Park was first opened to the public, an expression made at that time, characteristic of the man, will long be remembered; the occasion being his first trainload of excursionists. Preceding them in the park and gaining a place of prominence, with head bared, facing the crowd, he remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mont Alto Park,—just as Colonel Weistling and God made it."

The officers of this same road have since honored his memory, and shown the appreciation felt for his zeal in their behalf by naming the station nearest his old home town, "Cromer," a tribute his friends appreciate and feel to be a deserving one.

SUE CROMER WAIDLICH





AMERICAN VALOR

Mercersburg In War Times

Published Serially in The Mercersburg Journal
Abridged

QUIET old Mercersburg has never enjoyed and probably never will be granted any special mention upon the many pages of history that have been, and are yet to be recorded of the great rebellion against the Union, its fearful strife and final suppression.

A reasonably complete chronicle of local events during that period would, no doubt, be very interesting and entertaining to the young people of our community who have never experienced the realities of war; and even to those who have lived and suffered under the very shadow of rebellion, there is a peculiar pleasure in rehearsing the painful memories of those dark days and comparing them with our present piping times of peace.

On Thursday, the 29th day of November, 1860, a large number of people of Mercersburg assembled in Trinity Reformed Church to join in the thanksgiving services of the Nation. Rev. I. G. Brown preached the sermon.

From that day of National thanksgiving until the 10th day of April, 1865, when the ringing of the Seminary and church bells announced the surrender of Lee's army, the people of this community passed through a period of intense excitement.

Pursuant to the Presidential proclamation, the 4th day of the new year, 1861, was observed as a fast day. Religious services were held in all the churches, and in the evening a union meeting in the Reformed church, at which addresses were delivered by Drs. Schaff and Wolfe. During that winter there were many meetings relative to the grave situation of public affairs. Dr. Schaff delivered several lectures on the subject, "*Slavery of the Bible*."

The interest in public affairs became intense, and rumor after rumor came and went; the excitement ran higher and higher until it culminated with the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon early on the morning of April 12th.

About the first of May a meeting of citizens was held and a company formed called the Home Guards. It consisted mostly of men over the age of forty-five years.

Andy McAllister was the first man from town who enlisted in the war. It was the day after the first call for troops, April the 18th. He entered Campbell's Company.

In Company C, of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers there were three men from Mercersburg, John K. Shatzer, David E. Hays, and Dr. John S. King. They enlisted in Company C from Greencastle in the latter part of April. Dr. King entered as a private soldier, but at York, Pa., in May, 1861, became a surgeon in the hospital there and afterwards occupied that position in the field.

Some time during the summer a Volunteers' Aid Society was organized by the ladies of Mercersburg. In order to keep the Society in existence and place it upon a firm footing, the plan of having a course of lectures was adopted. The first lecture for this object was delivered by Dr. Philip Schaff, on the 19th of December. The remarkable price of twelve and one-half cents was charged for admission.

On Thursday, December 5th, the Government wagons came to town and were taken away the following morning with 1,200 bushels of oats, all of which was purchased from James O. Carson and Adam Hoke. Only a few days later the Government agent returned with his wagons and bought all the oats he could get, and then advertized in the *Good Intent*, now the *Weekly Journal*, for 5,000 bushels more at thirty cents a bushel, *cash*. A stray copy of the *Good Intent*, found among a lot of time-stained papers, has this to say:—

"We learn from our Burgess, G. G. Rupley, that the bonds of the borough have been given to the County Commissioners for 66 muskets and other necessary accoutrements for equipping that number of men. The arms are furnished to the County Commissioners by the State for the formation of companies along the Southern border for home protection." * * *

The rebels opened a cannonade of shot and shell against Dam No. 5 of the canal, near Williamsport, Md., on the afternoon of Saturday, the 7th day of December. Frequent reports of what was supposed to be cannon were distinctly heard south of Mercersburg on that day, and our town became the scene of considerable excitement. Groups of persons could be seen all afternoon in front of Colonel Murphy's hotel (the Mansion House) and at different points along Main street, wondering where it was and what it meant.

The fact that the enemy had been almost within gun-shot of our town, and that our homes were liable to be attacked any moment, aroused our people to some action. The guns were there ready for use, and now men were wanted who were willing to use them in case of necessity. During the first week in January, 1862, an effort was made by John A. Hyssong, Esq., and others to raise a military company for home protection. Within a few days between twenty-five and thirty persons had enrolled their names.

During the winter, commencing with the first of January, 1862, very little of importance happened that can be noted here. Much the same excitement prevailed all through, kept alive by the daily news from the seat of war. All the while companies were being raised and sent off to the front, leaving no local force to resist the raids that were soon to follow. Every battle whether victorious or disastrous to our forces served to start out one or two brave volunteers from our midst, who would join some regiment just forming or report to the proper officer and have duties assigned them. In this way our community was represented in many different regiments and companies in the volunteer service. The company that Captain Dick raised was united with a company from McConnellsburg under Captain Lyon, forming one splendid body of men, attached to the regiment of General McAllen. Captain Dick was given first position in this company.

The Ladies' Aid Society, as then organized, had for its president, Miss Mary McDowell; secretary, Miss Mary L. Coyle; and treasurer, Miss Lizzie Smith.

On the 26th of May a company was being organized to proceed immediately to Harrisburg and from there to Washington. They had but that day heard of the call. On the morning of the 27th, fifty-three of the best young men of our town and vicinity were ready to start. They were that morning conveyed to Greencastle by stage, and there took the cars for the seat of war.

We are now coming close to the time when the gallant One Hundred and Twenty-sixth regiment was formed—a regiment which, as another writer has expressed it, "Franklin County was pleased to consider peculiarly her own." About three weeks were occupied in getting this regiment in order.

In this way company after company of our bravest men were recruited and sent away to fill up the broken ranks. It was not many months until there was not enough men and horses left in our community to do the necessary work upon the farms. The draft soon commenced to do its work, and there was a poor outlook for our town and all the towns along the border if the Rebels should succeed in crossing the Potomac.

Wednesday, August the 6th, was an eventful day for the people of Mercersburg. Part of the day was cloudy and very warm, yet the streets were alive with men, women and children all day long. The company which had been organized and was to start away upon the morrow numbered one hundred and twenty-six men. The young men were kept busy all day preparing for departure and going around to take a last farewell of their friends. Dr. Robert Brownson had been chosen captain. Early in the evening the company was formed and marched under Captain Brownson to the Diamond, where a farewell meeting was held.

Early the next morning the drum and fife commenced sounding their notes, calling the sleeping soldiers to arise and take up the march. They assembled in the Diamond, where vehicles were in readiness to take them to Greencastle. This was the departure of Company C of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers.

The company of fifty-three men which was organized just after the defeat of Banks in May, proceeded to Chambersburg on May 27th under the command of Captain Rupley. The first lieutenant was Samuel Hornbaker, afterwards first lieutenant of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth. They remained in Chambersburg over night, expecting to be ordered to the front next morning, but by morning the condition of affairs had changed somewhat, and the situation was so much better understood by the authorities, that the services of this company were not then required and they were ordered to return to their homes.

On Monday, August 25th, quite a number of our citizens met on the town lot, where the engine house now stands, and formed themselves into a Home Guard. This was a revival of the company

that left so hastily for Chambersburg after the repulse of Banks, or rather it was a gathering together of those who yet remained home of that company. G. G. Rupley was elected captain *pro. tem.* They paraded up and down Main street for a while, then were dismissed to meet the following Friday for the purpose of effecting a more permanent organization.

On Sunday, September 7th, at morning service, Rev. Dr. Creigh gave notice to his congregation that there would be a meeting on Monday in the Diamond, to concert measures in their defense. He urged all who could bear arms to attend the meeting. Notice to this effect was given out by all the pastors of the town to their respective congregations. But it seems they did not wait until Monday, as it was deemed important that they should have information from different points. A meeting was called that same evening after service in the Presbyterian Church. William D. McKinstry, Esq., was chosen chairman and a Committee of Safety was appointed. Persons were sent that night to Clearspring, Greencastle and Chambersburg, for information; to report at the meeting on Monday.

Early after dinner on Monday people began to collect in the Diamond. The meeting was organized and a permanent committee appointed. The enrollment of citizens was commenced. Intelligence that the Rebels were occupying Frederick and that their pickets were being pushed forward to within fifteen miles of Hagerstown, was received amid great excitement. One hundred and ninety-six stand of arms had been brought from Chambersburg for the use of our companies.

The town was from that time until after the battle of Antietam practically under martial law. Pickets were posted night and day on the pike leading to Greencastle, on the Shimpstown roads towards Hagerstown, and on the Corner road which leads through Blair's Valley. Again reports came of the advancement of rebels upon Hagerstown. Many families in Hagerstown and Clearspring were leaving for the North. Many passed through Mercersburg with their wagon loads of goods and valuables, hunting places of safety.

We have below the names of those who were on picket duty during that time. The patrolling and establishing of pickets posts became the duty of Captain Rupley.

No. 1—*Pike*

T. C. Grove
Solomon Divelbiss
O. L. Murray
Daniel Tolhelm

No. 2—*Corner Road*

Jacob Potter
J. A. Hyssong
M. Hays
Robert Shaffer

No. 3—*Shimpstown Road*

George McCleary
John McCune
Westley Divelbiss
Daniel Hart

RELIEF—No. 1

George Roth
James McKinstry
Cyrus Murphy
Robert Shirtz

No. 2

J. Spangler Kieffer
Lewis Brewer
William Hayden
Capt. G. G. Rupley

No. 3

Adam Orth
Shannon Bowman
Bruce Lauderbaugh
Henry Lauderbaugh

The report came September 11th that Hagerstown was in possession of the rebels. About 12 o'clock that night the people were awakened by the ringing of the church bells and the sound of the drum and fife. Messengers had arrived to hurry our forces on to Greencastle, as the pickets of the rebel army had advanced to near Shady Grove and within about four miles of Greencastle. While the town company under Captain Rupley was preparing to start, an order was received from Chambersburg to send our troops there as soon as possible. The mounted company under Captain Keyser, composed of men from the country around Mercersburg, together with Captain Rupley's men, started for Chambersburg by way of St. Thomas. Before starting they were well supplied with rations by the ladies, who packed in their wagons provisions enough to last for several days.

When these companies reached the pike a few miles this side of St. Thomas, they were met by a messenger who informed them that the reports were very much exaggerated and incorrect, and that there was then no danger of a raid. Then for the second time within the space of six months, our men turned towards home without having as much as fired a gun.

On Monday, September 15th, the remains of David Carson, son of Judge Carson, were brought home. He had contracted a disease while in camp at Harrisburg from which he never recovered, though he served for some time after that in the ranks.

At this same time the One Hundred and Seventh regiment was down in Virginia, fighting its way through, night and day. In one of these fierce engagements our townsmen, George Duncan, lost his life, and Captain John Dick, who was first reported missing, was afterwards found dead upon the field.

In a letter written from camp Stanton, August 26, 1862, "Junior" writes: Our worthy Captain Brownson has already earned the respect and admiration of his men, and should he continue as he has begun a glorious future awaits him. Lieutenants Hornbaker and Trout too are hard at work. Orderly Sergeant Jas. J. McCullough is beloved as only a parent can love a child. His gentlemanly deportment and impartial demeanor towards his men have earned for him an esteem as creditable as it is honorable.

William P. McCune is drummer for our company. John Miller, of Fannettsburg, is drum major and under his instructions "Old Bill" is learning very fast.

The battle of South Mountain had closed on Sunday, September 14th, in victory for the Army of the Potomac, but the Confederates were not yet disposed to yield all the ground north of the river. General Lee drew up his forces in a strong position near Sharpsburg, where on Wednesday the second battle for that week was fought and won by our forces.

On Tuesday afternoon a party of about twenty-five persons, including all the ministers of the town, started for the battlefield, which was supposed to be near Boonshoro. The omnibus was in charge of Solomon Divelbiss and carried about twenty persons. Several other persons joined the party in private conveyances. The names as far as we know now are as follows:

Dr. T. A. Creigh	Rev. John Agnew	Daniel Shaffer	Dr. E. Negley
Rev. Heyd	G. G. Rupley	John Hoch	Solomon Divelbiss
Colonel Murphy	Joseph Seylar	Rev. I. G. Brown	Dr. Philip Schaff
Rev. Bruce	O. L. Murray	Herman Hause	John Waidlich
Hance Boyd	Col. John Shirtz	F. C. Waidlich	T. C. Fitzgerald

There was, perhaps, no period of time during the whole four years of welfare in which our community felt more secure from rebel invasion, than from the close of the battle of Antietam until the 10th day of October following. It will be seen that never in all her history had Mercersburg been so surprised and taken unawares as upon the 10th day of October, 1862.

George Wolfe, then constable of the borough, had gone early that morning to his farm in the "Corner." Dr. Creigh was returning from a meeting of the Presbytery at Bedford, and took dinner in McConnellsburg together with 'Squire Hyssong and Col. John Shirtz, who had gone over to Fulton county to buy potatoes.

Mr. Rupley, captain of the home companies and burgess of the borough, was at work in his shop. The merchants were quietly attending to the wants of their few customers, who were unusually few owing to the threatening weather. The only really warlike person to be seen up until noon was Uncle Daniel Shaffer, who took down his trusty gun to shoot a chicken for a late dinner which he expected to enjoy that day with his family.

George C. Steiger started out early in the morning over his accustomed route through Bridgeport and vicinity. He drove a fine pair of horses attached to his butcher wagon, but why he ran part and walked the rest of the way home through the rain and darkness that night will be fully explained further on in our story.

Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, with the flower of his famous cavalry, crossed the Potomac that morning at McCoy's ferry above Williamsport and proceeded to make a raid around the army of McClellan, such as he had made once before while the Army of the Potomac was nearer Richmond in the memorable Peninsular campaign.

Both raids were successful and the latter probably the more profitable to the bold cavalrymen, at least as far as gathering forage and horses was concerned.

The number of troops has been variously estimated, one writer putting it as high as 3,500 mounted men and six pieces of artillery. They advanced rapidly through the Blair's Valley road into the "Corner." While coming through Blair's Valley they halted two men on horseback who were traveling towards the river, but upon ascertaining that they were Maryland men, and as the rebels were laying claim to the State of Maryland at that time, these men were allowed to go without further molestation.

This was not the case, however, with men whom they met with after crossing the line into Franklin county.

About a thousand men, wearing Union army overcoats and uniforms were sent ahead, and by this means our citizens were led to believe that they were Union cavalry. Such was Mr. Wolfe's conclusion as they came swarming like bees down the road. They came thick and fast, and while Mr. Wolfe was standing beside one of his horses near the barn, intently watching the unusual sight, one of the men, apparently an officer, stepped up and said: "I want that horse." Mr. Wolfe looked up in surprise and was about to say, "You can't take that horse, I'm an officer of the law," but just thought in time that it would be better not to say he was an officer.

What he did say was this: "You can't have that horse. Governor Curtin has just issued an order that no more horses are to be impressed until further orders." "But," said the raider, "we are taking horses under Confederate authority." Then it was that Mr. Wolfe saw how he had saved himself, but not his horse, by not disclosing the fact that he was an officer of the law. They took seven fine horses from him, leaving him two worn-out animals which would have been of very little account to them. When the vanguard arrived at the forks of the road at Rhodes' Mill several squads of cavalry followed the road to Claylick, gathering horses from nearly every farmer by the way, while the main body of horsemen kept the straight road to Mercersburg.

Jacob Brewer, father of our townsman, J. N. Brewer, was threshing grain that day, with the old-fashioned 8-horse power machine. The unwelcome intruders arrived there while the hands were at dinner and cleared the stables of every good horse to be found.

From this point the party took their way across the country to Claylick, and from there followed what we now call the Shimpstown road into Mercersburg, where they joined the main body. At Claylick they took their first prisoner of war in the person of Joseph Winger. He was a staunch Union man all through the war and, although living very near the border, never hesitated to express his sentiments in unmistakable and, upon some occasions, very forcible terms.

About half-past twelve, just when most of our people were quietly seated at their dinner tables, a few cavalry soldiers made their appearance in town, which unlooked-for occurrence attracted some little attention. Citizens came out to see them and to inquire from what point they had come and whither they were going. The young boys, always anxious to see soldiers, crowded around, running in and out among the horses and gazing with evident admiration upon the bold-looking *blue coats*. For a little while everything seemed right and no suspicion was aroused against the soldiers until they commenced to swarm into town by the hundreds from the direction of the Corner. The ranks didn't look as *blue* as they appeared at first, but now it was the natives of the place who were suddenly turning *blue*.

The arrival of several thousand grey-coated cavalrymen closely following their disguised leaders quickly dispelled the delusion of our citizens that they were entertaining soldiers of the Federal army. The subsequent acts of lawlessness and undisputed assertion of Confederate authority threw the community into a high state of excitement, and although no violence was offered to the persons of any of our citizens, yet at first fears were entertained, not only for the safety of private property, but even for the freedom and security of life itself. Their stay was very brief, probably an hour and a half, yet immediately upon their arrival complete possession was taken of the town, which in a short time was patrolled and guarded by pickets at all points of approach, and the usual careful measures were adopted to prevent any one from going out with information which, if carried to the right place, might have been the means of defeating the well laid plans of the invaders. Scarcely had the first surprise, occasioned by this sudden appearance of the Johnnies, passed away, when it became evident that their intention was to improve the opportunities offered them by reason of the helpless condition of our town to plunder and rob and make off with their booty.

They soon set to work in good earnest. The store of J. N. Brewer, then on the corner now occupied by Fallon's hardware store, was the first one entered for the purpose of plunder. In reply to the question as to how they went about it, or what conversation they held with him or with each other, Mr. Brewer says: "Very few words were spoken either to me or among themselves. They simply walked in and helped themselves to boots, shoes and whatever else they wanted. The first that I knew of it was when I looked up and saw five or six of them coming in the door, having left others outside holding the horses. More soon followed, until they struck up quite a lively trade in boots and shoes. Not understanding the situation of affairs fully, I stepped up and said, 'How now, gentlemen, we can't stand this. We can't afford to be robbed in this way. Who's to pay for these things?' 'Oh, we intend to pay you,' said one of their number, at the same time pulling out a roll of Confederate notes, which I refused to accept, though I believe I did take some of them afterwards to keep

as curiosities. They were very particular to tell us that these bills would be the standard money before very long, but of course we never believed that." By the time they had taken *all they wanted*, Mr. Brewer found his stock pretty well depleted, and not much money to show for his large day's sale.

In like manner the store of T. C. Fitzgerald, on what is now "Cherry Corner," was visited; while on the other side of the street the shelves of William D. McKinstry, T. C. Grove, Bradley & Company, and the shoe store of Matthew Smith, were fast being cleared of their contents. The postoffice, too, claimed a good share of attention. Miss Maggie Grove was postmistress at the time and everything of value belonging to the department was destroyed or taken away. While all this was transpiring, the officers of the town, namely, burgess and members of the council, and also some other citizens of less authority, were being placed under arrest. Several men were arrested for no apparent reason at all. Others again for speaking and acting in a way that seemed to be against the peace and dignity of the Confederate States of America. There was in fact very little excuse for arresting any one in our community. The town was quietly given up and not the slightest resistance was offered by any of its inhabitants.

Mr. Rupley overheard some one from the street inquire for the burgess of the town. He walked to the door, then out on to the pavement, where he beheld directly in front of him a squad of horsemen who immediately arrested and placed him under guard. This was a very sudden turn of affairs, and was the first intimation our burgess had that anything unusual had happened that day.

Dr. D. O. Blair was at this time editor of the *Good Intent*, but probably would not have been taken had it not been for the lively resistance he made to the taking of his horse. After some argument on both sides, and a spirited race up the street for his freedom, he was finally made captive.

Messrs. Louderbaugh and John McDowell were taken from their homes and made to bear the hardships of life with a cavalry company until they reached Chambersburg. Both were men far advanced in years, Mr. McDowell being at the time in very delicate health. James Grove, whose home was in Baltimore, was also taken, for no other reason at all except that he was then on a visit to his sister, the postmistress. We have already spoken of Daniel Shaffer's intention to have a chicken for dinner that day. Had he known that at the very time when he was taking out his gun the rebels were entering the town, he would very likely have used some less warlike means of capturing his chicken. But of all things rebels were farthest from his thoughts at this particular time. He took aim, fired and missed his mark. The bird of ill omen cackled and ran this way and that, finally making its escape into a neighboring garden. The smell of burnt powder lingered in the air and the smoke was yet curling up from the muzzle of the rifle when several horsemen rounded the corner at Fayette and Seminary streets, and swooped down upon the unfortunate marksman. An explanation of "Why that shot was fired," was hastily demanded, but it seems that no explanation of the affairs satisfactory to them was forthcoming. He had deliberately insulted the Palmetto flag by firing a gun in the presence of Southern chivalry, and accordingly he must be arrested and taken along with the other prisoners of war. He had not been under arrest long, when he discovered that other of his fellow townsmen were to share the same misfortunes with himself.

After most of the business places had been visited to some purpose, the advance column began to leave town, taking the Bridgeport road and evidently bound for Chambersburg. They then had as prisoners, Daniel Shaffer, Perry A. Rice, C. Louderbaugh, John McDowell, James Grove, William Raby, D. O. Blair, G. G. Rupley, all from Mercersburg, and Joseph Winger, of Claylick. They had taken all the horses worth taking, except a few that were hurried off to the mountain by persons who had discovered the nature of the raid in time to get away in safety. Nearly every farmer along the line of march lost from two to five horses, while from Adam Hoke they took no less than eighteen.

Herman Hause escaped capture on that day in the following manner: Alexander Logan, who was acting as one of the guides for Stuart's forces, had lived in Mercersburg some time before the war and worked for Mr. Hause quite a while. During Logan's stay in Mercersburg Mr. Hause had been a member of the town council. This fact was made known, and it was evidently the intention of the rebels to take Mr. Hause with them. He had working for him an old colored man, called "Jess," who, overhearing some anxious inquiries for his master, ran for dear life down to the old stone church near the railroad, where Mr. Hause was then working, and cried out as he came to the church, "Run, boss, de rebels is in town and they're after you." Mr. Hause did not stop to learn particulars, but dropping his tools ran quickly out through the old graveyard, across the fields back of the Seminary and out to McFarland's farm, where he tried to get a horse. Not able to obtain a horse he ran to the

creek, waded in and pulled for the other shore. Reaching the other side he took to the fields once more and never stopped until he got to Upton.

We left George Wolfe at his farm, where the rebels had taken seven of his best horses when they first came out of Blair's Valley. They left him an old mule and one other worn-out horse. Becoming uneasy as to what treatment his family at home would receive at their hands, he hastily mounted his old horse and rode towards town. Just at the lane near Palsgrove's farm he met the pickets who, he thinks, must have mistaken him for one of their own party, for he was allowed to ride on until he got about a hundred yards beyond them, when, for some reason, their suspicions were aroused and he was called to halt. They asked him how far it was to some place, naming a town he knew nothing of. "Why," said he, "there's no such a place around here."

"Come back here," said the guard, for they knew from his answer that he was not one of their men. Mr. Wolfe saw at once that he was caught and rode slowly back to the picket line, where he was obliged to wait until Captain White, one of the officers came up. White proved to be a very gentlemanly officer, and Mr. Wolfe said to him: Captain, you have taken all my horses, now I want to go to town and see what is to be done with my family." The captain allowed him to go and besides gave him receipts for all his stolen horses. Many persons took these receipts under the impression that they were of some value.

Mr. Wolfe hastened at once to town, in company with Captain White. As they passed the residence of Mr. Louderbaugh, they noticed that gentleman coming away from his home escorted by two soldiers.

The main body of General Stuart's cavalry passed out of Mercersburg about half past two o'clock in the direction of Chambersburg. Those who were disguised with the uniforms of Union soldiers had started somewhat earlier and were scattered all through the country between Mercersburg and Bridgeport. The farmers thereabout suffered much the same losses as their neighbors, except in a few cases where they received word of the raid in time to hurry off to the mountain and conceal their stock.

'Squire John A. Hyssong and Colonel Shirtz, on their way home were met in the mountain not far from the Gap, by several men on horseback who informed them of the state of affairs in Mercersburg. Upon hearing this they immediately turned back and made their way into Fulton county again. 'Squire Hyssong was at the time Internal Revenue Assessor and would undoubtedly have been taken had he continued his journey homeward. Another evidence of the feeling of security that prevailed in our community prior to this raid, and the complete surprise which it occasioned, may be found in the fact that a party of young folks were holding a picnic near the Gap on this very day, and were surprised while enjoying a good dinner in the woods by the appearance of a man hastily making his way into the mountain with several horses. The news that the rebels were in town put quite a sudden termination to the festivities, although some of the party gave no credit to the story.

The pickets about town remained at their posts until the last straggling cavalryman had departed. Then they, too, withdrew in good order and left all Mercersburg free to draw a long breath of relief. But it was only a breath, for the invaders were kind enough to inform the good citizens of Mercersburg and vicinity that an army of 20,000 infantry followed closely in the trail of General Stuart and would reach our town in a very few hours.

The prisoners taken at Mercersburg were compelled to walk until they reached the junction of the Loudon and Bridgeport roads, about a mile from town. Here they were met by several squads of men with a fresh supply of horses taken from the neighboring farmers. Riding outfits were scarce in those days, and our captives, though allowed to ride, were forced to go it boy fashion, without saddle and with a halter as the only means of guiding and curbing their steeds.

Mr. Joseph Winger was more fortunate than his fellow prisoners, as far as the conveniences of travel were concerned. Before leaving Claylick he bargained with the officer in charge that he was to ride his own horse, and also that he was to go no further than the Potomac river. But the faith was not kept, and in accordance with an order of General Lee these captives, including Mr. Winger, were hurried forward to Richmond and confined within the dreary walls of Libby Prison and Castle Thunder. We neglected to mention that besides taking Mr. Winger himself, they helped themselves freely at his store in Claylick, taking goods to the amount of three hundred dollars, which they paid in Confederate notes. This money Mr. Winger was afterwards fortunate enough to sell to parties in Maryland, getting twenty-five dollars in United States money for every hundred dollars of it. He, and those who had him in charge, did not dismount or stop for any length of time in Mer-

cersburg, and he neither saw any of the other prisoners nor knew of their capture until they all arrived in Chambersburg.

Leaving our prisoners and the rebel hosts to pursue their course towards Chambersburg, we now turn our attention to another little chapter in the history of that day, the recital of which will bring us back to Stuart and his army, before they have advanced many miles upon their journey.

On the afternoon of which we are now writing, Mr. George C. Steiger was driving leisurely down the hill from Bridgeport in the direction of home. Attached to his butcher wagon were two fine young horses and in the wagon, besides the tools of his trade was a young calf which he had purchased from a farmer, intending to supply his customers with fresh veal next morning. He had drawn down the curtains of his wagon to protect himself from the drizzling rain, and letting the horses take their time, was doubtless thinking, among other things, of the good supper that awaited him at home. Chancing to look ahead he saw the road filled with soldiers coming towards him. "Union cavalry," said he to himself and drove on. As he approached they called him to halt and inquired the distance and direction to this and that place. After a few pleasant words had been exchanged one of the horsemen said, "Suppose you let us have those horses."

"Oh, no," Mr. Steiger said, "I can't do that—I need these horses for my business."

They did not insist much and after a little further conversation let him drive past. After driving a short distance he encountered another squad who told him that he had better turn around and go along. He made some reply in a laughing way, thinking all the while that they were merely joking with him. They again demanded the team but he paid no attention to them. Then one of the number said: "Wait until some of the officers come up and we will show you." They detained him there until one of the officers arrived upon the scene. Another demand was then made for the team, and upon Mr. Steiger again refusing, the officer becoming more in earnest reached back and drew out a pistol. "Oh," said Mr. Steiger, "you can't scare a butcher with firearms like that. We see too much blood in our business for that."

But they finally persuaded him to give up the team. They did not turn the horses, however, but permitted him to drive on towards home until they reached the creek where part of the main body had made a halt.

When Mr. Steiger arrived at the creek and saw his fellow townsmen there, mounted upon bare-backed horses, his eyes began to be opened and this time he said to himself, "*rebel* cavalry."

Before starting again, some officer in authority told Messrs Rupley and McDowell to dismount from their horses and get into the wagon, which order, of course, they were only too glad to obey. Mr. Steiger was allowed to act as driver of his own team, though he now considered himself as much a prisoner as those with him in the wagon. The soldiers whose duty it was to guard these prisoners, acted in a very rough manner towards Mr. Steiger. On one occasion when he drove up rather close to the ranks directly in front of him, the guard at his side ordered him back in terms by no means gentle. And then again, when he drove slower and came too near to those just behind him, they would order him to drive ahead, using the same harsh language, so that after a while he gave up the idea of trying to please them and drove to suit himself unmindful of their unmannerly jargon. When they reached the top of the hill at Bridgeport he hailed Mr. Henninger, who was standing in the yard, and told him to take the calf and keep it, at the same time lifting it out of the wagon. The calf was successfully taken out of the wagon and carried to a place of safety without attracting any special attention from the soldiers. A little distance further on Mr. Steiger rolled up his scales and knives in a cloth and handed them to one of the citizens of Bridgeport to keep for him.

Some distance beyond Bridgeport, at the farm of Archie McDowell, a halt was made and the raiders proceeded to feed their horses from a cornfield next the road. Mr. Steiger said he believed it was time to feed his horses and, suiting the action to the word, stepped down and walked over into the field, leaving his fellow citizens to wait for him in the wagon. He did not conceive the idea of making his escape until he was some distance over in the field. He then noticed that the soldiers were busy plucking corn and were not paying much attention to him. Walking cautiously from one shock to another, he moved further and further away from the road until he reached a kind of ravine in the field, at which place he looked carefully around him. Seeing that the hill concealed him from the view of his captors, he started and ran like a deer for his liberty and for home. He kept on towards the creek until he reached a house where Jacob Kreps had been working that day. He and Mr. Kreps started to walk home together, keeping in the fields all the while lest they might meet that *myth* which was to them an army of 20,000 foot soldiers. When they reached Dickey's mill it

was very dark and raining hard, but they groped their way through briars, over stumps and fences until they reached town. Mr. Steiger went down through the meadow, and in the back way to his house. Judge Carson had been there and told the family of the affair, and quite a crowd of people had already collected to condole with the family when in walked the very subject of their anxiety, wet, tired, and hungry, but safe and sound. He saw a good many long faces in the crowd quickly brighten up with pleasure and surprise, but among them all Mr. Steiger flatters himself that his wife was the happiest woman and he the happiest man.

Judge Carson was unfortunate enough to meet the raiders. He was compelled to get down from his horse and surrender the animal to them. He appealed to them not to leave a man of his age there alone in the country without means of getting home, whereupon they gave him an old horse in exchange for his own. They did not take him along, probably on account of his advanced age. Mr. Steiger himself would have been allowed to go free, too, had he given up his team without offering such lively resistance, but he was imbued with the idea that, under Governor Curtin's order, *Union* soldiers would have no right to take his horses; and he was right in this, but unfortunately for him, the men into whose hands he had fallen paid no respect to the authority of Governor Curtin, nor of any one north of the Mason and Dixon line.

At St. Thomas one more prisoner was added to the list in the person of William Conner. He was taken to Libby prison and remained there until March, 1863, when he was exchanged and returned to his home.

A slight accident occurred just before the party reached Chambersburg, which in itself was nothing unusual in army experience, yet in its results upon the fortunes of our captives it amounted to considerable and lessened to a great extent Mr. Rupley's chances for escape. One of the soldiers in some way received an injury to his foot. He was brought to the wagon in which Messrs. Rupley and McDowell were riding, and in order to make room for him Mr. McDowell was very unceremoniously ordered out and a caisson, or ammunition wagon was assigned for him to ride upon. This mode of travel would no doubt have been very disastrous in its effects upon Mr. McDowell, considering his age and the delicate state of his health. Mr. Rupley saw this at once and very considerately offered to take Mr. McDowell's place. This offer was accepted, and no objections on the part of the soldiers being made to the arrangement, Mr. Rupley took up his position where the powder and balls were thickest and bravely maintained his stand until they reached camp on the other side of Chambersburg.

After the accident alluded to, Daniel Shaffer, who had been heroically making his way up hill and down upon a bare-backed horse, was ordered to take charge of the wounded man's horse. He says that the people of Chambersburg must have thought he was "*one of them*," as he had the regulation army saddle and bridle, and two big horse pistols, one on each side of the saddle, in front.

Arriving in Chambersburg General Stuart and other officers, as well as the prisoners, lodged that night in the Franklin House. The soldiers proceeded to the edge of town, where they encamped for the night. Mr. Rupley had no opportunity of stopping in town but was taken through to camp, where he was obliged to remain. He sat down by the fire feeling tired, cold and hungry. While he was yet sitting there no less a personage than Gen. Wade Hampton came up to him, and after a little conversation, in which the names and circumstances of each were made known to the other, the General pulled out a piece of meat from his haversack and with the aid of an old pocket knife divided with the prisoner. After the General had cut the pork and handed one piece to his messmate, he walked over to a tree and cut off a branch which he sharpened at one end and stuck it through the meat. This done, he sat down by the fire and held the meat over the flames until it was fried or whatever the result of such a process may be called. This wasn't a very choice meal, but, "*under the circumstance*," says Mr. Rupley, "*it tasted pretty good*." After the victor and the vanquished had finished their simple meal the prisoner was asked whether he had any place to sleep. He replied that he had not. General Hampton then directed him to a house not far away and told him that he would find lodgings there.

On the following morning—Saturday—Messrs. Louderbaugh and McDowell were released and allowed to return home. All the other prisoners were taken along with the raiders, who took their departure eastward across the South Mountain. The last seen of Mr. Rice in Chambersburg was just before the start, when he was observed by several men who knew him, seated upon a caisson in front of the Mansion House. It is likely that most of his journey to Richmond was made upon that wagon.

Dr. Blair and Mr. Raby had about the same accommodations for travel until they made their escape in Montgomery county, Maryland, just before crossing the Potomac.

The prisoners, who remained in Chambersburg all night, had several good opportunities for escape. Several of Mr. Rice's friends tried to persuade him to get away, but he refused to do it, thinking that his companions might suffer all the more for it. Mr. Shafer says he could easily have gotten away, but for the same reason he resolved to stay with the others, so that when they called in the morning for "the man with the big beard," as they named him, he soon made his appearance.

Leaving Chambersburg on Saturday morning they arrived in Leesburg on the next Sunday week, and on the next day—Monday—they were shut up within the walls of Libby. Messrs. Rupley and Winger remained there as prisoners until the first of December following, when they were released on parole, reaching Washington on their way home, December 4th.

Mr. Rice died in prison some time in January, 1863, and Messrs. Grove, Shaffer and Conner were not exchanged until the following March.

On the 24th news was received that two members of Company C had been killed and four wounded. Those killed were W. W. Brinkley and Dallas E. Mowen. The wounded were J. Huston Work, who died several years ago from the effect of his wounds; Levi Fritz, J. Brewer Cushwa and W. Hays McClelland.

About the 1st of December Messrs. Rupley and Winger, together with four other prisoners, were released from Libby through the efforts of Hon. Edward McPherson and others. They were at first released on parole, and afterwards an exchange was effected.

The Ladies' Aid Society had sent off up to the middle of January, 1863, eighteen boxes valued at \$400. This, of course, would not be counting the thousand and one little delicacies and articles of comfort that were sent whenever opportunity offered.

The funeral of William Walt, aged nineteen, who died in camp of typhoid fever, was held on the 8th of March. Several weeks afterwards the body of Adam McClelland reached home and was buried on the 18th of March.

Rumors had reached home of the sickness and probable death of Mr. Rice, in prison at Richmond, but nothing definite could be learned about him until, on March 21st, intelligence was received that he had died on the 28th of February. On March 27th David Scully returned home from the army, completely broken down and no longer able to undergo the hardships of army life.

The members of Company C who were wounded at Chancellorsville are as follows: Thomas D. Metcalfe, David L. Coyle, wounded slightly, Bruce Bryson, George Cole, James McConnell, William McDowell, W. E. McKinstry, slightly, James O. Parker, Joseph Ripple, William M. Starliper, John L. Zimmerman. Nicholas C. Trout was killed and David F. McDonald taken prisoner. J. A. McColloch died of fever while the regiment was yet in camp, March 31st. Major Brownson arrived home on the evening of the 15th and reported that Company C was in Harrisburg and in high spirits at the expectation of getting home in a few days. All through the week friends were providing and anxiously looking for the return of the soldiers, but they did not arrive until Saturday evening, May 23d.

Great excitement prevailed in the evening when it became known for certain that the Company would arrive. An immense concourse of people assembled in the Square to receive them. After the Company had marched in with flying colors to the music of the drum, the meeting was organized and exercises of a touching nature were held in the street. The choirs of the different churches met together on Colonel Murphey's Hotel veranda and sang two beautiful selections—an introductory and a closing piece. Rev. Buckley, of the Methodist church, offered up a prayer, and then came the address of welcome by Rev. Thomas Creigh. The exercises were solemn and impressive, but it was a joyous occasion, and there was not that element of sadness present that characterized the farewell meeting which took place on the same spot a little over nine months before.

Of this Company, numbering over a hundred men, only four died of disease in camp, three were killed in battle, two at Fredericksburg and one at Chancellorsville. Quite a number were wounded, though only two or three seriously.

On Friday, June 19th, for the second time during the war, the rebels made a raid through our town and neighborhood. This expedition was under the immediate command of Colonel Jenkins, of Mosby's cavalry and numbered about 250 men. About 1 o'clock in the morning they passed through, not doing any damage to us as a town. They proceeded through the Gap to McConnellsburg and



part the way down the Cove. This was the first visit of the Confederates to McConnellsburg. They came back over the Hunter road and passed through Mercersburg about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On their return quite a number of horses were taken from farmers near town. Six were taken from David Weiler and the same number from Mr. McCullough.

Next morning the excitement, which had become already very high, was greatly increased by the arrival of 100 Union soldiers who were on the hunt for the Jenkins party. They passed through town hastily, but, as usual, were too late, as Jenkins and his men had taken the Claylick road to Williamsport and were, no doubt, by this time, safe in Rebeldom with their booty.

On Sunday, June 21st, services in the churches could not be held owing to the excitement created by a rumor that the rebels were coming. Early this morning the mail was brought in from Greencastle—the first time for over a week.

On Tuesday a rebel force of sixteen men passed boldly through our streets and out into the country where they succeeded in gathering up another lot of horses and cattle. This was the party that took John McClelland prisoner that day.

On Wednesday, June 24th, five regiments of rebel infantry passed through town. The men marched in good order without molesting anyone, and camped out of town, west of the tollgate. It was estimated there were in all about 2,000 men, with six pieces of artillery. This was a part of General Ewell's command. In the evening about 150 of Imboden's cavalry passed through, and about dusk all were reported to be wending their way through Cove Gap. On Thursday, the 25th, guerilla parties and small detachments of regulars were in and out of town and through the country all day long, gathering up horses, cattle and sheep. R. P. McFarland was stripped of a fine flock of sheep, 150 in number.

John Divelbiss tells us that he at different times saw Main street completely filled with horses ready to start in a moment's notice and at one place in the upper end of Path Valley he saw as many as ten thousand horses being harbored there together until it would be safe to return them to their homes.

All night long of Thursday, June 25, 1863, rain poured down in torrents, and Friday morning dawned upon a very gloomy looking little town whose people, disheartened and dejected, could hear no tidings from their own army, nor see anything in the movements of the invaders that might be construed into a hope of speedy deliverance from the fear of their enemies.

The Confederate cavalry were still encamped in Ritchev's woods north of town. From that place as a basis of operations they were constantly making excursions through the country. These horsemen, wrapped in large gum coats, splashed with mud and dripping wet, kept the community in a high state of excitement all day long, as they passed and repassed through Main street.

Well, here comes an officer and a squad of men riding up Main street! The men acting as body guard take up the whole street from one pavement to the other. The officer rides ahead and is making proclamation of something. Our citizens appear at their front doors and listen for some dread announcement. What does the officer say: "We intend to search every house in this town for contrabands and fire arms and wherever we discover either we will set fire to the house in which they may be found."

Something more was added to this proclamation no more welcome to the ears of our citizens than the part we have given. It was certainly a startling announcement, and struck terror to the heart of more than one man who was at the time a party to the concealment of fugitive slaves. We do know that there were eleven runaway negroes in the second story of George Wolfe's washhouse during part of that week, and that others were in hiding about town.

On Saturday, the 27th, the guerillas who were encamped in the woods north of town, took their departure through towards Greencastle, taking with them about a dozen colored persons, mostly contraband, women and children; a large flock of sheep and cattle, a number of wagons loaded with plunder, and the usual drove of horses.

We turn back now to Wednesday, June 24th, the day that the first rebel infantry passed through our town. There were, as we have said, about 2,500 men, a part of General Ewell's command, under General "Infantry" Stuart, as he was called to distinguish him from General "Jeb" Stuart, the cavalry leader. They had six pieces of artillery and several hundred cavalrymen with them. When they appeared upon the pike at Bradley's Hill, George Mowery, who then lived some distance in from the tollgate, where Van T. Bradley now resides, saw them coming and started immediately for town and gave

the word. Atchison Ritchey, Esq., went at once to Constable Wolfe and asked him to carry a map of Franklin county to the Gap for the use of a Company of one hundred Union cavalry stationed there. Mr. Wolfe mounted his horse and started out with the map. In due time he delivered the map together with what news he possessed in regard to the approach of the enemy. This news was too much for the brave defenders, who without consulting the map at all, vaulted into their saddles and galloped over the mountain and no one knows to this day exactly where they drew rein.

Mr. Wolfe had not gone far on his way home when he met John Holman going towards the mountain on foot. He had some days before made an arrangement with Mr. Wolfe for the use of a horse to make a trip into Bedford county.

"Now, Holman," said Wolfe, "you may have this horse. Take him far enough away and use him well." The offer was readily accepted, and Mr. Wolfe wended his way toward home on foot. It was a happy arrangement for both parties, the one having a convenient way to travel, and the other putting his horse out of reach of the rebels.

Several rebels in search of horses were making a little expedition into the "Corner," and when they came near to the Rhodes' farm, a workman there saw them, and with all possible haste ran to the woods where Jacob Rhodes was at the time engaged in hauling wood. He had with him a fine pair of horses of which he was very proud. Being told there were several supposed rebels in the vicinity he unhitched the team at once and rode through the woods towards the mountain. But at a small open place in the woods he came abruptly upon the men who were looking for good horses. They of course demanded the horses, at once taking the one he was leading and ordering him to dismount from the other. He demurred very strongly against this hasty procedure and being probably somewhat confused at the sudden meeting, said, "I can't spare this horse as I am a member of the Home M—."

"Oh, if that's the case, then we'll take you too," said his captor, and in spite of all his pleadings and entreaties, they compelled him to go with them, much to his dismay and indignation. He was kept near Bridgeport for about two days when they permitted him to return home.

He joined the army in the fall of 1863, and was afterwards taken prisoner at Cold Harbor, and is supposed to have died in Andersonville prison. Henry C. Hornbaker, who spent almost two years in Andersonville himself, says that he left Mr. Rhodes there in a dying condition.

William Pittman tells us that a brother of Jacob Rhodes was also captured by a party of rebels near his father's farm. They put him on an army mule, with a rope halter as his only guide. He did not grow despondent, as most men in like position would, but on the contrary became unusually cheerful and cut up some queer antics, such as jumping off and on the old mule, riding backwards and performing many other little feats after the best style of a circus clown. All this greatly amused the guerrillas for a while, but at length they became tired of it and after pronouncing him an idiot, allowed him to go free.

On Friday, June 26th, as the different squads passed and repassed through the streets, several of our colored men were observed to be in their custody—two of these were John Filkill and Findlay Cuff. They were taken along with a number of others, having before them the cheerless prospect of being sold as slaves in the far South. Some of these unfortunates were brought back, or found their way home again after six months or a year. Others were never returned or heard of afterward. Samuel Brooks, one of the unfortunate captives, was sought for diligently by his father, Arnold Brooks, and was recognized some time afterward on the streets of Baltimore by one of our citizens, and returned to his home. He used to entertain his friends for hours at a time with the wonderful stories of his experience with the Confederate Army; how he 'tended to this General and waited on Colonel so-and-so; how the Captain drew out his pistol and threatened to kill him deader'n a door nail; and many other little hairbreadth escapes which were depicted in the most glowing colors before many an eager and attentive audience gathered around some cellar door on the sunny side of Main street. Then, with some little persuasion on the part of his listeners, he would usually cap the climax by relating the story of his love affair, which is supposed to have transpired while he was in captivity. The object of his adoration varied slightly in description at different times, but she was a beautiful girl from the far South and lived on an old plantation. Then followed a glowing description of her eyes, hair and form, which lasted usually from ten to fifteen minutes. The tale seemed to set forth the fact very clearly that she had fallen deeply in love with him, and that he merely permitted it but finally grew to reciprocate the tender passion. After a short season of unalloyed happiness, the two were separated and saw each other no more forever.

Poor Sam! Quietly and slowly he sawed and chopped his way through this world, and passed away from earth. Kind friends cared for and laid him to rest, for he had no living relations. Students of Mercersburg College will long remember the many little acts of kindness he performed for them, and the hours of amusement he afforded at the college building with his laughable imitations and mimicry of the different members of the faculty. He was slow to move and improvident, but harmless and free from bad habits, and above all had a kind heart. Perhaps he was not as fully endowed with reason as the average man, and if so, it called only for pity and no one now will say him harm.

Sunday, June 28th, was comparatively a quiet day in our community. The churches were open, but religious services claimed the attention of very few people. Only one squad of the enemy appeared during the day to interrupt the peace and quiet of the Sabbath. This was sometime during the afternoon. A reconnoitering party passed through town without creating much disturbance.

On Monday another party of rebels passed through from the "Corner," having in their possession thirty-nine stolen horses. This day also brought forth the usual number of fresh rumors in regard to the movements of the Union army, and they were attended with no more certainty and just as much contradiction as those received the previous week.

Tuesday, June 30th, was perhaps the most exciting day yet experienced under Jeff Davis rule. There was perhaps not one citizen who did not pass through some experience of an interesting character at the hands of Imboden's men that day. General Imboden encamped along the pike near the Gap. Early on Tuesday morning he and his staff rode into town and made the following requisition of the inhabitants:

Five thousand pounds of bacon, twenty barrels of flour, two barrels molasses, two barrels sugar, two sacks of salt and one hundred and fifty pairs of shoes. At the time this requisition was made the force had moved down from the Gap and were encamped above the tollgate in Ritchey's woods.

Some feeble protests were made by citizens against this demand, but the General said that if they failed to furnish the necessary provisions, he would march his men into town and occupy the lower parts of houses. There was no alternative. citizens were powerless to resist it, and the order had to be complied with by 11:20 that morning. The town was divided into four sections and a committee, consisting of one rebel and two citizens, was consigned to each district. The result of the first canvass was as follows: One thousand pounds of bacon, fifteen barrels of flour, two barrels of molasses, two barrels of sugar, two sacks of salt and thirty pairs of shoes. This was not at all satisfactory and another demand was made. The committee set to work again, this time making a much closer search.

Fortunately for the town, about the time the committees were making their most desperate efforts to comply with General Imboden's demand, a man riding upon a mule made his appearance at the southern end of town. He came from the direction of Greencastle, and the condition of his poor jaded beast very plainly indicated that he had been making fast time. He came through town on a dead run and halted not until he reached Imboden's camp. He proved to be the bearer of a dispatch from the headquarters of General Lee's army.

Immediately there was a commotion in camp, and orders to march were at once given. Any one who is in the least familiar with the events that transpired during the next three days near Gettysburg, can imagine the importance of this hasty departure.

Their departure was so sudden that they left a large amount of provisions out on the street, just where our citizens had placed them. They passed through town and followed the pike to Greencastle. The force consisted of nearly 600 cavalry, 6 pieces of cannon, about 400 infantry and over 50 baggage wagons. These wagons, loaded up with provisions, together with a drove of stolen horses made quite a procession.

While the division of the Confederate General Heth and the Union cavalry under General Buford were opening the first day's battle of Gettysburg in a terrific engagement on Seminary Ridge, morning of July 1st, our old town was again honored by a company of marauders—this time under the leadership of the celebrated Captain McNeill. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon they appeared, and although their stay was brief yet, in the words of one who witnessed it, "it was the most terrific of any we have had." They took off goods from Messrs. Fitzgerald, McKinstry and Shannon.

Our merchants of course had the most of their goods shipped away or concealed at different points along the mountain. Many valuable goods were saved in this way, but upon this occasion, it seems, a young man who had lived in our neighborhood for some time, joined McNeill's party and

acted as guide while they were in the vicinity and was still with them when they left. This young traitor knew where the goods of Messrs. Shirtz, McKinstry and Fitzgerald were concealed and lost no time in imparting that important information to his new made friends. He first directed them to a place near the mountain, where they found some of the booty, and then informed them that McKinstry's and Fitzgerald's goods were in the little Cove. Some of them were at the farm of John Fritz, a retired spot to the right of the road at the entrance to the Cove, and others were concealed at a place further down the Cove. A party of five, including the guide, made the expedition into the mountain, found the goods and succeeded in getting away with them.

On Friday, July 3d, Mr. Wolfe, in company with Mr. Fitzgerald, started in the direction of Hagerstown. Wolfe was on his own horse and Fitzgerald was walking, expecting to get a horse a few miles out, at Witherspoon's mill. As they passed up the street a group of persons was noticed at the 'Squire's office. Judge Carson and others were examining two Union soldiers who had come into town from the direction of Maryland. These scouts reported among other things, that General Hooker was sick and McClellan had taken command of the Union army on Tuesday morning, June 30th. Some supposed these men to be deserters from the Union army, while others held to the opinion that they were rebel spies. However, it is generally agreed now that they were members of Milroy's unfortunate command, which had not long before been completely routed at Winchester by the rebels and scattered through this and Fulton counties. At any rate they were Union men, as they most effectually proved to our community not more than an hour after their examination was over. Messrs. Wolfe and Fitzgerald proceeded slowly out the pike and before they reached the farm of C. A. Eberly, near the tollgate, three horsemen appeared in sight upon Bradley's hill. This caused our party to halt, and Mr. Wolfe, after looking for some time, said he believed them to be rebels. Not being certain, however, he told Mr. Fitzgerald to walk ahead and if they proved to be rebels, to signal. The day being quite warm Fitzgerald had taken his coat off and carried it upon his arm. The signal agreed upon was that if they were rebels he was to change his coat from one arm to the other. Mr. Wolfe dismounted and pretended to be very busy fixing at the saddle girth and bridle, all the while intently watching for the signal. In addition to his own traps Wolfe carried the saddle which his companion expected to use. At last the signal came. Quick as thought Mr. Wolfe jumped into his saddle and turned towards town. His pursuers dashed in after him at break-neck speed. Mr. Wolfe had somewhat the start of them, and although they cried halt and fired at him, he put the extra saddle up to protect his back, and went ahead. His pursuers halted at the foot of the hill near Nelson Wilson's house, and there they got into a quarrel about what they should do. One of them, it seems, wanted to come into town, but the others did not.

Meanwhile Mr. Wolfe rode down town and tried to get others to help him capture these rebels, but not succeeding in this, he rode up to the head of town to see what had become of them. They fired upon him again, and this time raced him clear down to the Diamond, where they lost track of him.

Milroy's men, who had been in a restaurant at the time, were informed of what was going on, and had posted themselves behind trees on West Seminary street, near the Mansion House kitchen. The instant that the rebels appeared in the Diamond the Union men fired upon them from behind the trees, killing Private Alban instantly. The shot passed through his left breast and through his body, striking and killing the horse of Lieut. William Cane, which fell heavily upon its rider, injuring him considerably. The third rebel wheeled and rode hastily up street, followed by the horse of the man who had been killed. Those who saw the affair say that after the shot was fired Alban never moved, and no one knew that he had been shot until his horse walked slowly over to the corner at Fallon's hardware store. When the horse stopped at a tree box, the rider fell off, and then for the first time was it known that he had been shot. Dr. Negly went to him and endeavored in every way to make him speak, but he never uttered a word and must have died almost instantly.

These men were members of the Twelfth Virginia cavalry, Captain Shaver's Company. The name of the one who was killed was Alban, a private. Lieut. William Cane was the one who was captured, after having his horse shot under him, and the third, who made his escape, was Schaeffer, a Marylander.

The dead soldier was buried in short order in the lot owned by the Turnpike Company, where there was then a brick kiln directly west of the new public school building. Next day, however, July

4th, the body was taken up, put in a coffin and buried in the old Presbyterian graveyard along the east fence.

The rebel who made his escape after his comrade had been shot, rode rapidly up Main street, followed closely by the loose horse from which the dead man had just fallen. It is said that as the fleeing horseman passed up street Mr. James Bennett, a veteran of the War of 1812, fired at him with his rifle. The general opinion seems to be that the old man missed his mark, though the *Journal* of January, 1864, tells us that "the third wheeled and galloped up the street when James Bennett, private in the War of 1812, and a man of 88 years, seeing him, stepped out and fired with his trusty rifle. But the rebel passed on. The rifle snapped, but putting on another cap he fired again. He did not kill him, though blood could be traced for two miles."

Lieutenant Cane, partly stunned by having his horse fall upon him, raised himself up and staggered over on to the cellar door at Fallon's corner, then ran down street and into the alley. Lieutenant Bohn, a Union soldier who was at this time home on a furlough, ran down Fayette street and up the alley and captured Cane at Judge Carson's ice house. Other persons had followed him down street, so that when he came to the ice house, he was completely surrounded and had to surrender. It is said that Milroy's men, one of whom had fired the fatal shot, suddenly disappeared directly after the shooting, and no one knew what had become of them. Likely they were considerably frightened at the turn things had taken, not knowing what force the rebels might have near at hand. But they did not molest our town further upon this occasion. They were too busily engaged elsewhere, for Lee had already commenced the famous retreat from Pennsylvania after his disastrous defeat at Gettysburg.

Many accounts of the retreat of the great wagon train from Gettysburg have been written, one of the most interesting being that of General Imboden, who, with his cavalry, had charge of the train until it crossed the river at Williamsport.

Mercersburg, though off the route of the great procession, experienced a full share of the excitement and suffering incident to that memorable flight.

The following account of the dash upon and capture of a part of this train was given by Lieutenant Irvin to Dr. J. Spangler Kieffer, who was an intimate friend and schoolmate of his. This account was obtained for Mr. Hoke by Rev. C. Cort.

"A cavalry force of about two hundred men, under command of Captain Jones of the First New York Cavalry, hearing on Sunday, July 5th, of the great wagon train on its way from Gettysburg to Virginia, advanced upon it by way of Mercersburg and intercepted it at Cearfoss Crossroads, nearly midway between Greencastle and Williamsport, Md. After a sharp skirmish with the guards, who were scattered somewhat thinly along the line, the wagons were turned into the road leading to Mercersburg. The train was cut out from Hayde's down to the farm formerly owned by David Zellars. The wagons cut off south of the crossroads were turned around in the barnyard of Mr. Zellars and hastily driven back to follow the other part of the captured train to Mercersburg. Great gallantry was displayed by Captain Jones and his brave men in this affair, as well as all other affairs he had with the rebels. One of his troopers rode as far as the Broad Fording road, but finding himself unsupported he was obliged to make his escape by turning off at that point. In this gallant affair about one hundred wagons—as many as this small body of cavalry could handle—with about 600 or 700 wounded Confederates who were in the wagons were captured. The head of this train began to pass through Mercersburg about dusk and continued passing until late at night. It was hurried on through town towards the Gap for fear of an effort to recapture it. At or near the Gap the head of the train met a large detachment of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, under Colonel Pierce. Upon believing themselves strong enough to protect themselves from capture, they returned to Mercersburg, where the wounded were taken from the wagons and placed in the Seminary and other buildings. In addition to over one hundred wagons and 600 or 700 prisoners captured there was one cannon."

New York Times, July 7th, has this despatch: "Col. Pierce made report to-day concerning the raid on the wagon train. Two hundred men under Capt. Jones of 1st N. Y. Cav., and Penn., 12th under Lieut. Irvin captured the following: 100 wagons, 400 mules, 3 rifled 12-pounders, 100 horses and 648 prisoners. Sharp fighting and loss very light."

The Seminary building was turned into a hospital for the time being and was soon filled with wounded men. The Sunday school room of the Reformed church was also filled with wounded, and a number were placed upon the porch in front of the church. In the same way the basement of the

Methodist church was occupied. Several other smaller buildings throughout the town were made use of to afford as much comfort as possible to these unfortunates.

On Monday morning, July 6th, all the wagons, infantry and those prisoners who were able to travel left for McConnellsburg. The field lying between the Seminary Lane and Fayette street, and extending from the Reformed church to the pike, presented a lively appearance. The field was literally filled with horses, mules, wagons, and all kinds of army baggage. The captured cannon had been mounted upon the culvert which crosses Seminary street in front of James O. McCune's house, and stood there as a battery commanding the whole field.

On Monday, July 20th, a force of 1,300 infantry and six pieces of artillery arrived, commanded by Colonel Frick, from Schuylkill county. On Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock they left for Chambersburg.

On Monday, July 27th, the Company from Delaware left Mercersburg, late in the afternoon, for Loudon; and on the same day a Company from Tioga county took its place.

Thursday, August 6th, was observed by our people as a Thanksgiving day in view of the successes at Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Gettysburg and other places. Services were held in the Reformed church. All the ministers took part, Dr. Wolfe preaching the sermon. A cavalry company came to town on Tuesday, September 8th, and encamped in Ritchey's woods, west of the tollgate.

A stray copy of the *Journal*, Friday, September 18, 1863, gives several local items: "The time for the arrival of the mails is now 8 o'clock. Letters and papers are received direct from the cities, *i. e.*, on the same day they are mailed." * "The cavalry company which arrived in our midst last week is encamped in Ritchey's woods near town. The company belongs to the 22d Regiment six-months' Pa. Vol., and was principally recruited in Huntingdon County, Pa." * "The Theological Seminary. The exercises of this institution opened formally at 11 o'clock, on Tuesday, September 15th. The prospects for the usual number of students in attendance are good. By the late suspension of exercises, the affairs of the Institution have slightly been disarranged. In a short time all will move along as heretofore. The building has been thoroughly cleansed—no traces of its having been used as a hospital remaining."

The ladies of Mercersburg gave a dinner on Thanksgiving day for the benefit of wounded soldiers. An oyster supper was given in the evening. Business was suspended and the dinner and supper were given in the old preparatory building. Over \$200 were realized.

The money thus raised was forwarded at once to the United States Christian Commission, Philadelphia, by Mrs. Ellen J. McNaughton.

We pass over the winter of 1864 with the mention of but one or two facts.

A number of young men enlisted in the army from this vicinity about the 22d of January. About the last of January there were rumors that another raid would take place soon. May 27th news reached us that James Starliper and William Pittman had been wounded, and Charles Keyser killed, at one of the late engagements in Virginia—the battle of Cold Harbor. Mr. William Pittman had one limb amputated by the surgeons at the hospital in Alexandria. Under the above date the Ladies' Society received acknowledgment from the United States Christian Commission, for the sum of \$650.

On Friday, June 10th, the ladies held a festival in behalf of the United States Christian Commission. As a result of this and other efforts made at the same time, the sum of \$1,000 was raised.

On the 25th there was another cry of rebels coming, and on the 27th they were reported to be on this side of the river, but many persons had begun to doubt these rumors and were acting accordingly. In the *Annals of the War*, Gen. John McCausland himself says: "At Clearspring we left the National road and turned north on the Mercersburg road. We reached Mercersburg about dark, and stopped to feed our horses and to give time for the stragglers to come up. After this stop the march was continued all night notwithstanding the opposition made at every available point by a regiment of Federal cavalry." Near the corner where the Presbyterian parsonage now stands, the Battle of Mercersburg was opened. On the Confederate side there were 2,800 men under Generals McCausland and Johnston.

The Union force was composed of twenty-two men of the Sixth United States Regular cavalry, under Lieut. H. T. McLean. The battle lasted probably an hour.

The small company of twenty-two men under Lieutenant McLean, had come up from Carlisle barracks and was doing a little independent scouting along the border of our county, at the same time keeping General Couch, whose headquarters were at Chambersburg, well informed as to the move-

ments of the enemy. On Friday, July 29th, Lieutenant McLean was kept well posted by his scouts of McCausland's approach, and by the time the enemy's front had reached the Barnethisel farm, about a mile from town, had collected his men at a point on the Corner road where the lime kilns now stand. There the first resistance was made by our force.

As the cavalry of the enemy approached from the direction of the "Corner," our men emerged from the vacant lot at the roadside and fired the first volley and then hastily withdrew from the road. The surprise of the rebels was complete and they quickly wheeled and galloped back some distance. Soon another charge was made and again our men dashed out from their stronghold and repulsed the Johnnies. This was repeated time and again with rapid firing on both sides, until a larger force of the enemy came up, when having decided probably that the resistance could not be very great, they made ready for a final charge. This time McLean and his men appeared as usual and after sending a hot volley of bullets into the front rank of the advancing foe, wheeled, and instead of falling to the side as before, galloped rapidly into town with the "rebs" in close pursuit. Before turning the corner at the Presbyterian church they wheeled and fired again. Then at the Diamond they made another stand. One more compliment was sent back at the bridge and still another at the Loudon road, into which they turned and rode away, hotly pursued by the rebel cavalrymen, who by this time had doubtless discovered that it was not so much the quantity as the quality of these men that they had to contend with.

From that point all along the road to Chambersburg, the Sixth Regulars *did* harass McCausland that night at almost every *available point*, every now and then sending off a courier to General Couch at Chambersburg.

Dr. Creigh, in noting down an account of the fight through town, says: "They reach the Diamond. Our few men receive them with a fire and retreat coolly down the street, the rebels after them and bullets flying. One struck near our house. They commenced passing through town about 5 o'clock, p. m., and continued until 8. They had from four to six pieces of cannon. They broke into the stores and did all the damage they could, although most of our merchants had removed most of their best goods. They encamped on the Campbellstown road, from Ritchey's woods to William Hoke's. They entered many private dwellings and destroyed and stole much property. The heaviest losers among our merchants were Grove and Coyle, Dr. Smith, druggist, and Major North, tanner. They took watches out of the pockets (A Ritchey) and searched persons for money (John Rhodes). As far as we could learn they left between 11 and 12 p. m., on the Campbellstown road."

It is said that McLean's men wounded about sixteen of the rebels in this fight, five or six of whom the surgeons declared would die. It was also said at the time that the rebels had buried one of their number in a field near the forks of the Loudon road. As General McCausland says, they stopped to "feed their horses and to give time for the stragglers to come up," but it must have been nearly midnight before they got fully under way for Chambersburg.

The greater part of the force camped north of town, but the whole length of Main street was the scene of great stir and confusion. Horses were standing all along at the edge of the pavement, munching hay or perhaps something more substantial, while their masters lounged about eating their evening meal or smoking the pipe of war and making themselves comfortable generally. Other soldiers were more actively engaged in breaking open stores and helping themselves.

For instance, while J. N. Brewer was standing quietly in front of his present residence, a high private rode up to the curb and proposed an exchange of boots. Mr. Brewer's reply to this was to the effect that such things were not at all customary in this country and furthermore the boots he was wearing were good ones and that he had no others. Then followed quite an angry flow of words from the horseman, ending with the intimation that Mr. Brewer would either have to surrender his boots or his life. Seeing that the man was drunk, Mr. Brewer decided to have no more words with him but, while the fellow was still making some very murderous threats, slowly edged his way towards the little alleyway at the side of his house. Just as the rebel raised his carbine in a threatening manner, Mr. Brewer stepped into the little passage and ran to the backyard. The drunken soldier peered in after him for some little time but finally concluded that it would not be safe to enter, and then rode away.

Lieutenant McLean's running fight with the Confederates was one of the most exciting episodes in the history of our town and deserves to be put upon record more fully than we have done. It seems almost ridiculous to suppose that this little band could offer any material resistance to a force of 2,800 trained and experienced soldiers, yet it should be remembered that our men, too, were not *militia* or

emergency men, but veteran cavalrymen of the regular army, well equipped and mounted upon trained cavalry horses from the government barracks at Carlisle. Considering the whole line of battle, extending from Mercersburg to near Chambersburg, McLean successfully opposed McCausland's passage and delayed him two or three hours. It was spoken of as "a sharp battle," and a citizen of our town, being in Virginia some time afterwards, heard it mentioned as "The Battle of Mercersburg."

And so ended the third and last Confederate raid into our community. Instead of waging aggressive warfare, the rebels from this time until the end were engaged in a desperate defense of their capital city, and the sad story of the Wilderness will tell the reader how stubbornly each foot of old Virginia soil was contested.

Less than nine months after McCausland's raid through Mercersburg, the Southern Confederacy found itself in a position that may well be described by a saying attributed to President Lincoln in speaking to Grant: "You intend to hold the animal by the feet while Sherman takes the skin off." In other words, Lee's army, the mainstay of the whole rebellion, had yielded and the war was at an end. The raids over our border, which had their beginning with Stuart in October, 1862, and culminated in the general invasion of Lee in June and July of the following summer, ended with McCausland and the burning of Chambersburg, in July, 1864.

But even after McCausland, peace was not yet, for far into the winter reports and rumors of coming rebels were circulated far and wide, and magnified by the usual well known methods of exaggeration, so that the scenes of the summer before—the preparations for flight, the hasty departure of farmers with live stock and the shipping away or concealing of property, were repeated time and again.

Thus in mid-August Dr. Creigh sends a large box of manuscript and valuable papers to Rev. West in Path Valley to be taken care of "during these trying times through which we are now passing."

Many of our citizens visited Chambersburg during the summer to view the town as it lay in ruins. On August the 26th, the grand procession of horses began to move northward through town in consequence of a scare originating somewhere near the Maryland line. In a day or two it was all over and they were headed the other way.

On the morning of September 24th, two regiments of United States troops passed through town on their way to the front. The two regiments numbered 1,700 men, and had with them twelve pieces of cannon. They were newly equipped and presented a fine appearance on the march.

A few words about the last days of the rebellion. In the diary of Rev. H. Harbaugh we find the following entry:

"April 10, 1865."

"Eleven o'clock a. m. The dispatch was brought to my study giving notice of the surrender of Lee and that Sherman had again whipped Johnston. The bells were rung an hour from 12:30, on. The flag was raised on the Seminary and the students sang the "Star Spangled Banner" on the cupola."

This is one incident, and probably the only one during the war, which the writer can speak of from his own personal recollection. He was there and remembers well how the students took turns at the old bell rope and rang until they were all tired out.

Many long years have passed away, yet the Grand Army of the Republic is still with us, and the veterans gather around the campfire to rehearse their battles and to recount the trials and hardships of their former campaigns. But their mission now leads them in the walks of peace, and they have taken upon themselves the sacred duty of caring for the soldier's widow and the soldier's orphan—of smoothing the pathway for the trembling step of a comrade who has but little further to march, and laying tenderly to rest him who has ceased from battle forever.

And what if it should come to pass, as we are taught to appreciate more and more the heroism and sacrifices of these men, that a simple yet durable shaft would be erected in the center of our beautiful cemetery, inscribed by our people to the memory of the Union soldiers who died fighting for the abolition of slavery and the suppression of rebellion?

LINN HARBAUGH

The Gettysburg Week

By Philip Schaff, D. D.

By Permission of David Schley Schaff, D. D.

GHE following reminiscences are taken from a special journal kept by Dr. Schaff during several weeks in July, 1863, and are given in the exact form in which he wrote them. Dr. Schaff was at that time a professor in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, a town of twelve hundred inhabitants, in Southern Pennsylvania and within a few miles of the Maryland line.

It witnessed several Confederate raids and Lee's invasion. The battlefields of Antietam and Gettysburg are forty miles away. Dr. Schaff was prominently identified with the Union cause, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by the Confederates for the public speeches he had made in its support.—D. S. S.

Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, June 26, 1863.—This is the third time within less than a year that the horrible Civil war, now raging through this great and beautiful country, has been brought to our very doors and firesides. First, during the Rebel invasion of Maryland, in September, 1862, when forty thousand Rebel troops occupied Hagerstown, Maryland (eighteen miles away), and sent their pickets to within five miles of this place, and kept us in hourly fear of their advance into Pennsylvania, until they were defeated at Antietam. In October followed the bold and sudden Rebel raid of Stuart's cavalry to Mercersburg and Chambersburg, in the rear of our immense army then lying along the upper Potomac. At that time they took about eight prominent citizens of this place prisoners to Richmond (released since, except Mr. P. A. Rice, editor of the *Mercersburg Journal*, who died in Richmond), and deprived the country of hundreds of horses. Now we have the most serious danger, an actual invasion of this whole southern region of Pennsylvania by a large portion of the Rebel army of Lee, formerly under command of the formidable Stonewall Jackson, now under that of General Ewell. The darkest hour of the American Republic and of the cause of the Union seems to be approaching. As the military authorities of the State and the United States have concluded to fortify Harrisburg and Pittsburg, and to leave Southern Pennsylvania to the tender mercies of the advancing enemy, we are now fairly, though reluctantly, in the Southern Confederacy, cut off from all newspapers and letters and other reliable information, and so isolated that there is no way of safe escape, even if horses and carriages could be had for the purpose. I will endeavor on this gloomy and rainy day to fix upon paper the principal events and impressions of the last few days.

Sunday, June 14th.—While attending the funeral of old Mrs. McClelland, near Upton, whose husband died a few weeks ago, in his eighty-seventh year—having been born in the year 1776, in the same month with the birth of the American Union—rumors reached us of the advance of the Rebels upon our force at Winchester, Va., and of the probable defeat of General Milroy.

Monday, the 15th.—On my way to my morning lecture to complete the chapter on the conversion of the Germanic races to Christianity, I heard that the advance of the Rebels had reached Hagerstown and taken possession of that town. Rumors accumulated during the day, and fugitive soldiers from Milroy's command at Winchester and at Martinsburg, most of them drunk, made it certain that our force in the valley of Virginia was sadly defeated, and that the Rebels were approaching the Potomac in strong force. On the same evening, their cavalry reached Greencastle and Chambersburg (nine and eighteen miles distant), endeavoring to capture Milroy's large baggage train, which fled before them in the greatest confusion, but reached Harrisburg in safety.

Tuesday, the 16th.—We felt it necessary to suspend the exercises of the Seminary, partly because it was impossible to study under the growing excitement of a community stricken with the panic of invasion, partly because we have no right to retain the students when their State calls them to its defense. We invited them all to enlist at the next recruiting station. For what are seminaries, colleges,

and churches if we have no country and home? We closed solemnly at noon with singing and the use of the Litany.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 16th-18th.—Passed under continued and growing excitement of conflicting rumors. Removal of goods by the merchants, of the horses by the farmers; hiding and burying of valuables, packing of books; flight of the poor contraband negroes to the mountains from fear of being captured by the Rebels and dragged to the South. Arrests of suspicious persons by some individual unknown to us, yet claiming authority as a sort of marshal. One of these persons, from Loudon county, Virginia, was shut up for a while in the smoke-house of the Seminary, under my protest. I concluded to stay with my family at the post of danger, trusting in God till these calamities be passed. There is now no way of escape, and no horses and carriages are within reach. All communication cut off.

These "rumors of war" are worse than "war" itself. I now understand better than ever before the difference of these two words as made by the Lord, Matt. xxiv. 6. The *sight* of the Rebels was an actual relief from painful anxiety.

Friday, the 19th.—Actual arrival of the Rebel cavalry, a part of General Jenkins' guerilla force, which occupied Chambersburg as the advance of the Rebel army. They were under command of Colonel Ferguson, about two hundred strong. They had passed through town the night previous on their way to McConnelsburg (nine miles away), and returned to-day after dinner with a drove of about two hundred head of cattle captured at McConnelsburg, and valued at \$11,000, and about one hundred and twenty stolen horses of the best kind, and two or three negro boys. They rode into town with pointed pistols and drawn sabres, their captain (Crawford) loudly repeating: "We hear there is to be some resistance made. We do not wish to disturb private citizens; but, if you wish a fight, you can have it to your heart's content. Come out and try." Long conversation with Colonel Ferguson. He said in substance: "I care nothing about the right of secession, but I believe in the right of revolution. You invaded our rights, and we would not be worthy the name of men if we had not the courage to defend them. A cowardly race is only fit for contempt. You call us Rebels; why do you not treat us as such? Because you dare not and cannot. You live under a despotism; in the South the *Habcas Corpus* is as sacredly guarded as ever. You had the army, the navy, superiority of numbers, means, and a government in full operation; we had to create all that with great difficulty; yet you have not been able to subdue us, and can never do it. You will have to continue the war until you either must acknowledge our Confederacy, or until nobody is left to fight. For we will never yield. Good-by, I hope when we meet again we will meet in peace." The colonel spoke with great decision, yet courteously. The Rebels remained on their horses, and then rode on with their booty towards Hagerstown. The whole town turned out on the street to see them. I felt deeply humbled and ashamed in the name of the government. The Rebels were very poorly and miscellaneous dressed, and equipped with pistols, rifles, and sabres, hard-looking and full of fight, some noble, but also some stupid and semi-savage faces. Some fell asleep on their horses. The officers are quite intelligent and courteous, but full of hatred for the Yankees.

Saturday, the 20th.—Appearance of about eighty of Milroy's cavalry, who had made their escape from Winchester in charge of the baggage-train, and returned from Harrisburg under Captain Boyd, of Philadelphia. They were received with great rejoicing by the community, took breakfast, fed their horses, and then divided into two parties in pursuit of some Rebels, but all in vain. They then went to Shippensburg, I believe, and left us without protection.

Sunday, the 21st.—Received mail for the first time during a week, in consequence of the temporary withdrawal of the Rebel advance from Chambersburg. But on Monday all changed again for the worse.

Monday and Tuesday, 22d, 23d.—Squads of Rebel cavalry stealing horses and cattle from the defenseless community. No star of hope from our army or the State government. Harrisburg in confusion. The authorities concluded to fortify Harrisburg and Pittsburgh, and to leave all Southern Pennsylvania exposed to plunder and devastation, instead of defending the line and disputing every inch of ground. No forces of any account this side of Harrisburg, and the Rebels pouring into the State with infantry and artillery. The government seems paralyzed for the moment. We fairly, though reluctantly, belong to the Southern Confederacy, and are completely isolated. The majority of the students have gradually disappeared, mostly on foot. Mr. Reily left on Saturday. Dr. Wolf (Professor in the Theological Seminary) remains, but his wife is in Lancaster.

Wednesday, the 24th.—An eventful day, never to be forgotten. As we sat down to dinner the children ran in with the report, "The Rebels are coming, the Rebels are coming!" The advance pickets had already occupied the lane and dismounted before the gate of the Seminary. In a few minutes the drum and fife announced the arrival of a whole brigade of seven regiments of infantry, most of them incomplete—one only two hundred strong—with a large force of cavalry and six pieces of artillery, nearly all with the mark "U. S." and wagons captured from Milroy and in other engagements. Their muskets, too, were in part captured from us at the surrender of Harper's Ferry in October last, and had the mark of "Springfield." The brigade was commanded by General Stewart, of Baltimore, a graduate of West Point (not to be confounded with the famous cavalry Stuart, who made the raid to Mercersburg and Chambersburg last October). The major of the brigade, Mr. Goldsborough, from Baltimore, acts as marshal and rode up to the Seminary. He is distantly related to my wife. I had some conversation with him, as with many other officers and privates. This brigade belongs to the late Stonewall Jackson's, now to Ewell's command, and has been in fifteen battles, as they say. They are evidently among the best troops of the South, and flushed with victory. They made a most motley appearance, roughly dressed, yet better than during their Maryland campaign last fall; all provided with shoes, and to a great extent with fresh and splendid horses, and with United States equipments. Uncle Sam has to supply both armies. They seem to be accustomed to every hardship and in excellent fighting condition. The whole force was estimated at from three thousand to five thousand men. General Stewart and staff called a few of the remaining leading citizens together and had a proclamation of Lee read, dated June 21st, to the effect that the advancing army should take supplies and pay in Confederate money, or give a receipt, but not violate private property. They demanded that all the stores be opened. Some of them were almost stripped of the remaining goods, for which payment was made in Confederate money. They emptied Mr. Fitzgerald's cellar of sugar, molasses, hams, etc., and enjoyed the candies, nuts, cigars, etc., at Mr. Shannon's. Towards evening they proceeded towards McConnelsburg, but left a strong guard in town. They hurt no person, and upon the whole we had to feel thankful that they behaved no worse.

Thursday, the 25th—Saturday, the 27th.—The town was occupied by an independent guerilla band of cavalry, who steal horses, cattle, sheep, store goods, negroes, and whatever else they can make use of, without ceremony, and in evident violation of Lee's proclamation read yesterday. They are about fifty or eighty in number, and are encamped on a farm about a mile from town. They are mostly Marylanders and Virginians, and look brave, defiant, and bold. On Thursday evening their captain, with a red and bloated face, threatened at the Mansion House (the chief hotel) to lay the town in ashes as soon as the first gun should be fired on one of his men. He had heard that there were firearms in town, and that resistance was threatened. He gave us fair warning that the least attempt to disturb them would be our ruin. We assured him that we knew nothing of such intention, that it was unjust to hold a peaceful community responsible for the unguarded remarks of a few individuals, that we were non-combatants and left the fighting to our army and the militia, which was called out, and would in due time meet them in open combat. They burned the barn of a farmer in the country who was reported to have fired a gun, and robbed his house of all valuables. On Friday this guerilla band came to town on a regular slave-hunt, which presented the worst spectacle I ever saw in this war. They proclaimed, first, that they would burn down every house which harbored a fugitive slave, and did not deliver him up within twenty minutes. And then commenced the search upon all the houses on which suspicion rested. It was a rainy afternoon. They succeeded in capturing several contrabands, among them a woman with two little children. A most pitiful sight, sufficient to settle the slavery question for every humane mind.

Saturday, the 27th.—Early in the morning the guerilla band returned from their camping-ground and, drove their booty, horses, cattle, about five hundred sheep, and two wagons full of store goods, with twenty-one negroes, through town and towards Greencastle or Hagerstown. It was a sight as sad and mournful as the slave-hunt of yesterday. They claimed all these negroes as Virginian slaves, but I was positively assured that two or three were born and raised in this neighborhood. One, Sam Brooks, split many a cord of wood for me. There were among them women and young children, sitting with sad countenances on the stolen store boxes. I asked one of the riders guarding the wagons: "Do you not feel bad and mean in such an occupation?" He boldly replied that "he felt very comfortable. They were only reclaiming their property which we had stolen and harbored." Mrs. McFarland, a Presbyterian woman, who had about three hundred sheep taken by the guerillas, said boldly to one: "So the Southern chivalry have come down to sheep-stealing. I want you to know that we

regard sheep thieves the meanest of fellows. I am too proud to ask any of them back, but if I were a man I would shoot you with a pistol." The Rebel offered her his pistol, upon which she asked him to give it to her boy, standing close by her. Among the goods stolen was the hardware of Mr. Shirts, which they found concealed in a barn about a mile from town. They allowed him to take his papers out of one box, and offered to return the goods for \$1,200 good federal money, remarking that they were worth to them \$5,000, as hardware was very scarce in Virginia. He let them have all, and took his loss very philosophically. Mr. McKinstry estimates his loss in silks and shawls and other dry-goods, which the guerillas discovered in a hiding-place in the country, at \$3,000. The worst feature is that there are men in this community who will betray their own neighbors! In the Gap (half a mile from President Buchanan's birthplace) they took from Mrs. Unger a large number of whiskey-barrels, and impressed teams to haul them off. They say they will bring \$40 per gallon in the South. I pity Mrs. Unger, but am glad the whiskey is gone; would be glad if some one had taken an axe and knocked the barrels to pieces. From a man by the name of Patterson, in the Cove, they took, it is said, \$5,000 worth of goods, and broke all his chinaware. From Mr. Johnson they took all the meat from the smoke-house. Other persons suffered more or less heavily. I expect these guerillas will not rest until they have stripped the country and taken all the contraband negroes who are still in the neighborhood, fleeing about like deer. My family is kept in constant danger, on account of poor old Eliza, our servant, and her little boy, who hide in the grain-fields during the day, and return under cover of the night to get something to eat. Her daughter Jane, with her two children, were captured and taken back to Virginia. Her pretended master, Dr. Hammel, from Martinsburg, was after her, but the guerillas would not let him have her, claiming the booty for themselves. I saw him walk after her with the party.

These guerillas are far worse than the regular army, who behaved in an orderly and decent way, considering their mission. One of the guerillas said to me, "We are independent, and come and go where and when we please." It is to the credit of our government that it does not tolerate such outlaws.

Already the scarcity of food is beginning to be felt. No fresh meat to be had; scarcely any flour or groceries; no wood. The harvest is ripe for cutting, but no one to cut it. And who is to eat it? The loss to the farmers in hay and grain which will rot on the fields is incalculable. This evening (Saturday the 27th) I hear from a drover that the Rebel army has been passing all day from Hagerstown to Chambersburg in great force. Perhaps their advance-guard is in Harrisburg by this time, for we can hear of no sufficient force this side of Harrisburg to check them. Hooker is said to be behind them in Frederick, Md.

Sunday, the 28th.—Thanks be to God we had a comparatively quiet Sunday. Dr. Creigh preached in our church. Small congregation, few country people, all on foot. In the evening a number of Rebels rode through town to remind us of their presence. We see campfires in the Gap (three miles off).

Monday, the 29th.—Imboden's brigade encamped between here and the Gap. Infantry, artillery, and cavalry. They came from Western Virginia, Cumberland, and Hancock. They clean out all the surrounding farm houses. They have discovered most of the hiding places of the horses in the mountains and secured to-day at least three hundred horses.

Tuesday, the 30th.—This morning General Imboden, with staff, rode to town and made a requisition upon this small place of five thousand pounds of bacon, thirty barrels of flour, shoes, hats, etc., to be furnished by eleven o'clock; if not complied with, his soldiers will be quartered upon the citizens. If they go on this way for a week or two we will have nothing to eat ourselves. They say as long as Yankees have something, they will have something. General Imboden, who is a large, commanding, and handsome officer, said within my hearing, "You have only a little taste of what you have done to our people in the South. Your army destroyed all the fences, burnt towns, turned poor women out of house and home, broke pianos, furniture, old family pictures, and committed every act of vandalism. I thank God that the hour has come when this war will be fought out on Pennsylvania soil." This is the general story. Every one has his tale of outrage committed by our soldiers upon their homes and friends in Virginia and elsewhere. Some of our soldiers admit it, and our own newspaper reports unfortunately confirm it. If this charge is true, I must confess we deserve punishment in the North. The raid of Montgomery in South Carolina, the destruction of Jacksonville, in Florida, of Jackson, in Mississippi, and the devastation of all Eastern Virginia, by our troops are sad facts.

A large part of the provision demanded was given. Imboden made no payment, but gave a sort of receipt which nobody will respect.

In the afternoon Imboden's brigade broke up their camp a little beyond the tollgate, and marched through town on the way to Greencastle. They numbered in all only about eleven hundred men, including three hundred cavalry, six pieces of cannon, fifty wagons, mostly marked "U. S.," and a large number of stolen horses from the neighborhood. Late in the evening another troop passed through with one hundred horses. Imboden remarked to a citizen in town, that if he had the power he would burn every town and lay waste every farm in Pennsylvania. He told Mrs. Skinner, who wanted her horses back, that his mother had been robbed of everything by Yankee soldiers, and was now begging her bread. Mrs. Skinner replied, "A much more honorable occupation than the one her son is now engaged in; you are stealing it."

Wednesday, July 1st.—We hoped to be delivered from the Rebels for awhile, but after dinner a lawless band of guerillas rode to town stealing negroes and breaking into Fitzgerald's and Shannon's stores on the Diamond, taking what they wanted and wantonly destroying a good deal. This was the boldest and most impudent highway robbery I ever saw. Such acts I should have thought impossible in America after our boast of superior civilization and Christianity in this nineteenth century. Judge Carson asked one of these guerillas whether they took free negroes, to which the ruffian replied: "Yes, and we will take you, too, if you do not shut up!" How long shall this lawless tyranny last? But God rules, and rules justly.

To-day I saw three Richmond papers, the last of June, 24th, half sheets, shabby and mean, full of information from Northern papers of the Rebel invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and full of hatred and bitterness for the North, urging their Southern army on to unmitigated plunder and merciless retaliation.

Dr. Seibert walked from Chambersburg. So did Mr. Stine. They say that terrible outrages are committed by the soldiers on private citizens. One was shot to get his money, another was stripped naked and then allowed to run. . . . Hats are stolen off the head in the street and replaced by Rebel hats. Dr. Schneck, walking to his lots, just out of Chambersburg, was asked for the time by a soldier. He pulled out his old gold watch, inherited from father and grandfather. The Rebel instantly pointed his bayonet at the Doctor's breast and said, "Your watch is mine." Another soldier, apparently coming to his relief, touched his pocket, pointing his bayonet from behind, and forced him to give up his pocket-book with \$57, all he had. This comes from Dr. Schneck himself, through Dr. Seibert. A similar case occurred this afternoon. I am told that one of these lawless guerillas seeing a watch-chain on one of Dr. Kimball's boarders, who stood on the pavement, rode up to him and tore the watch from his vest pocket.

In the evening and during the night this party drove all the remaining cows away from the neighborhood towards the Potomac.

This reminds one of the worst times of the Dark Ages (the *Faustrecht*), where might was right, and right had no might (*wo die Macht das Recht ist und das Recht keine Macht hat*).

Thursday, July 2d.—Was comparatively quiet, Miss Bertha Falk, who has been with us for four weeks, left this morning for Hagerstown with Dr. Seibert, on foot, this being the only kind of locomotion now left to this neighborhood. I accompanied them as far as Dr. Hiester's (three miles). I hope they may arrive safely in Hagerstown.

Friday, July 3d.—At eight o'clock the first united prayer-meeting in the Methodist Church, called forth by the peculiar condition of the country. Dr. Wolf presided. Dr. Creigh, Rev. Mr. Agnew, Rev. Is. Brown, Judge Carson, and myself offered short prayers. After dinner great excitement in town. Two Rebel cavalry officers were waiting on their horses at the curbstone of the Mansion House to have their canteens filled with whiskey; a shot was heard. A straggling Union soldier hiding behind a tree had taken such good aim that the bullet passed through one horse's head, and pierced the Rebel on the other horse through the heart. The poor fellow fell back, died in a few minutes, and was hastily buried in his clothes, spur, and equipments at the edge of town. His money, \$33 in Greenbacks, was handed to his companion for his wife and children. His companion was arrested, and his dead horse pulled by the living one to the edge of town, and covered with a few inches of earth. A third member of the party had halted at the head of the street, and after the shot galloped off to tell the tale, so that if the Rebels are in force in the neighborhood they may eke out revenge and burn the town.

Saturday, July 4th.—Prayer-meeting in the morning. Heavy rain all day. The gloomiest Fourth of July which this country ever saw. Perhaps the battle is now raging which may decide the fate of the Union. Or something equally important may take place.

Boan dispatched to McConnelsburg, asking Colonel Pierce for a guard to protect us against the ravages of guerillas.

Sunday, July 5th.—Morning service was interrupted by Mr. Hoke bringing a message to Rev. Mr. Brown to be announced forthwith, viz., that about two hundred of our cavalry would be here at noon from McConnelsburg, requiring rations for men and horses. They arrived, Captain Jones, of New York, commanding a New York and Pennsylvania company, a great many of them Germans, well mounted, part of Milroy's force which had made their escape from Winchester, and have spent their time since in Bloody Run and McConnelsburg. They came in consequence of the request alluded to above. Captain Jones is a fine officer. The citizens provided for them most liberally. They then proceeded on the Hagerstown road. At Cunningham's tavern, about eleven miles from here, they encountered an immense train of ambulances with wounded rebels on their retreat to Williamsport and Virginia. The train was several miles long, and attested the fact of a very bloody battle at Gettysburg. Our cavalry pitched right into the middle of the train, captured three pieces of artillery, about one hundred wagons and three buggies, with four hundred mules, one hundred horses and 747 prisoners, mostly wounded. In the evening we heard of their capture and approach. The whole town turned out to see the sight. After dark they began to arrive and pass through town. A most exciting spectacle never to be forgotten! The wounded Rebels brought the tale of the terrible battle fought around Gettysburg on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday last (July 3d). They left the battlefield on Saturday, the 4th of July, when the battle was still going on, though with less violence.

The last of the train passed through town towards the Gap after eleven o'clock at night. I then went to bed. But I was hardly undressed, when Mr. Murray and Beecher Wolf rang the bell and asked me whether the Seminary could be had for the temporary occupation of those prisoners who were too severely wounded or exhausted to be transported further that night. I gave my consent most cheerfully, subject to the approval of Dr. Wolf. I got up and assisted in unloading and accommodating the wounded prisoners. Several citizens assisted. I thought we would have to provide for a few dozen. But behold the whole train of ambulances was ordered back, and about six hundred were unloaded on the Seminary, the rest in the basement of the Methodist Church, and in Dr. King's barn. The whole night was consumed in the process.

Monday, July 6th.—The Seminary is now fairly turned into a military hospital. A novel chapter in its history, and one full of sad interest. The cavalry force and two regiments of infantry, Colonel Pierce commanding, and acting brigadier-general in the absence of Milroy, arrived for the protection of the captured prisoners, and drained the town of available provisions. The prisoners were paroled, those who could walk were marched off to McConnelsburg, together with all the ambulances, baggage wagons, horses, and mules. The rest, between two and three hundred, were left upon our shoulders. The Colonel appointed Captain McCulloch provost-marshall, who would not serve, and Dr. Elliott, acting medical director, entrusted the medical care to two Rebel surgeons, who turned out to be worthless, and skedaddled without paying any attention to their own wounded.

In the meantime charity and curiosity were busy in providing for the prisoners an abundance of food and attention, which seemed to fill them with delight and gratitude. One colonel from North Carolina remarked: "Your kindness makes it almost a luxury to be a prisoner here." This speaks well for this place, which has suffered such heavy losses during the last few weeks from Rebel guerillas, and now turns round without a murmur to nurse their sick and wounded.

But we know well enough that we could not rely upon private exertions for any length of time, and needed a proper hospital organization. Some of the leading citizens dispatched a letter to Major-General Couch, at Harrisburg, and one to Colonel Pierce, at Loudon, requesting him to make proper arrangements for the military and medical care of his own prisoners left in our midst. This letter had a desired effect.

Tuesday, July 7th.—the filth and foul odors accumulated in the Seminary within the last day and night, already almost beyond endurance. Contagious disease looms up before us. We succeed in getting the building swept, the wounds dressed, and the animal wants attended to. Acted the nurse as well as I could in distributing food all day. In the afternoon fortunately Colonel Pierce sent Lieutenant Watson and Dr. Elliott to make some arrangements and to appoint persons with proper

authority, as requested. So we hope to get the hospital properly organized by and by. It is certainly the duty of Colonel Pierce to take care of his own prisoners. But these poor fellows are providentially thrown upon us, and we must do the best we can.

I spent a good deal of time with the prisoners, privates and officers. The privates, generally speaking, look most wretched—ragged, torn, bruised, mutilated, dirty. Their dress represents every style and color, butternut cloth, half uniforms, no uniforms, full of mud from the heavy rains. Many of them are miserably ignorant and unable to read or write. They represent almost all the Southern States, including Maryland, and belong to Hill's and Longstreet's divisions. They were wounded in the Gettysburg battles and agree that they were among the bloodiest, if not the bloodiest, in the war, and that the Yankees never fought better. Some of them are intelligent, simple-hearted, trustful, confiding, susceptible of religious impressions. All seemed to be well pleased and thankful for all the kind attentions shown by men and women of the place and the surrounding country. Many admit that the South was too hasty in seceding, and lost more than she could gain. Among the officers are a Colonel Leventhorpe of the Eleventh North Carolina Infantry, an Englishman by birth, and formerly an English captain—a communicant member of the Episcopal church, very intelligent, courteous, and hopeful of Confederate success; a Lieutenant Hand, Company A, Eleventh North Carolina Infantry; Captain Archer (brother of General Archer), chief of his staff; Capt. G. A. Williams, assistant adjutant-general; Capt. C. E. Chambers, Thirteenth Alabama; Capt. J. H. Buchanon, Second Mississippi, and other officers of Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee and Mississippi, all intelligent, but unanimous in intense hostility to the North, and determined to fight to the last man. An excellent chaplain, Mr. Frierson, of Mississippi, Presbyterian. They all agree with other Rebels in declaring McClellan to be the best general on the Federal side. Detailed description of the Gettysburg fight, discussion about the national question and war. All sick of the war, but determined to fight it out. They say there never was harder fighting in the world than at Gettysburg.

Wednesday, July 8th.—Dr. Negley, appointed Medical Superintendent, and Mr. Hornbaker, appointed Provost-Marshal, concluded, with the consent of the people down town, to move all the sick of the town up to the Seminary, and to throw the whole burden and offence of this trouble upon the Seminary circle. I protested, with Dr. Wolf, against it as well as I could, but in vain. So the building is taken possession of by military force, and the students who remain will be turned out. My conscience is clear; I did my best to save the private rooms and the furniture.

Towards noon, under a heavy rain, a great many farmers from Clear Spring and St. Paul's Church, and the Maryland line, passed through this town with their horses and cattle, in flight from the retreating Rebel army, which is said to be passing towards the river and take all horses and cattle on the way, even in Maryland. Portions of them may come here. The Potomac must be impassable now in consequence of the heavy rains of the last days, and especially last night. Hope our army will be able to prevent their escape, and finish up this terrible war as far as Lee's army is concerned. If our militia now would move up from Harrisburg they could materially assist Meade in capturing the Rebel force, which must have lost at least 25,000 killed, wounded, and missing. What a sudden change in the aspect of affairs! A few days ago the enemy, so haughty, defiant, and confident, and now broken down, disappointed, foiled, and retreating! Man proposes, God disposes.

Most exaggerated reports are afloat of the capture of 25,000 Rebels and 118 pieces of cannon, which now turns out to be one of the many lies which this war is breeding in such superabundance. Lee seems to be able to retreat in order, but the height of the river at present seems to be his main difficulty.

Thursday, July 9th.—Another day of excitement. About 2,000 Union troops, Pennsylvania militia, from Mt. Union, passed through towards Clearspring. Many Rebel ambulances captured on Sunday were returned, with mules, to carry away all the wounded Rebels fit for transportation. About 150 left. Prisoners were sent to Mt. Union to be transported to Harrisburg on the Central Pennsylvania railroad. Many left with evident regret, and deeply thankful for the kind treatment they had received from this community. Fifty remained, nearly all in the Seminary.

Natural kindness, Christian charity, and curiosity combined to pay every attention to the Rebel prisoners. The Seminary continues to be the center of attraction and the resort of all sorts of people in the neighborhood. One poor fellow from Georgia suffers intensely from his wound, and is expected to die of lockjaw to-night.

A strong militia guard from Chester county was left here to watch the prisoners. They pitched

their tents in the Seminary yard, and we prevailed on them to move behind the German Reformed Church, where they are now encamped.

The news arrived to-night of the fall of Vicksburg on the 4th of July. A mortal blow to the Confederacy—the Mississippi in our hands; also more detailed accounts of the terrible three days' battle in Gettysburg, from July 1st-3d. It seems on Wednesday we were repulsed and driven out of Gettysburg to the strong position on Cemetery Hill. On Thursday both parties held their own, with a little advantage on our side. On Friday, the 3d, the Rebels were decidedly repulsed and forced to retreat, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands.

Lee is said to be in Hagerstown, and another bloody conflict is expected there. The Potomac has been unfordable for several days.

Friday, July 10th.—This morning we were treated to the luxury of a mail, the first for the last three weeks. Letters and papers kept me busy reading nearly all day. The rest was spent with the Rebel officers reading to them and conversing with them, etc. The prospects of the Union are brightening in every direction.

Saturday, July 11th.—Rev. Frierson, the Rebel chaplain, took supper with me, and had a long conversation. He studied under the late Dr. Thornwell in South Carolina, can hope for no reunion on any terms, but admits the severity of the blow in the repulse of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg. He says Lee's army was never as well clad, fed, and in as high spirits and good condition as when they invaded Pennsylvania.

Sunday, July 12th.—Dr. Wolf preached in our church a Thanksgiving sermon. I preached in the Seminary chapel in the afternoon, on prayer, to as many of the wounded soldiers as could be moved. Several of our own soldiers were in, together with citizens and students. The soldiers were quite attentive. Rev. Mr. Frierson, the Rebel chaplain, closed with a good prayer.

At night I was to preach again in the church. But I prevailed on Chaplain Colburn to preach, who returned from Clearspring with the New York and Pennsylvania militia force, which passed through here on Saturday and were relieved by General Kelley's force coming down.

Monday, July 13th.—the whole of what remains of General Milroy's force, about two or three thousand infantry and cavalry, passed through here, under command of Colonel Pierce, from Loudon towards Greencastle. They remained in town about two hours, and caused considerable stir. We are still without positive information about the army movements, but hear more or less cannonading all day. The Rebel advance are at eleven miles from here. The river is still unfordable, and it is raining again.

Tuesday, July 14th.—This evening persons from Williamsport (twenty miles off) brought the news that the Rebel army recrossed the Potomac yesterday and last night, and is once more safely on the sacred soil of Virginia, without leaving a horse or wagon behind, after effectually deceiving our army by various feint movements on Sunday and Monday. A sad disappointment for all who looked for nothing less than the complete destruction or capture of the Rebel invaders in their own trap. But our army retreated from the Peninsula and twice recrossed the Rappahannock in the face of the enemy, so that it seems to be almost an impossibility to bag a big army. Meade is reported to have followed Lee closely over the river.

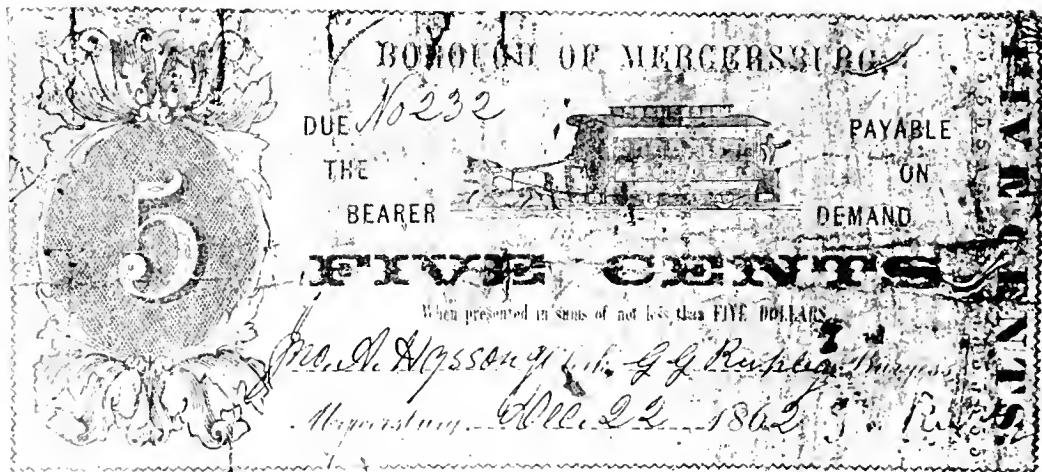
Sad news to-night of a fearful riot in New York City to resist the draft. The New York militia company, stationed here as a guard, was ordered to leave to-night to assist in quelling the rebellion at home.

The remainder of the week passed off without special excitement. The newspapers brought us the particulars of Gettysburg battles, of Lee's retreat to Virginia, of the fall of Vicksburg, also the surrender of Port Hudson, and the new attack on Charleston, Morris Island being in our hands. The rebellion seems to receive blow upon blow just after it had lifted its head most boldly and confidently.

I studied Church History. Commenced an essay on the American Sabbath, attended to the wounded. On Sunday afternoon I heard Mr. Frierson, on Affliction, in the Seminary hospice, and assisted him.

Tuesday, July 21st.—Two regiments of Pennsylvania's infantry (Colonel Frick) and six pieces of New York artillery, which were encamped near the town in the woods, left early this morning for Chambersburg on their return home.

Six ambulances were sent here to take away nearly all the officers from the Rebel prisoners, although some of them are hardly fit for removal. It was quite a sad scene. I had become attached to



FAC-SIMILE OF NOTE ISSUED BY BOROUGH OF MERCERSBURG, 1862

some of them, especially Colonel Leventhrope, a very intelligent, religious gentleman. He was very fond of reading sermons and history, and seemed quite grateful for our attentions. When his tall form, with a broken arm and pale face, supported by Chaplain Frierson, walked down the steps and into the ambulance I felt quite badly. Captains Chambers, Betts, Archer, Williams, Buchanan, etc., also left for Chambersburg. Mrs. Williams and Miss Archer, together with some physicians, had come from Baltimore to nurse their husband, brother, and friends.

(Note.—General Imboden, in his "Retreat From Gettysburg," says: "Our supply of provisions consisted of a few wagon-loads of flour in my own brigand train, a small lot of fine fat cattle which I had collected in Pennsylvania on my way to Gettysburg, and some sugar and coffee procured in the same way at Mercersburg.")

Mercersburg and Libby Prison

"Parole of Honor,

"C. S. Prison,

"Richmond, Nov. 30th, 1862.

"In consideration of my release for thirty (30) days upon this my parole of honor, for the purpose of proceeding to Washington in U. S. in order to effect an Exchange between Doctor Jackson and myself, I do solemnly swear that during the thirty (30) days I will not take up arms, against the Confederate States of America and that I will confine myself strictly to the object of my mission, and if failing in that, that I will return at the Expiration of thirty (30) days, from this date and place myself in the Custody of the Confederate authorities.

(Signed) "GEORGE G. RUPLEY.
Clerk of C. S. Mil. Prison."

"Witness, ERASTUS W. Ross,

"Nov. 30th, 1862.

Released on this parole, Mr. Rupley reached Washington to learn that the name of Dr. Jackson could not be found on the rolls of the Federal prisons (Official Records, War of the Rebellion, Series 2, Vol. 5).

Pending a search for this man he returned home where he remained until a few days before the expiration of his parole, when he reported at Washington to Colonel Hoffman, Commissary General of Prisoners, fully expecting to be sent back to the Libby.

Meanwhile the Agent for Exchange at Fort Monroe, Colonel Ludlow, succeeded in arranging a substitute satisfactory to the Confederate Comissioner, Mr. Ould, and Mr. Rupley was released from his obligation.

He had with him, however, some money which the Mercersburg Council had entrusted to him for the use of its citizens still in prison. This matter was laid before the Comission and Mr. Ould consented to forward the money to the prisoners.

By way of explanation to this rather unusual proceeding, it must be understood that when Mr. Rupley was captured he had with him a considerable sum of money. This he succeeded in keeping from the knowledge of the Confederates. He was fortunate to escape the search on entering the Libby and was again fortunate to find among the guards one who had spent part of his youth in Mercersburg, and was disposed to treat the prisoners as humanely as he was allowed. Through the good offices of this guard, the money from time to time purchased food and a few other comforts. The first blanket bought Mr. Rupley cut, giving half to Mr. Winger. A second one, secured shortly after, was divided between Mr. Shaffer and Mr. Rice.

The money was doled out in small sums to the various prisoners, whenever they had opportunity to spend it; and it is to the credit of these men, most of them strangers, that it can be said that everyone who survived his prison life repaid his loan.

The money appropriated by the Council reached the prison as the following receipts show:

"Office Commissary General of Prisoners.

"Washington, D. C., Feb. 7, 1863.

"Geo. G. Rupley:

"Mercersburg, Franklin Co., Pa.

"Sir—I enclose hereunto a receipt for the money, \$75, forwarded by you on the 31st Dec., 1862,

to Col. Lindlow, Agt. for Ex. of Prisoners at Fort Monroe, for the benefit of citizen prisoners, held at Richmond, Va. The \$20 Confederate note sent to Mr. Shaffer was pronounced to be counterfeit and is herewith returned.

Respt. Yours,

"W. HOFFMAN, Com. Gen. Pris."

"C. S. Military Prison.

"Richmond, Va., Jan. 14, 1863.

"Received of Mr. Robert Ould through Capt. Turner, the sum of seventy-five dollars (\$75) in U. S. Treasury notes. Said money appropriated by the Borough Council of Mercersburg, Pa., for benefit of the undersigned and other citizen from Pa. now in prison here.

(Signed) "P. A. RICE.

"Citizen Prisoner Penna."

The receipt from the prison is written on a half page of blue paper, the signature in a different hand from the body of the note. A very fair act apparently—but the prisoners never saw either money or receipt.

Some Reminiscences

An Extract From an Article by the Late J. Thompson Parker

A Native of Mercersburg--Later a Resident of Altoona. Published in an Altoona Paper of 1900

"I cannot close without saying something in particular about that grand scholar and noble patriot, Dr. Schaff. When Company C, of our town, left for Camp Curtin we had to start very early in the morning and drive ten miles to Greencastle (we did not have the railroad to our place then). The Doctor went with us, riding his little pony; sometimes he would be at the head of the teams, then at the rear, and would always have something cheering to say as he passed any of us.

"At the battle of Antietam he and several other men from our home were there during the fight. I can't just remember where he met us after we crossed the mountain, but he was with us on our march to the front and went with us as far as citizens were allowed to go. As we turned off the road to take our position in line of battle, he took hold of Will McKinstry's hand and said: 'Good-bye, Billy; God bless you! I will tell your mother on you.' He meant to say he would tell her he saw him, but in the confusion he got a little mixed. He went back and forth over the field attending to the wants of the wounded and dying. With all his dignity he was not without humor.

"As the crowd was going over the field, Rev. James Bruce, of the United Presbyterian Church of Mercersburg, climbed into an orchard and got some apples. He handed some of them to the Doctor. 'No sir,' he said; 'I never eat stolen fruit,' and started, saying: 'On to Richmond, men!'

"During the Gettysburg campaign the Rebels had us cut off from the outside world for quite a while. The Doctor said he was opposed to lying, but if he could make the Rebels believe some things that were not true he would do so. When the Rebel army retreated from Gettysburg part of their wagon train, loaded with the wounded, was captured a few miles south of our place and brought there. He turned the Seminary over to the government to be used as a hospital. Some of these wounded remained their quite a while. I heard him preach to them one Sabbath. He did not refer to the war in his discourse, but he prayed for the success of our cause."

Company C. 126th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry

THE Army of the Potomac, under command of General McClellan, having met with defeat on the Peninsula in July, 1862, the President was authorized to issue a call for 100,000 men to increase the strength of the army to a new fighting basis and quickly crush the rebellion. In response to this call recruits were being hurried to Harrisburg from all parts of the State and there formed into regiments and sent to the front. In his diary, Dr. Creigh estimates that previous to this our town and vicinity had given two hundred men, but no distinctive Mercersburg Company had been formed and given to the army. To secure such credit some citizens undertook to raise a Company, and, to hasten the work, several evenings were devoted to addresses in front of the Mansion House, then kept by Colonel John Murphy. These meetings were addressed by Dr. Thomas Creigh, Dr. Philip Schaff, Revs. Bruce and Brown. In stirring, patriotic appeals they urged the young men to respond promptly to their country's call for loyal aid in this hour of her sore distress; to hasten the completion of the Company and thereby help preserve the Union; perhaps save their homes from pillage or possible destruction from an invading army. Quite as effective as the speeches in arousing military spirit was the unheralded arrival in our town of Lieutenant Jacob West, of St. Thomas, a Mexican War veteran, with a drum and fife corps, composed of the following persons, whose names were given me by C. M. Deatrich, of St. Thomas: John A. Sellers, fifer, George Bigley and David A. Fohl, snare drummers, and Jacob Snyder, base drummer. This thrilling and inspiring music, the kind best calculated to dispel fear and restore courage, was heard not only through the streets of Mercersburg, but also along the highway between the two towns, arousing the populace to a state of great excitement. Through the combined influence of speeches, martial music, personal appeals and the longing of some for such an opportunity to enter the service, the roll was filled to a dozen more than the Company requirement of ninety-seven. The enrolled members then repaired to Diagnothian Hall, where Dr. R. S. Brownson was chosen captain, and Samuel Hornbaker, first lieutenant. The selection of second lieutenant was deferred until our arrival at Harrisburg, when Dr. Jacob S. Trout was selected by the Company and commissioned by Governor Curtin to fill the office.

In addition to raising this Company of young men, the citizens contributed \$50 for the purchase of a beautiful silk flag, bearing the name Mercersburg in gold letters. It was mounted on a staff, with carrying strap and belt. On the evening of August 6, 1862, the Company assembled in front of the Mansion House, in the presence of a large assemblage of interested citizens. Judge James O. Carson, in behalf of the donors, presented the flag to the Company in his usual forceful and patriotic manner. The flag was received by Captain Brownson in well expressed words of assurance that "the Company would do honorable service in defending our country and her beautiful emblem, which you have so lovingly and confidently entrusted to us, its and your defenders." One of the town ministers then addressed the Company, appealing to the young men to be loyal to the cause in defense of which they were taking up arms, and also to be mindful of their Christian duties when away from the church and refining influences of home. These services were closed with prayer by Dr. Creigh, who in the great fullness of his sympathetic and loving nature, commended us to the protecting care of Him who hath said, "Fear not them who are able to kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul." At the close of these services the men dispersed to their homes to further prepare for departure the following day.

Early the next morning, August 7th, there began assembling in the public square, buggies, carriages and wagons, which, after many touching and heart rendering scenes of leave-taking, conveyed the men to Greencastle, there to take the train for Harrisburg. On assembling the Company in Greencastle, Captain Brownson handed me the flag saying: "I make you color-bearer, and John K. Shatzzer color-guard, having full confidence that both of you will perform your duties faithfully and well." The flag was proudly borne and guarded through the streets of Harrisburg, and on to Camp Curtin, a mile or more away. The intense heat of that August noon-day sun and the several inches of stifling dust through which we marched, sorely tried our patriotism, as well as endurance. At Camp Curtin

Old Mercersburg

we learned with saddened hearts that army regulations did not allow the carrying of Company flags, and that the flag would have to be sent home, as we were not permitted to carry it with us to the front.

The returned flag was loaned to Capt. S. A. Bradley's Saxe Band, a fine musical organization of our town. A weak-minded, but patriotic boy, named Jim, was allowed what appeared to be the greatest joy of his life—carrying the flag when the band was on parade and caring for it when off parade. Jim's idea of care did not prove advantageous to the preservation of the flag; it was to fling it daily to the breeze from his attic window, and to gaze proudly and admiringly upon this beautiful emblem of liberty, whipping itself into ribbons. When the intervals between parades were greater than Jim's patience, he paraded alone through our streets, carrying aloft the flag, unmindful of the gibes of teasing boys. He was finally prevailed upon to give it up to a few of Company C boys, who after furling and covering, placed it in care of Captain James P. McCullough Post of Mercersburg. It now, August, 1911, rests there, and we hope will always be cared for by some one who may cherish it as a memento of times that tried men's souls, turning father against son, and brother against brother in bloody strife.

On our arrival at Camp Curtin, hungry and tired, at noon of that desperately hot August day, the first inquiry was, "When will dinner be ready?" To this query came the answer from a man with smiling countenance, "Come with me," which we willingly did and were piloted into a building where was awaiting us—a steaming hot dinner, you say?—No, *tents* in bundles, which we were told to shoulder and carry to a place designated to be our camp, where a man proficient in the art showed us how to erect them in a military manner. This done, our stomachs complained of even greater distress, when the "smiling man" repeated the "come with me" invitation. Surely this time his compassion for suffering humanity would induce him to yield to our pleading and hasten to appease our hunger! but not yet; although it was one step nearer to it. It was to draw rations and utensils in which to cook our salt-pork, pickled-beef, coffee, beans and rice. Then was heard the final "come with me," when we were led to the tramp's *last hope*, the *wood-pile*, and told to carry what we needed of it to camp, make fire and cook such a dinner as our gastronomics demanded, or our ability in the culinary art could supply. Alas! alas! "man's inhumanity to man." The following day we were taken into a large tent, open at one end, where sat an army surgeon, who, after we were divested of all our clothes, pinched, punched and gouged until feeling assured we were physically fit for the service. He then told us to jump as high as we could and knock our feet together as often as we could before landing, and finally to show our teeth and snap them together, as if we were expected to eat Rebels.

Passing these tests successfully and embarrassingly, we were then sworn into the United States service, uniformed and armed with muzzle-loading Springfield rifles, of fifty calibre. The uniforms were handed out as we passed by in single file, without regard to the size of the uniform or the size of the man who received it, and, as might be expected, it often happened that the tall man got the short trousers, and the man with big feet the small shoes. After receiving our lottery-prize uniforms there began a lively trade in misfit suits until each one had clothes better adapted to his form.

During our stay of about one week at Camp Curtin, the time was taken up with drill, camp guard, visiting other companies, sports of various kinds, and a few visits to Harrisburg. It was here that we received the State bounty of \$50. The wages of the private were \$13 per month, with an abundance of food of an excellent quality, that we learned to cook in a very satisfactory manner, after trying a Company cook with unsatisfactory results. Early on the morning of August 15, tents were struck. On marching to the train the regiment was loaded on in freight cars, not Pullmans as soldiers are transported in the present day. A bench on either side of the car, made of boards, served as seats, and the intervening floor space as beds, with poncho for mattress, overcoat for pillow and blanket for cover. When across the river and awaiting orders for the train to move, some of the alert regimental scouts espied, on a siding, a car of watermelons, a Southern product which was promptly attacked and quickly vanquished by the gnashing teeth which the examining surgeon was so careful to see were in good melon eating order. Some time later, when attacking the more animate Southern products, we ourselves were vanquished.

On arrival at Baltimore an excellent and highly appreciated supper was served us. At the table we met our former townsman and native of Mercersburg, Washington Carson, who was very attentive to all the Company C boys. It was at the home of Mr. Carson that our second sergeant, David Carson, son of Judge Carson, died of fever, September 13, 1862. After marching through the city, we again boarded freight-car sleepers, arriving in Washington early the next morning, where we were served with breakfast at "The Soldiers' Rest." About noon of that day we started, on foot, for the





MAJOR ROBERT SMITH BROWNSON, M. D.



CAPTAIN JAMES PAULL McCULLOUGH

front, crossing Long Bridge into Virginia, going into camp near Ft. Albany, an earthwork, and later moved to near Clouds Mills.

Then followed short camps and hot and dusty marches; the latter especially so one Sabbath when hastening to intercept a raid on Chain Bridge. After Lee's invasion of Maryland we were thrown into rifle pits, to protect Washington from invasion of the enemy.

From the second battle of Bull Run, Pope's battle, came the booming of cannon and with it much excitement in our camp, for it became evident that the sound coming to us through the damp night air, of lumbering guns and wagons all moving toward Washington, meant retreat of the army. This greatly distressed us, for we had felt sanguine of victory once our division should be called into action. It also caused some uncertainty in our minds as to the addition of 100,000 more men to the army "quickly crushing the rebellion," as the call for this number of troops assured us it would. When the army began the pursuit of Lee, our division was halted at Monocacy, to protect Washington while Sykes' and Griffin's divisions of regulars, of our Fifth Corps, were in both South Mountain and Antietam battles. On the evening of September 17 we moved from our camp at Monocacy, passing through Frederick and over the mountain to the battlefield, where we arrived about eight o'clock, a forced night march of twenty-seven miles. When our division was moving into the position assigned us, we passed over the cornfield where there had been desperate fighting, causing great loss to the Union forces, as seen in broken artillery wheels, exploded caissons and disemboweled horses.

When camping ground was assigned us we settled down to six weeks of wasted time, which was taken advantage of by our many home friends coming to visit us, bringing with them an abundance of dainty edibles which, as well as their visits, were thoroughly appreciated.

A short time after our arrival at Antietam our division was sent across the river to feel the strength of the enemy, but with orders to avoid an engagement. We waded the canal and river below the Shepherdstown dam and were gone two days, encountering a small force of the enemy with whom our cavalry and battery had a little squabble, resulting in a few killed and wounded on each side. Our division, in reserve, were mere onlookers, a very uninteresting part.

On this reconnaissance there were recovered at Leetown some of the army overcoats captured at Chambersburg by General Stuart on his celebrated raid around our army, which was then lying at Antietam. When returning on the evening of the second day, on nearing the river the entire command began singing, "John Brown's Ghost." In a little while came a messenger from the rear on a foaming horse and handed our General an order, when quick and sharp came the command "halt! about face! double-quick march!" The command was promptly obeyed, and John's ghost as promptly buried. The booming of cannon in the direction toward which we were hurrying soon ceased, and there came a second messenger with orders to "about face," "march in the direction of camp;" when John's ghost was disinterred and sung to the finish. I will now give a little account of our Company officers.

Robert Smith Brownson was born October 19, 1827, in Mercersburg, in the stone house on the corner of Main and Oregon streets, now owned and occupied by C. F. Fendrick. It was in this house that he died June 15, 1885. His father was John Brownson, his mother, Sarah (Smith) Brownson, daughter of William Smith, founder of Mercersburg. Having prepared for college in his native town, he entered the Freshman Class of Marshall College in 1843 and graduated with his class. He was a member of the Diagnothian Society. He began the study of medicine with Dr. Robert Parker Little, of Mercersburg, and obtained his diploma from the University of Pennsylvania, in 1851. Having practiced medicine for a short time in Beaver, Pa., in 1852 he returned to his native town and continued to practice here until a few months preceding his death. He was mustered into the United States service as Captain of Company C, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, August 11, 1862. He was promoted to Major of his regiment by the vote of his fellow commissioned officers March 19, 1863. He married Miss Mary Coyle, daughter of Andrew L. Coyle, of Mercersburg, June 9, 1868. He died without issue.

Major Brownson's chief distinction as a soldier was his heroic fortitude and calmness under fire, or under any other trying conditions. His wonderful physical endurance enabled him to keep at the head of his Company, whether marching through the Virginia stick-fast mud or scorching sun and stifling dust. He was ever ready with encouraging words for the weary ones on fatiguing marches, but for the shirkers he was equally ready with stinging rebuke. He very carefully guarded his men against sickness, and when any were in need of mild treatment, furnished the medicine himself, rather than have them answer surgeon's call, and risk being sent to the hospital, a place all dreaded.

As a practicing physician in Mercersburg he was held in high esteem. He was a man of marked mental ability and retentive memory, recalling accurately important events of earlier days. He took an active part in politics; was fond of argument and could be very sarcastic, in a kindly way, when with his friends. He was a man of many sterling qualities; moderate in his professional charges and lenient in their collection.

First Lieutenant Samuel Hornbaker was a married man with a family, and a shoemaker by occupation. His father was Henry Hornbaker, of Montgomery township, his wife a Miss St. Clair. He was active in raising the Company, and had some previous training in military affairs, through being a member of the Mercersburg Rifles. He was mustered into the United States service as First Lieutenant of Company C, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, August 11, 1862. While our command was lying in camp at Antietam, having failed in his application for permit to visit his family, he went home without leave. He intended to return in a few days, but having taken sick there, he was detained beyond the time set, and had to be reported absent without leave. He was promptly court-martialed and dismissed from the service. Thus he lost the opportunity to distinguish himself as an officer. He was popular with his men, who greatly regretted his misfortune. Later he enlisted in the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry and was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 12, 1864.

Second Lieutenant Dr. Jacob S. Trout was a Fulton county man, practicing dentistry in Mercersburg at the time of his enlistment. He took an active part in raising the Company. He was a fine looking man, with soldierly bearing, and a splendid commanding voice that made drilling under him very enjoyable to the men. He was mustered out with his Company at Harrisburg May 20, 1863, and returned to McConnellsburg, where he died of pneumonia March 15, 1883.

First Lieutenant Samuel Hornbaker having been retired January 16, 1863, the vacancy was filled by the Company choosing unanimously First Sergeant James P. McCullough to the office, his commission dating February 9, 1863. The office of Captain becoming vacant by the promotion of Captain Brownson to Major, the Company elected First Lieutenant McCullough to the vacancy. Captain McCullough was a fine drill officer, and popular with his men, as shown by their repeated promotion of him. He, too, had the courage to face the enemy without flinching. He was mustered out with his Company at Harrisburg May 20, 1863, and again entered the service as First Lieutenant of Company D, Two Hundred and Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry; was promoted to Captain of his Company September 17, 1864, and wounded at Fort Sedgwick while rallying a broken line in front of his own line April 2, 1865, and died the following day.

Having given a sketch of our Company officers, I will now pay tribute to the memory of a noble and brave soldier, a man in the ranks like myself, who gave his life to the cause he so loyally supported. It was his misfortune to lose all his messmates at the battle of Fredericksburg, and being left entirely alone, a Fulton county boy unacquainted in our home section, wandered about the Company street looking desolate enough, but with too much spirit to ask favor. Appreciating his situation, I inquired of my messmates if it were not our duty to offer him quarters with us, and all readily assented. On receiving our invitation he accepted with expressions of gratefulness for our consideration of him, and at once became a full sharer of whatever comforts or discomforts fell to the lot of "*The Happy Family*" Mess No. 1, a name given us because of the many squabbles for which we were noted. Our new chum had not been with us long before we had reason to feel grateful to him for accepting a home with us, as he proved a messmate to be proud of.

He had pleasant manners, was a willing worker, whether the duties imposed on us were agreeable or otherwise. When erecting winter quarters of pine poles with notched corners, and stone fireplaces, he showed great aptness for the work, also in cutting down trees and carrying wood to camp half a mile distant. But in addition to these features of his character he was intensely loyal, even to sacrificing his life, which he laid down at the battle of Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.

On the night before the battle, we were talking together and our new messmate, Nicholas C. Trout, younger brother of Lieutenant Trout, remarked that he felt that he would be killed in the fight that all knew would begin in the morning. Some one then remarked, "Nick, having such feeling, you had better not go into the fight." He replied with some spirit, "I am not made of that kind of stuff, I am going in," and did go in. He showed no indication whatever that he dreaded the fate which

he believed was awaiting him. His body was buried among the unknown Union dead. A noble, brave boy of cherished memory.

Through the kindness of Miss Ellen D. Creigh I have been favored with the use of her father's diary, which has been of great service in securing accuracy of dates and events that transpired in those long ago days. I have also taken some data from the Regimental Sketch Booklet by Colonel D. W. Rowe and Adjutant Stewart.

SETH DICKEY



The Battle of Fredericksburg

SINCE telling of the organization of a Company of young men in Mercersburg for service in the army, I have been requested to describe the service this Company rendered, and will do so by the introduction of a letter written to the *Indianapolis News*, which will explain itself.

"The Battle of Fredericksburg

"Editor *Indianapolis News*:

"In an article published in your paper on Burnside's battle of Fredericksburg, the writer informs the Indiana soldiers that they have reason to be proud of the fact that their dead and wounded were found nearer the enemy's line, at the stone wall in front of Marye's Heights, than those of any other State. Thereby implying that the Indiana troops advanced farther than any others at the above named battle. That I am not disposed to concede to the troops of any other State the credit that is due to those of Pennsylvania alone is why I protest against this claim going into history unchallenged.

"The writer, whose very interesting article you have published, may be sincere in making the claim which is so flattering to the valor of the 'Hoosier boys,' but that the claim is not valid I think I can furnish abundant proof—proof, too, that will bestow to Pennsylvania's sons the high honor of having advanced beyond all other troops, whether regular or State, in the assault on the stone wall at the base of Marye's Heights.

"It is neither my purpose nor desire in any way to try to deprive the brave Indiana troops of any glory they may have won in that terrible and disastrous battle, but simply to place in history credit where it properly belongs. And in order to sustain my claim of credit for the Pennsylvania troops, it will be necessary to describe the field of action and the battle that was fought on the part of the field in question.

"Back of the city of Fredericksburg is a long and narrow meadow, separating the city from the line of fortifications on Marye's Heights. This meadow is cut transversely by the Plank road, leading from Fredericksburg through the line of fortifications and on to Chancellorsville, nine miles to the west. On the side of this meadow, next the enemy, is a slight bluff, under the shelter of which the assaulting columns formed for attack on the Rebel lines. From the apex of this bluff to the stone wall is probably a distance of a little over 300 yards. This portion of the field is a slightly ascending plain. The only obstructions were a brick house and two board fences. The first of these fences was constructed of narrow boards, fastened horizontally to the posts on the side of approach, making it rather difficult to remove them. The second fence was made of broad boards, which were fastened vertically, like palings, on the opposite side of approach. Consequently they were easily knocked off. These fences, when reached by our charging column, were found to be in a fairly good state of repair, but both of them were completely razed to the ground by Humphrey's charging column of Pennsylvania troops.

"Between the bluff where the lines were formed and the first of these fences, lay three lines of Union troops—the positions occupied by them when checked in their advance by the Rebel infantry and artillery on the afternoon of December 13, 1862. The foremost of these lines did not even reach the first fence when compelled to lie down to escape annihilation. These were the troops of Sumner's grand right division, and rated among the best of the Army of the Potomac. No other attempt, after the checking of these lines of Sumner's men, was made to dislodge the enemy from his strong position, until after sundown of that evening. Then General Burnside directed General Hooker to make a final effort with one of his divisions to carry the works on Marye's Heights by storm and break through the center.

"General Hooker, after viewing the position and conferring with several corps commanders, see-

ing the futility of attacking at that point by direct assault, went to General Burnside and urged that the attack be not made. But receiving peremptory orders to make the attack, he returned and directed General Humphrey, commanding the Third division of the Fifth Corps, composed entirely of Pennsylvania regiments, to prepare to charge the Rebel works with his division, consisting of Tyler's and Allebaugh's brigades, numbering 4,000 men. General Humphrey at once moved his command through the city and across the meadow by the Plank road.

"On reaching the opposite side of the meadow, Allebaugh was ordered to file to the left and Tyler to the right of the road, thus forming line along base of the bluff. Tyler's position soon became the target for a destructive raking fire from a field piece inside the fortifications above the old tannery. Shells to the number of six fell fairly in line; then the gun was silenced by the third shell fired from a gun placed on the outskirts of the city. Those six shells were as distinctly seen when soaring toward us on their mission of destruction as is a baseball when sent on its flight by a strong batter. After the silencing of the Rebel gun, General Tyler moved his brigade (under the fire of sharpshooters) to the south side of the road, forming line in rear of Allebaugh's brigade, thus securing a less exposed position while forming columns for attack.

"When the battery which had been playing on the Rebel works ceased firing, this column of Pennsylvania troops, named the 'forlorn hope' by fighting Joe Hooker, formed in two lines and was led by General Humphrey, mounted on his black horse. His command rang out clear and firm, 'Officers to the front in this charge. Never mind the obstacles in the way! Charge!'

"Then came the blare of bugles mingled with a great shout from the four thousand men, and the tramp of as many pairs of feet sounding like the onrushing of a tornado through some rocky canyon. And like a tornado rushed on these confident and enthusiastic troops, tramping over Sumner's lines of battle lying on the field, unmindful of their cries of 'halt—lie down—you will all be killed.' But the momentum of that column was too great to be so easily checked and it moved rapidly on.

"A short distance beyond these prostrate troops, over whom we charged, was encountered the first line of fence, which was soon broken down. The second fence, a little farther on, fell like a flash before that rapidly moving column, which, at that moment, seemed so hopeful of success. But when within thirty or forty yards of the stone wall (where was concealed a large force of Rebel infantry), the 'forlorn hope' met its fate by the withering fire from the enemy in front and the Union troops in the rear, over whom it had just charged, they being unable, in the dim light of the evening and the smoke and excitement of battle, to distinguish friend from foe; thus breaking the charge and ending Burnside's unskilfully planned and unskilfully executed battle of Fredericksburg.

"The strong point that I make to sustain my claim that the Pennsylvania troops composing the 'forlorn hope' reached a point nearer the Rebel lines than any others at that battle is, that Humphrey's division, which made the last charge, passed *over* and *beyond* all the lines of battle on the field, and that the fences it encountered after passing over these prostrate troops of Sumner's division, were in almost perfect condition when reached, showing clearly that no attempt had been made to break them down, which, of necessity, must have been done had any charging column gone beyond them, as did Humphrey's Pennsylvanians alone.

"After the charge was broken, we fell back to the base of the bluff in disorder, reformed and moved into the city, where we remained until two or three o'clock the next morning, when we were taken on the field and lined up behind a breastwork of dead men, piled two and three deep in places, and covered with blankets. Before daylight appeared, we were taken away from this morgue-like place into an equally suggestive one, a graveyard in the city, where we went into camp over Sabbath. We made a very marked display of our piety as we sat on the ground with pocket testaments in hand, and backs against tombstones, being careful to have the tombstones between us and 'Johnny Rebs' spattering bullets that occasionally battered into the old, unoccupied frame building at back of the yard, sending shivers down the tombstones at our backs.

"After nightfall on the evening of the battle, Edward Byers, Theodore Crilly, Thomas St. Clair, and John Sacks volunteered to go in search of wounded. On finding our Fourth Sergeant, W. W. Brinkley, they removed him to a nearby house, where he died during the night. In the morning, when going for his body, they were fired on, several bullets striking the door jamb as they entered the house. The body was removed through the rear and interred in the graveyard where we were camping, and the grave carefully marked with inscribed headboard. But the body is not among the *known*

Union soldiers buried in the National Cemetery at Fredericksburg; from which fact we may infer that the headboard was either lost or destroyed by the fortunes of war.

"That General Humphrey's command should be chosen as the 'forlorn hope' by fighting Joe Hooker was bestowing on it no trivial honor, and to show that it did not fail to meet the confidence reposed in it I will state that the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Regiment, with a few of Berdans sharpshooters, were assigned the important and perilous duty of covering the retreat of the army from Fredericksburg. We were placed on picket south of the city but a short distance from the enemy's line of fortifications, and within hearing of their voices on the night of December 15, when the evacuation began. On the morning of the 16th, before daylight, there came an order to vacate our posts. On reaching the railroad and learning that the order was a mistake, we quietly reoccupied the vacated posts, unobserved by the enemy. The men were cautioned against talking and told to hold their canteens to prevent rattling. At daybreak the second and final order came to retire. The picket, covered by a line of skirmishers, marched with so much haste to the last pontoon bridge then remaining that no time was allowed to get our knapsacks (stored in the city) as we passed through. Some of the boys protested against this enforced assignment of their duffle to the Rebs, and were told to hurry along or they, too, might be assigned to them. The bridge was being cut loose as we came to it, and when all were aboard it swung to the current, carrying to safety the last of the evacuating army, the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Regiment, excepting Lieutenant Lentz and a few of his men who had been overlooked when withdrawing the pickets. One of his men swam the river, procured a boat and rescued the Lieutenant and his remaining men.

"Once across the river, we hastened to the old camp in the woods and settled down to the monotony of camp life. I will here quote from a letter published in the *Philadelphia Press*, written after the close of the war by General Franklin to General Mulholland. He states that the absolute impregnability of the central Rebel position to an attack from the front is well expressed in a boast of an artillery officer on that side, that the guns were so placed that a chicken could not live within the concentric arc of their fire on the plain below. General Franklin further states that it was across this plain that Burnside ordered the division of Sumner's right grand division, and afterwards sent Humphrey's division of Hooker's central grand division to certain and hopeless slaughter.

"To further show that it must have been the Pennsylvania troops of Humphrey's division that reached a point nearest to the stone wall at the base of Marye's Heights, I will subjoin a portion of General Hooker's report of the charge, which will also furnish proof of the extreme lack of military judgment on the part of the commanding General in ordering the assault that resulted in a loss of forty-four per cent. of its number.

"Before closing this letter I will mention one other incident in connection with the history of this command which will show that when men were being selected for important and perilous service the Pennsylvania troops came in for a goodly share of such honors. General Hooker, who commanded the Army of the Potomac at the battle of Chancellorsville, remembering the good work performed by Humphrey's division at Fredericksburg, ordered Tyler's brigade of this division, after the Eleventh Corps had been driven back by Stonewall Jackson, to make an effort to recover the ground thus lost, and if possible drive the enemy from his stronghold in the thickets of the wilderness. On that pleasant Sabbath morning, May 3, 1863, with one hundred rounds of ammunition, Tyler's men advanced promptly and confidently to a position in the thick woods; with General French's command on our left, and the right of our brigade in the air. We opened with a brisk fire, which was maintained with so much vigor as to frustrate several attempts of the enemy to form for a charge on our front, as we were told later by prisoners.

"Our command held its position for over two hours, when, from lack of ammunition and consequent slackening of the fire, the enemy succeeded in turning our extreme right by the flank, and forcing the entire line back under the protection of the batteries which were placed along the Chancellorsville and Ely's Ford road, near the small white house. The retreat was hurriedly accomplished, with heavy loss, for we were fired on by the enemy, who followed us out of the woods into the open ground. There they were checked and driven back with great slaughter by the eleven guns that opened on them with grape, canister and shells. Many of the dead and wounded, of both sides, that lay in the woods, were burned by the fire kindled by the exploding shells.

"After a few minutes rest this badly shattered brigade, which entered the woods with 1,600 men and lost 446 of this number, reassembled by bugle call and moved to a new position—one of defense instead of assault. But no further fighting occurred on that day.

"The terrible carnage of the 3d followed as it was by a day of inaction by Hooker and the enemy in his immediate front, made the 4th seem, by comparison, like a Puritan Sabbath. This day gave Lee the opportunity to send a strong force to aid in attacking Sedgwick at Fredericksburg, and force him back across the river. Thereby he compelled Hooker to abandon the well planned campaign that started out with so much hope of success. Thus Hooker at Chancellorsville, like Burnside at Fredericksburg, having failed to force Lee back to his lines of defense at Petersburg and Richmond, had no alternative but to fall back across the Rappahannock and save his army from further loss.

"After nightfall of the 5th the tired and disheartened army began the retreat across the river whence they came only a few days before. When starting on this campaign my load weighed just seventy-five pounds, and I threw away none of it. Others must have tired of theirs, for both over-coats and blankets were strewn along the way. Tyler's brigade and part of Sykes' division of regulars belonging to the Fifth Corps, being assigned the duty of covering the retreat, kept the fires bright by burning commissary stores, and camp equipment to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. Before daylight, with fires still burning and the rain coming down steadily, the rear guard took up the line of march, or rather wallowing through the deep and sticky mud. The Rebs followed cautiously, speeding our departure with an occasional shot, which was promptly returned, keeping them at a respectful distance.

"On reaching the river our regiment was ordered by General Humphrey to line up along the road, stack arms and await the passing over of Sykes' regulars, who had been in the rear up to that time, leaving the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Regiment the very last of the army to cross the swaying bridge, forcibly reminding the men of a like experience when retreating from Fredericksburg. After all were over the bridge builders began taking up the pontoons under cover of a battery of 20-pound Parrott guns, placed on the north bluff of the river. This crossing took place at United States Ford. Army wagons were left behind on this campaign, all supplies being packed on horses and mules.

"Once over the river, a further march of twelve miles through such mud as can only be found in Virginia, brought us to a halt in our old camp at Falmont, vacated on the 27th of April.

SETH DICKEY"

Major General Hooker's Report

About 2 o'clock on that day (December 13th) I received orders to send another of my divisions to support General Sturgis, and about the same time I received an order from Burnside to cross over my two divisions and attack the enemy on the telegraph road—the same position we had been butting against all day long. As soon as I received the order, my divisions commenced crossing. I rode forward to see what I could learn from the officers, French, Wilcox, Couch and Hancock, who had been engaged in the attack. Their opinion, with one exception, was that the attack should not be made at that point. After conferring with them I went to examine the position to see whether or not it could be turned. Discovering no weak point, and seeing that many of my troops that had been already engaged in the attack were considerably demoralized, and fearing that, should the enemy make an advance, even of a small column, nothing but disaster would follow, I sent my aid-de-camp to General Burnside to say that I advised him not to attack at that place. He returned saying that the attack must be made. I had the matter so much at heart that I put spurs to my horse and rode over there (the Lacy House where the committee were sitting) and tried to dissuade General Burnside from making the attack. He insisted on its being made. I then returned and brought up every available battery in the city, with a view to break away their barriers by the use of artillery. I proceeded against the barriers as I would against a fortification and endeavored to break a hole sufficiently large for a "forlorn hope" to enter.

Before that, the attack along the line, it seemed to me, had been too general—not sufficiently concentrated. I had two batteries posted on the left of the road, within four hundred yards of the position on which the attack was to be made, and I had other parts of batteries posted on the right of the road at a distance of five or six hundred yards. I had all of these batteries playing with great vigor, until sunset, upon that point; but with no apparent effect upon the Rebels or upon their works.

During the last part of the cannonading, I had given directions to General Humphrey's division to form, under the shelter which a small hill afforded, in column for assault. When the fire of the artillery ceased, I gave directions for the enemy's works to be assaulted. General Humphrey's men

took off their knapsacks, overcoats, and haversacks. They were directed to make the assault with empty rifles, for there was no time there to load and fire (they were loaded all the same, S. Dickey). When the word was given, the men moved forward with great impetuosity. They ran and hurrahed and I was encouraged by the great good feeling that pervaded them. The head of General Humphrey's column advanced to within, perhaps, fifteen or twenty yards of the stone wall, which was the advanced position which the Rebels held, and then they were thrown back as quickly as they had advanced. Probably the whole of the advance and retiring did not occupy fifteen minutes. They left behind, as was reported, seventeen hundred and sixty (1,760) of their number out of about four thousand.

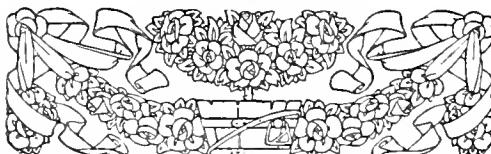
I may as well state here that Sykes' division was drawn up to support Humphreys, so that in case he should succeed, I could throw forward all the force that I had left—Sykes' division, about four thousand men—to hold the position in face of thirty thousand who were massed behind that wall. That was why I did not like to make the attack; because, even if successful, I could not hold the position. It was now just dark. Finding that I had lost as many men as my orders required me to lose, I suspended the attack and directed that the men should, for the advance line between Fredericksburg and the enemy, hold a ditch that runs along about midway between the enemy's lines and the city; which would afford a shelter for the men. I will say that, in addition to the musketry fire that my men were exposed to, the crests of the hills surrounding Fredericksburg forming almost semi-circles, were filled with artillery, and the focus was the column that moved up to this assault. That focus was within good canister range, though I do not think any canister was thrown on my men that day. All these difficulties were apparent and perfectly well known to me before I went into this assault. They were known also to other officers. General French said to me that "the whole army could not take that point."

Question. Had you made any impression on their work?

Answer. Not the slightest; no more than you could make upon the side of a mountain of rock.

Question. How did your men behave during the attack?

Answer. They behaved well. There never was anything more glorious than the behavior of the men. No campaign in the world ever saw a more gallant advance than Humphrey's men made there. But they were put to do a work that no men could do. (See Report on the Conduct of the War, Part I, pp. 667, 671.)





John L. O'Sullivan

Colonel John Lindsay Ritchey

By His Daughter

COLONEL Ritchey was a native of Franklin county, Pennsylvania. He was born June 20, 1820, on a farm at the source of the Falling Spring, and died at his residence in Mercersburg on the evening of January 24, 1884, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

He was of Scotch-Irish and American ancestry, his grandparents having removed from Armagh county, Ireland, to Franklin county in 1791. His grandmother, Elizabeth Acheson, was a daughter of Thomas Acheson, an esteemed gentleman of Ireland, whose father, Archibald Acheson, was Earl of Gosford, Viscount and Baron Gosford of Market Hill, County Armagh, in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Worlingham of Beccles, County Suffolk, in that of the United Kingdom. His Lordship was a representative Peer of Ireland, and a Baron of Nova Scotia, G. C. B., Lord Lieutenant and Custar Rotutorium of the County Armagh and Vice Admiral of the Coast in the Province of Ulster, P. C. Among the decorations of the Earl is the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. This order was founded by Henry IV in 1399. Its antiquity is second only to the Order of the Garter, and was conferred only for eminent military services. He was also a member of the Privy Council of the King. Thomas Acheson, son of Archibald Acheson, was the great-grandfather of Colonel Ritchey.

The titled Acheson family opposed the marriage of their daughter, Margaret, to the Scotchman, John Ritchie. The young couple eloped, the bride being not yet seventeen years of age. In consequence, her father cut off her portion of the Acheson estate to only £100, sterling. The marriage took place in 1787, and in 1791 they came to the United States and settled in Franklin county, at the head of the Falling Spring, near Chambersburg; and thus was founded the Ritchey family of Franklin county, Pennsylvania.

To this couple were born ten children, some of whom may yet linger in the memories of the people of Mercersburg and vicinity. The eldest daughter, Jane, was born in Belfast, Ireland; Sarah, the mother of Sarah and Margaret Andrew, late of Mercersburg, was born at sea while the parents were journeying to America. Then followed Margaret, Martha, Elizabeth, William, the father of Colonel Ritchey, Samuel, Hamilton, Acheson, and John. The mother was a woman of great mental ability, and among her friends was an authority on many subjects, especially the history of England.

On his maternal side Colonel Ritchey was a descendant of the Clan Lindsay of Scotland. The Lindsay family is one of the oldest and proudest in Scotland, tracing their history as far back as 1116. It is of the highest Norman origin, Baldric De Lindsay being the Anglo-Norman founder of the race in Great Britain. A baron and large land proprietor in England, he was nearly related to William the Conqueror, with whom he came over to England. It was his son, Walter De Lindsay, 1116, who founded the family in Scotland from whom the Lindsays all spring. Colonel Ritchey's maternal grandmother was an Andrew, and a daughter of Captain John Andrew, who commanded a Company of Cumberland county militia during the Revolutionary War. He became Judge Advocate of Court Martial at the close of the war.

Colonel Ritchey's father died when he was eight years old, and his mother, who was Margaret Lindsay, moved to Mercersburg. He received his early education in the private schools of Mercersburg, and entered Marshall College in 1840. On account of delicate health he left college before taking his degree and entered business in Mercersburg. In 1844 he removed to Baltimore, and began his career in the office of John W. Brown, one of the leading shipping merchants of the city. Subsequently, he became engaged in the wholesale white goods business as a member of the firm of Duval, Keighler & Company. He was also identified with their successors, Duval, Rogers & Ritchey. He married Adelaide Isabel Brown, daughter of John W. Brown, November 3, 1853. Mr. Brown was known as "John W. Brown, the Scotchman." His wife, Maria (Duryea) Brown, was born in New York and was of French and Holland-Dutch ancestry. She was descended from the Kips of Revolutionary War fame, and was a member of the Old Trinity Church, New York City. Colonel Ritchey resided in Baltimore till 1858, where his two oldest sons were born.

Just before the breaking out of the Civil War he returned to Mercersburg with his family. He took an active interest in politics and was a pronounced Democrat until the war began, when he became an ardent Republican. He frequently served his party in a representative capacity, always with great skill and ability, and his counsels were frequently sought by men influential in the politics of the day.

When the war broke out he enlisted in the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, which was organized in November, 1862, to serve for nine months. He was promoted Sergeant-Major of Company I in November; and February 14, 1863, was again promoted, this time to the Second Lieutenantcy. The Colonel of the regiment was David B. McKibbin, formerly of the United States Army, from whom Lieutenant Ritchey learned the work of a drill master. The following was said of Colonel Ritchey by Mr. Seth Dickey, of Mercersburg, himself a gallant soldier: "Colonel Ritchey, as a military man, was a fine disciplinarian, firm but not severe. He studied military tactics and required the regimental officers who were of lower rank than himself to do the same, and recite to him. He won the respect of his men, who had great confidence in his military judgment, and were proud of his courage."

His regiment spent the winter of 1862-63 at Newbern, N. C. It saw some hard service in hazardous undertakings. It was next sent to Fortress Monroe and took an active part in the expedition designed as a feint upon Richmond. It was then ordered to Boonsboro via Harper's Ferry, and reported to General Meade, who was following the retreat of the Rebel army from Gettysburg. Later, it was ordered for duty to a position on the National Road at the South Mountain. General Stuart made his first great raid about this time, and surprised Lieutenant Ritchey, who was in uniform and on furlough in Mercersburg. General Stuart's men were in the town for several hours, but Lieutenant Ritchey eluded them and rejoined his command. Soon thereafter the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth regiment was ordered to Chambersburg, and on the 12th of August, 1863, was mustered out, the term of enlistment having expired.

Lieutenant Ritchey now assisted in the organization of Company D, Two Hundred and Ninth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was chosen Major of this regiment. It was immediately sent to the front and was at once engaged in active service at Bermuda Hundred, on the James river. While here he wrote as follows to his uncle: "I do not believe in the doctrine of a man having arms in his hands and armistices in his mouth. It has not the ring of the metal of a true soldier. I heard last evening that General Sheridan and his command are expected to arrive here shortly, and if he does and it is as large as I think it is, the army will settle the case without the aid of the politicians. Believe me, I will do my duty as a soldier."

The Two Hundred and Ninth saw much hard fighting from the outset. The first engagement was at Chapin's Farm, where it participated in the main attack upon Fort Harrison. The charge was heroically made and the fort captured. On the night of November 17th the enemy made an attack upon the picket line in considerable force, and Colonel Kauffman, who was division officer of the day, Captain Henry Lee, and Lieutenant Hendricks, with nineteen men, were captured and held as prisoners. It was Major Ritchey's duty (he being now left in chief command of the regiment) to retake the picket line, and he relates that the most difficult incident in his war experience was to select a man to command the force of 200 men in the charge. He felt confident they would not return alive. His choice fell upon the brave young Captain, James P. McCullough, of Mercersburg. The following note, written to Major Ritchey by Captain McCullough while engaged in this duty, was preserved by the former and highly prized by him. It furnishes a remarkable picture of the work and hazard of a soldier's life.

"Major Ritchey:

"I brought some two hundred men out under a very sharp fire. We were exposed to view in the moonlight. Some ten or twelve of my men broke and went back. I have established them in the right of Post 100, next the close Post on the left. I was on the old line, but as there are no pits at Posts 107, 106, and 105, and some of the men who were in the old picket line are here and say they are enfiladed right and left. Lieutenant Jones says the same. The Lieutenant was near the 1st Post in the hollow (103). He says the Rebels hold that certainly, and the Lieutenant says all the posts in the field. He does not know what became of the men, has not seen any, yet thinks most of them are prisoners, among them Lieut. Hendricks, Capt. Lee, and the Colonel. I think there should be a strong

skirmish line on our right, as there are but few men if any between our line and the breastworks. Lieutenant Jones is in command. Send up the stragglers.

J. P. McCULLOUGH

In November the regiment was transferred from the Army of the James to that of the Potomac, and with the Two Hundred and Sixth and Two Hundred and Eighth formed the First Brigade. In the spring the Two Hundred and Ninth became a part of General Grant's army, and took part in the advance on Petersburg and the investment of that city. Here it saw active service in several engagements. Fort Steadman was captured by the Confederates. General Hartranft ordered the Two Hundred and Ninth to charge and retake the fort, "And," says Lieutenant-Colonel Fredericks, "forward we went, not one officer nor a man halting or faltering until our advanced line was regained, and our colors were planted on the works." Major Ritchey's sabre was struck by shell three different times in this charge. For his gallant and meritorious conduct in this assault he was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel, his commission to take effect from the date of this assault, March 25, 1865.

In the further operations about Petersburg and the final capture of the city, the Two Hundred and Ninth took a gallant and heroic part. Major Ritchey led his regiment to the attack on Fort Sedgwick on the morning of the 2d of April, which was captured on the following morning. The loss was seven killed and fifty-two wounded. Captain James P. McCullough was among the killed, and Major Ritchey among the wounded.

The following detail of the wounding of Colonel Ritchey was given by Captain Kuhn, Company D, Two Hundred and Ninth Regiment, late of Mercersburg: "Colonel Ritchey, finding the ammunition was becoming low, started back over an exposed open space to order another supply, when he was almost immediately shot through the groin." In remarking upon this, Captain Kuhn said that he "always regarded the act of Col. Ritchey as especially courageous, as it was not incumbent upon him to do this; another man in his place might have ordered some private or petty officer to perform this dangerous duty." Colonel Ritchey was picked up and carried off the field by the late John Gift, of Bridgeport, who also afterwards assisted in attending him in the hospital.

A letter written by him while in the hospital, speaks of this battle as follows: "I feel proud of my corps, and particularly of the Third division; a better body of troops never formed a line of battle than those who composed that division—all Pennsylvanians, and all ready for fight when it was necessary. Until I read General Sheridan's official report I was under the impression that the Fifth and Second Corps had the hardest fighting, but it is not so; two divisions of the Ninth Corps (second and third) did the hardest fighting in the whole line. The fight commenced a little before daylight on the 2d of April, and lasted the entire day, no one stopped to either breakfast, dine or sup. I was wounded about one o'clock and I can speak from experience up to that time, and I am told the fighting was just as hard from that until night as it had been in the morning; the Rebs made several attempts to recapture the line in the afternoon. When the charge was made in the morning, we captured a four-gun battery of the celebrated New Orleans Washington Artillery, with the Colonel of the regiment, and all the other officers and men. Colonel Eshelman, who commanded the captured regiment, is a Pennsylvanian reared in Philadelphia."

For gallant and meritorious conduct in the assault upon Fort Sedgwick on this occasion he was again promoted and brevetted full Colonel of the United States Volunteers, his commission to take effect April 2, 1865. The regiment was mustered out May 31, 1865. Colonel Ritchey had been taken to Armory Square Hospital, Washington, D. C., where he remained until July 7th, at which time he was discharged and relieved of further service on account of his disabilities.

Colonel Ritchey was regarded as a brave soldier and a good and excellent drill master by all his comrades and superior officers. General Hartranft wrote the following letter to Governor Curtin, dated Norristown, Pa., October 13, 1865: "It is with great pleasure that I recommend John L. Ritchey, of Franklin county, Pennsylvania, late Major of the Two Hundred and Ninth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers and brevet Colonel to your most favorable consideration. I cannot say too much in his favor as a soldier either in camp or in battle. He was twice brevetted for services in the spring campaign. In the last engagement, April 2, 1865, he was severely wounded while fighting with his regiment. He is a gentleman and an apt scholar and therefore think him competent to fill any civil appointment in your gift.

"I am your most obedient servant,

"To Hon. A. G. Curtin,

Governor of Pennsylvania."

"J. D. HARTRANFT,

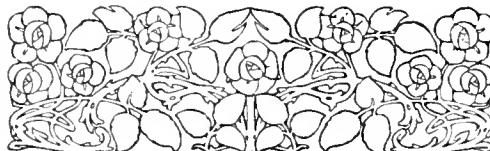
"Brevet Major-General."

After the close of the war Colonel Ritchey was engaged for a time in the mercantile business in Mercersburg. On January 23, 1871, his wife died, leaving him with the following children, Lindsay, Richard, Adelaide, McKibbin, Grace, Michael, and John Acheson.

In 1872 Colonel Ritchey was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Sixteenth District of Pennsylvania, holding his commission from President Grant. He discharged the duties of this important office with credit to himself and satisfaction to the government; his accounts were invariably pronounced models of accuracy. He quit the service in 1873 to accept a position in the Cumberland Valley railroad offices in Chambersburg, this position being offered to him by his life-long friend, Thomas A. Scott. The intimate friendship of these two men dated from their boyhood, when both clerked in the same store in Mercersburg. For the last ten years of his life Colonel Ritchey filled the office of Auditor of the C. V. R. R., and Secretary and Treasurer of the South Pennsylvania Iron & Railroad Company.

Colonel Ritchey was a member of the United Presbyterian Church of Mercersburg, and was zealous in promoting its interests and active as superintendent of the Sabbath school. He was a good citizen, a kind neighbor, and an honest man. It was the opinion of his physicians that his death was due to a complication of trouble, superinduced by the wound he received in the service of his country. No braver soldier or more efficient officer ever enlisted from Franklin county than Colonel Ritchey, and Mercersburg honors his memory as a man, a soldier and a citizen.

GRACE RITCHHEY CRUM



Sidelights on Three Historic Events

I

ANDREW R. Schnebly, veteran of the Mexican War, was honorably discharged in 1848, after eleven months' service. He enlisted at Fort McHenry, in Captain Tilghman's Battery, Light Artillery of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and at once set sail for Vera Cruz on the barque *Paoli*.

The voyage occupied two whole weeks in consequence of being becalmed in the Bahamas for several days.

Reaching Vera Cruz they encamped outside the city on the beach. At times a "Norther" helped on the tide considerably. One night they were driven from their tents by the waves and compelled to seek higher ground. At other times the sand blew in on them in clouds.

Mr. Schnebly remembers Vera Cruz as a walled city with iron gates, the height of the wall being about ten feet and the width six feet. On this the sentinels walked guard.

The company never got farther than Jalapa, about thirty-five miles from Vera Cruz, but Adjutant Steele took Mr. Schnebly along with him as Orderly to the City of Mexico. After leaving Jalapa the first stop was at Perote and the next at Pueblo. Three months later the City of Mexico was taken and the war was ended.

The Mexican General, Santa Anna, asked for protection as far as the coast. Mr. Schnebly was appointed Sergeant of a guard of twelve men, which escorted him to Antigua, a port eighteen miles above Vera Cruz.

Santa Anna and his family were conveyed in two litters, he occupying one and his wife and daughter the other. On reaching the coast they sailed for Jamaica.

Mr. Schnebly returned by way of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Pittsburg. Here he was discharged.

II

"Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore

* * * * *

The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away."

Our townsman, Milton J. Slick, editor of the *Mercersburg Journal* for thirty-five years and Justice of the Peace for a much longer period, has the distinction of being one of Sheridan's escort on that famous ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek.

Mr. Slick relates that as a member of Company A, Seventeenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, he lay all the night of the 17th of October at Martinsburg. Next day Sheridan came on from Washington and detailed a number of them, between fifty and sixty, to act as his escort. They rode to within a mile of Winchester, when the order was given to prepare camp. Sheridan spent the night in Winchester.

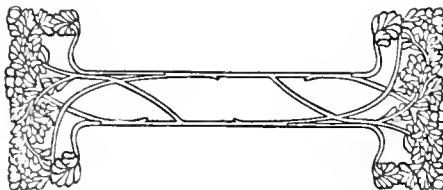
The sound of cannon awakened them early the following morning. They mounted and had not proceeded far when they met stragglers from the retreating army; soon an officer or two appeared. General Sheridan engaged these in conversation for a short time, then turning he called to his escort, "Boys, I'll take the lead now. Follow me."

Then began that famous ride. Sheridan on his black steed was always in the lead, his escort striving to keep pace with him. Mr. Slick was a good rider, and having a fine horse, rode near to "Sheridan all the way from Winchester down to save the day."

The night after that remarkable victory, Mr. Slick was detailed to guard the artillery and wagon train. The following morning he assisted in drawing up the artillery before the General's headquarters. When the work was completed, General Sheridan made them a brief, characteristic speech, punctuated by very sincere cheering.

III

The Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, to which James Agnew, a citizen of Mercersburg belonged, started from Lincolnton, N. C., to pursue Jeff Davis if it took them across the Mississippi river. For eight days and eight nights they were never out of their saddles, except for food. They followed Jeff Davis into Georgia, and succeeded in capturing his wagon train near Athens, with valuables, supposed to be \$450,000 in gold and silver, also stocks and bonds (presumably taken from the mint at New Orleans). There (Athens) they received orders to remove this rich booty to Augusta, Georgia, and General Palmer detailed Captain Henry McAllister and Sergeant James Agnew for this difficult and responsible work. They had orders to convey and guard this money (which was packed in cartridge boxes) by train, to the government authorities at Augusta; which they did in safety. In August, 1908, at a reunion of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, General Palmer and Major McAllister stated that they had made inquiry at the Treasury Department in Washington some years after the war, and were informed that the money from the Augusta Bank had been turned into the Treasury Department, and the bonds and stocks returned to the owners.



Early Recollections of a Mercersburg Girl

October 1862

THE children always had a holiday during October. We went in wagons to the mountains, and found a good supply of nuts, both chestnuts and hickory nuts, waiting to be gathered.

On the day before this nutting party, a number of men had been in town looking for horses, ostensibly to supply needs in the army. These men proved to be spies from the Rebel camp. We had an early start on this October day and had eaten dinner in Aunt Peggy Offit's cabin, when there appeared white men and negroes, horseback and afoot, highly excited and much frightened, bringing the news breathlessly, "The Rebels are in Mercersburg!" That enterprising cavalry officer, Stuart, determined upon a raid into Pennsylvania. With about 1,500 men under the command of General Wade Hampton, he crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, passed through Maryland and penetrated into Pennsylvania.

Coming down a narrow defile in the mountains, into what is known as the "Corner Road," General Hampton swept everything before him. The farmer saw all his horses, cows, hogs, and sheep driven before a force he was utterly unable to resist.

Upon reaching town (Mercersburg) they invaded the stores and dwellings, taking with them everything in the way of food for both man and beast. A number of men were compelled to go with them as prisoners. Fortunately, there were not many men in sight; most of them having enlisted.

My grandfather had gone early on this day to a farm he owned, situated about half way between Chambersburg and Mercersburg. His mount was a fine sorrel colt. When the Rebels entered our home in search of the "damned abolitionist," as he was called, you may be sure we rejoiced that grandfather was away, but he was not to escape so easily. Just as he rode into the Pike from the farm, he saw advancing a vast cavalcade, mounted soldiers, soldiers on foot, horses, wagons, hogs, sheep, negroes, etc. The advance guard of this horde being dressed in the uniform of United States soldiers, disarmed his fears for a few moments, but General Hampton and his aide drawing rein, commanded him to dismount. "By what authority?" asked grandfather. "The authority of the Confederate States," came the quick reply. "I do not acknowledge such authority," came in response. Whipping out a pistol, holding it against grandfather's breast, his aide placing his hand under grandfather's stirrup, quickly dismounted him, throwing him to the ground; and in a few moments the fine sorrel was under the saddle of General Hampton and disappeared with the rest of the Rebel army. Grandfather made his way to a blacksmith shop nearby, and while sitting there, saw pass before him stock from his own farms, and the valuable holdings of his friends. His townsmen, who were being carried away as prisoners, made no sign of recognition, so the Confederates allowed the "black abolitionist" to slip through their fingers. Grandfather reached home late that night, riding a broken down horse that some Rebel had abandoned.

Mercersburg always enjoyed the distinction of celebrating the Fourth of July with more enthusiasm than many of the other towns. A large picnic was the event of the day; the meeting place Buchanan's birthplace. All the town folk and the farmers took their teams, their families and baskets of provisions. I can see the tables now as they were spread upon the ground. I remember that Mrs. Unger, at the Gap, always had her boiled hams decorated with cloves and red, white and blue paper.

Cold roast beef, fried chicken, bread, butter, beaten biscuit, apple and custard pies, jam, jelly, pickles, boilers of coffee, freezers of ice cream, buckets of lemonade, cakes of every kind and description, and all this in such abundance that large and hungry crowds were well filled.

There were swings for the children, platforms for dancers and music by the band. The orator of the day, before commencing his speech, recited the Declaration of Independence. Colonel Shirts usually delivered the speech. He was an insignificant man in appearance, but when he launched into his Fourth of July address, you were compelled to listen. I do not remember that there were any Fourth of July celebrations after the breaking out of the war.

MARY MCNAUGHTON AGNEW

Letters From General W. S. and Mrs. Hancock to the Ladies of Mercersburg

AJ. Gen. W. S. Hancock, "Phil., Sept. 29, 1864.
M"Dear Sir:—I have in my possession a very elegant Silk Quilt, made and presented to me by the loyal ladies of Mercersburg, Franklin Co., Penna. At their suggestion, I have had a very handsome sum subscribed for it, with the understanding that the proceeds should be paid into the treasury of the 'U. S. Christian Commission,' and the quilt be presented to Mrs. Hancock. The purpose of the Ladies, whose suggestion I have tried to carry out, is to evidence their recognition and appreciation of the valuable service you have rendered the cause of the 'Union and Human Rights,' and at the same time contribute to the resources of an institution whose noble and humane efforts to relieve the suffering and comfort the dying soldier, cannot be over-praised. On receipt of this you will please give me Mrs. Hancock's address, that I may forward the quilt to her. Accept the assurances of my sincere personal regards and believe me.

Yours truly,
JAMES W. CARSON"

"Headquarters Second Army Corps.

"In front of Petersburg, Oct. 19th, 1864.

"James W. Carson, Esq.,

"My Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 29 inst. Please present my sincere thanks to the Loyal ladies of Mercersburg for their flattering testimonial in my behalf. If you will send the Quilt by Adams & Co. express to Mrs. W. S. Hancock, St. Louis, Mo., she will doubtless receive it, and will make suitable acknowledgment. Permit me to express my high appreciation of the noble efforts of our Loyal ladies, for the benefit of our brave soldiers in the field, and the hope that their patriotic endeavors may always meet with the success their merit so truly deserves.

I am very truly your obedient Ser'vt,

"WINF'LD S. HANCOCK,
"Maj. Gen'l U. S. Army."

"Longwood, St. Louis, Mo., Oct., 1864.

"James W. Carson, Esq.,

"Sir:—It is with mingled pride and pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th inst., and safe arrival of the elegant Silk Quilt which the Loyal Ladies of Mercersburg have so flatteringly bestowed upon me. Please express to those ladies for me, and also to the subscribers, how grateful I feel for this beautiful testimonial, and how much I appreciate their recognition of the Service my husband has rendered his beloved Country.

"In conclusion permit me to say how earnestly I wish them success in their noble efforts in behalf of our brave and gallant soldiers in the field.

I remain, yours with respect,

"MRS. W. S. HANCOCK."

"To James W. Carson.

"Phila., 1864.

"U. S. Christian Commission.

"Received of James W. Carson, Esq., *Two Hundred Dollars* for the United States Christian Commission, being proceeds of Subscription for a Silk Quilt, made by the Ladies of Mercersburg, Pa.

"JAMES PATTERSON, Treasurer."

Soldiers in Civil War from Mercersburg and Vicinity

Agnew, James	Creigh, Thomas	Holstone, William	Patton, James
Agnew, Nathaniel	Crilly, Theodore	Hospelhorn, William	Pensinger, W.
Alleman, Samuel	Crilly, Washington	Izer, Ezra	Pensinger, Thomas
Anderson, O.	Cushwa, Brewer	King, John	Potter, Zachary
Anderson, John	Creamer, Jerry	Kuhn, Noah	Pine, Wm.
Armstrong, Jacob	Creamer, Frank	Kreps, Michael	Pittman, John
Armstrong, Leonard	Creamer, George	Lesher, Thomas	Potter, Henry
Armstrong, John	Cline, John	Lightner, John	Prondfeit, John
Anglemiller, Henry	Clingham, Geo.	McClellan, Wm.	Palmer, G.
Almsley, James	Calahan, Philip	McFarland, John	Patterson, Samuel
Baxter, Campbell	Criswell, John	McAllister, Andrew	Reitzel, S.
Beck, Samuel	Conner, Wilson	McLaughlan, D.	Ritchey, John
Beck, Hezekiah	Carson, David	McCune, W. B.	Rhodes, John
Beck, David	Dickey, Seth	McCune, W. P.	Reitzel, Geo.
Benedick, M.	Divilbiss, David	McCormack, John	Reese, Jeremiah
Bennett, John	Divilbiss, Jos.	McClellan, Robert	Rodgers, John
Black, James	Doyle, Cornelius	McClellan, Hayes	Rankin, Watson
Boyd, R.	Drowenberg, John	McConnell, G.	Reed, Charles
Brant, Theodore	Duffield, James	McDowell, W.	Ripple, Josiah
Branthaver, —	DeMuth, H.	McDowell, A.	Ross, Adam
Bricker, Henry	Duncan, George	McGlaughlin, D.	Ridenhour, Wm.
Brown, John	Eley, Frank	Murray, E.	Rothrauf, David
Brownson, Robert	Eberly, Cecil	Myers, G.	Smith, Findlay
Brubaker, Peter	Eckert, John	Myers, Jacob	Swisher, Jacob
Bradley, Johnston	Eckman, John	Myers, Andrew	Small, Robert
Byers, Rufus	Eckman, Charles	Myers, Lightner	Sharar, David
Byers, Edward	Edmonston, George	Miller, David	Sharar, Jacob
Burke, Wilson	Edmonston, H.	Mosser, George	Small, Edward
Bush, John	Ernst, Frederick	Metcalfe, Thomas	Shirts, Robert
Black, Wilson	Findlay, Robert	Metcalfe, T.	Seibert, Luther
Bowles, Angle	Findlay, Edward	Mowery, Jacob	Selsor, William
Blattenberger, Jacob	Ferrenburg, E.	Miller, John	Shrader, J.
Brindle, John	Fulton, Joseph	Murray, M.	Sillick, Geo.
Bowers, George	Fritz, Levi	Murphy, Wm.	Shultz, Nicholas
Brant, Theodore	Gilbert, George	Murphy, Alex	Shorts, Harry
Brewbaker, Patterson	Green, J.	Miller, C.	Shutzer, John
Brinkley, Wm.	Glee, George	Mowen, Dallas	Shutzer, K.
Bruce, Bryson	Gorman, James	McCune, John	Shutzer, E.
Byers, John	Gearhart, C.	McConnell, James	Starliper, Wm.
Burrall, John	Gearhart, David	McDonald, George	Starliper, P.
Bowman, George	Grier, Michael	McDonald, David	Stoner, Frank
Bowman, J.	Graham, John	McCullough, James	Slick, Milton
Clark, Lemuel	Grosh, David	McCullough, Arch	Scott, George
Cromwell, Samuel	Gans, Samuel	McCutcheon, Robert	Scully, David
Cook, P.	Garrett, B.	McClellan, Adam	Sechrist, Jacob
Coyle, David	Greeher, Henry	McFerren, Samuel	Skinner, W.
Cooper, Jeremiah	Good, J.	McKinstry, William	Socks, John
Creager, David	Hadderman, M.	McGlaughlin, N.	St. Clair, Thompson
Curley, John	Houck, Christian	McLucas, Wm.	St. Clair, Martin
Curtis, A.	Hammil, A.	Orth, John	St. Clair, John
Canter, Jacob	Henkle, George	Oyler, Henry	Stine, Henry
Campbell, McFarland	Hornbraker, John	Parker, Thompson	Stitt, W.
Cole, George	Hornbraker, Samuel	Parker, Oliver	Stokes, S.

Old Mercersburg

Straley, Nicholas
Stine, John
Tibbey, James
Trout, Nicholas
Trout, Upton
Trout, Madison
Trout, Elim

Trout, Jacob
Tracy, David
Thomas, John
Thomas, Christopher
Unger, David
Work, Huston

Winters, Washington
Winters, S.
Woodring, D.
Wilkins, George
Werdebaugh, William
Williams, J.

Winters, John
Weiler, Albert
Walt, W.
Wolfe, David
Wolfe, Henry Clay
Zimmerman, J.

Men in Confederate Prisons

SOLDIERS

Harry Shorts
John Mowry
John Hughes
John Curley

John Harvey
Henry Hornbaker
A. A. Myers
Samuel Winters

Wm. Starliper
Wm. Walker
Jacob Divilbiss

Jacob Rhodes
Wm. Ridenhour
Washington Crilly

CIVILIANS

Perry Rice

G. G. Rupley

Daniel Shaffer

Joseph Winger

Colored Soldiers

Aston, William
Alexander, Thomas
Barnes, Ramsey
Barnes, Bill Hen
Burgess, Joseph
Burgess, William
Burgess, H.
Burgess, Edward
Brown, Thomas
Brown, Wm.
Butler, Alexis
Butler, Stephen
Carson, Eli
Carson, Arthur
Caution, Samuel

Cristy, Samuel
Cristy, John
Cristy, Joseph
Cuff, George
Cuff, Nathaniel
Cuff, Thomas
Cuff, David
Cuff, Archibald
Crunkleton, Wesley
Campbell, Solomon
Darks, Dennis
Davis, John
Demas, Jacob
Demas, George
Good, John

Harris, Benjamin
Harrison, Isaac
Hall, George
Imes, Henry
Johnson, Reuben
Keith, Thomas
Keith, Wm.
Lane, George
McCullough, Thomas
Offit, Michael
Offit, George
Parker, James
Ridout, James
Slyder, Tom

Stoner, Newton
Stoner, Robert, Sr.
Stoner, Robert
Stoner, John
Stoner, James
Stoner, Nathaniel
Teal, Jefferson
Watson, Jacob
Watson, Parker
Watson, Hezekiah
Watson, Wm.
Watson, Henry
Webster, Wm.
Young, Wm.

Old Mercersburg.

The name of Samuel North of Co. C, 126th Regiment was omitted from the list of soldiers through a mistake of the printer. Great difficulty was found in making up this list although a request was made through the local paper for help in doing it.

The Committee will be glad to receive the names of any who may have been omitted so that the register may be made complete.

Committee.



ARNOLD BROOKS

Arnold Brooks

A Typical Negro---Hostler, Stage Driver, Philosopher and Friend

A HE subject of this sketch is not to be confounded with that eminent prelate, Philips Brooks; nor with the late Dr. Aronld, of Rugby fame; nor yet with the notorious Benedict Arnold. The student of biography is merely invited to take a brief glance at a much more humble phase of life as it is exemplified in that remarkable Afro-American citizen, Arnold Brooks.

If biography is properly a department of history, it may fairly be said that a faithful account of life among the lowly is as truly biography as the written lives of eminent persons. Indeed, true biography, as Macaulay shows, should be a history not solely of kings or similar personages, but of the people also over whom they rule.

However humble Arnold Brooks may have been, he had nevertheless, traits of character and a personality far enough above the ordinary to attract the attention of many eminent persons in his day.

The great Lincoln Gladstone, Dr. Oliver Wendall Holmes and other eminent men, had the distinction of being born in the same year with Arnold Brooks, whose birth occurred March 17, 1809.

As a young man he began to gain prominence about the time of the founding of Marshall College at Mercersburg, in 1836. He had then become a stage driver and general master of horse in the great livery business of that day. The fearlessness of Arnold Brooks, his general good nature and his affection for and kind treatment of the horses under his charge, as well as his solicitude for the safety and comfort of his passengers, soon gained for him the complete confidence of his employers.

The Rev. Dr. Theodore Appel, in his "College Recollections," writes: "Arnold Brooks, a tall, muscular negro, full of talk, afraid of nothing by day or night, was chief coachman, who could drive his coach, full of students into or out of town according to the most approved rules. He was a hero much admired by the students as well as by his brethren."

The Rev. Dr. Benjamin Bausman tells how, "Colonel Murphy's cozy hotel was crowded with strangers from near and from far. Brooks, his tall, faithful, negro hostler, haw-hawed with broadest grin as friend after friend handed his horse and carriage over to him. Everybody that came to commencement in a private conveyance learned to know Brooks. Although his patrons saw him but once a year, he being a sort of doorkeeper, not only to Colonel Murphy's stable, but on commencement day to all Mercersburg, everybody made him show his snow-white teeth with the hearty salutation, 'How are you, Brooks?' Commencement week was Brooks' harvest season, and well he knew and well he deserved it."

The above paragraph has reference to the time when Arnold had retired from his position as regular stage driver; for he had outlived the age when four-horse stage coaches were required, and his high idea of the dignity of his profession led him to retire from the service before it dwindled down to a common two-horse machine.

To him a silver dollar was a wheel. So his friends and patrons of the hotel and stage line who tipped him on occasion were classified and well known as "wheelmen, half-wheelmen, and quarter-wheelmen." I do not know that he had any special designation for those below quarter-wheelmen.

Arnold was generous to a fault, and improvident as many of his race are, so that in his declining years he found it necessary sometimes to call upon his friends for assistance.

It was not often, however, that he appealed in vain to his friends of better days. On September 11, 1865, he received from Thomas A. Scott, by Adams Express, "a suit of clothes according to the measure sent, with the hope that the selection will please you." And again in 1870 Mr. Scott's private secretary wrote: "Mr. Scott desires me to send you \$20, which you will please find enclosed."

Arnold Brooks, while not irreligious in his speech or conduct, found considerable amusement in playing upon the fears and superstitions of his colored brethren, especially the younger portion. On the subject of ghosts he was wont to thrill his hearers with the recital of the manner in which he

would return to earth to haunt the living for weal or woe according as they had treated him while yet in the flesh. So deeply did he impress his brethren on this subject that even to this day some of them cannot be induced to visit his grave after the evening shadows have gathered. And there is a noticeable absence of colored hands about the old Mansion House stables on dark and stormy nights when weird sounds are heard that may not be merely the creaking of rusty hinges or the clanking of halter chains.

Not long before Arnold's death there came a traveling artist who painted a portrait of the old negro, and for a number of years this picture hung above the hotel office door, which opened into the bar room. It was highly prized by the proprietor of the hotel, and in some respects it was a remarkable production. The colored people who frequented the place, declared that the eyes of Brooks followed them as they passed across the room; and this innocent painting or rather the spirit of Arnold Brooks which hovered about it, deterred many a thirsty body from co-mingling with the spirits within the doorway. The limit of forbearance was reached one day when a negro brave, entering the hotel office from the bar room, happened to glance into the mirror that hung on the wall opposite to the portrait, and distinctly saw the venerable negro move from side to side on the canvas. It was useless to argue that the opening of the door might have shaken the mirror, and that according to a well known law of mathematics, the portrait reflected in it would appear to move from side to side. This was too much, and the picture had to come down for business as well as superstitious reasons. The painting has long since disappeared, and is supposed to have been burned.

On the 24th day of February, 1873, after a brief sickness, during which he declared he was willing and ready to go, the old negro was gathered unto his fathers. That he had the shortcomings and grievous faults common to our humanity it is scarcely necessary to affirm, but in the eyes of a boy ten years of age, who was assuming to see things in their correct proportions—who did not hesitate to render right judgments—Arnold Brooks was the ideal hostler, stage driver, philosopher and friend.

This brief sketch may suggest, if nothing more, a rich field for some of our capable historians—that of the old taverns and stage coach lines. If some one would only picture for us these scenes, such for instance as when

“THE OLD STAGE COACH COMES IN

“As even now I pause and close mine eyes,
The scenes of years agone before me rise:

“The old stone tavern with its swinging sign,
The crowd of boys along the curbstone line,

“The loafers too in goodly numbers there—
And all with eager and expectant air.

“The stage coach running late with heavy load,
Is heard with rumbling sound upon the road.

“Then down the village street the swaying light
From mud-splashed lantern glimmers through the
night.

“Anon with clattering hoofs the horses come;
The coach with pondrous swing and wheels a-hum

“Is drawn 'round the old town pump and post,
While with a nod to passengers and host,

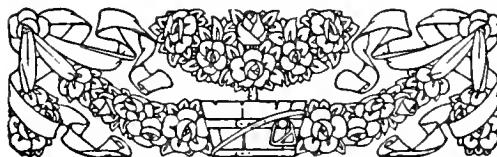
“Down from the boot the driver steps with pride
And hastens forward to his leader's side.

"He strokes the steaming flank, he pats the nose,
And thus to all the four in turn he goes.

"Mine host, the traveler, loafers, boys and all,
Behold with pride, this Jehu lank and tall,

"And watch his every move with kindly looks,
For he who brought the old coach in was Arnold
Brooks."

LINN HARBAUGH.



Extracts From the Ledger of Samuel Findlay

1774

FROM the Ledger of Samuel Findlay, father of Governor William Findlay; said Ledger F covers the years 1774-75-76, with some entries as late as 1781.

Out of five hundred accounts, the following names were selected for the reason that many of their descendants are today living in and around Old Mercersburg.

Bryan Coyle	Samuel McCune	Rev. Thos. McFerran	Daniel Royer
James Rankin	Joseph Cook	Thos. Crossin	Johnston Elliott
Jeremiah Rankin	Wm. Robison	Wm. Hart	Wm. Duffield
Doctor Johnston	Hardy Hill	John Blair	James Davis
Thos. Johnston	Wm. McConnell, Esq.	Thos. Wilkins	Nathaniel Martin
David Huston	James Maxwell, Esq.	John Walker	Capt. Wm. Marshal
Capt. Wm. Huston	Robert Semple, Esq.	James Wilson	Cone'll Benj. Davis
John McClelland	Alexander Buchanan	Timothy Shearer	Philip Gilliland
Wm. McClelland	Samuel Sloan, Esq.	James Ramsey	James Arthur
John Wray	John Kendal	Wm. Hays	Benj. Jolly
Robert McFarland	James McKinley	John Boyd	Thos. Dunwoody
Josiah McKinney	Andrew Findlay	David Barr	Robert Newell
James Dickey	Wm. Findlay	Anthony Lawson	Malcolm McFall
Wm. Dickey	James Carson	Jacob Kersner	Lazarus Timons
James Irwin	Wm. Carson	James Scott	Asa Brownson
Archibald Irwin	Evan Philips	James Patton	Benj. Kidd
John McDowell	James Stewart	Joshua Elder	James Murphy
James McDowell	Adam McConnell, Sr.	Wm. Alexander	John McCracken
Wm. Waddle	Owen Williams	Thomas Kenedy	Samuel Gettys
Wm. Gillespy	Charles Forster	Peter January	Moses Latta
James McCullough	Ephraim Blaine	John Shannon	Augustus Balla
Francis Patterson	Jesse James	Dr. Henry Schnebly	John Mortimer
James Murphy	John Shelby	Peter Rooney	
John Hamilton	Wm. West	Robert Smith (Welsh Run)	
John Davison	Col. James Herrod	David Moore (School Master)	
Wm. Smith, Sr.	Rev. James Long	Dugal Campbell (School Master)	
Wm. Smith, Jr.	Rev. John Black	Thos. Stephenson (School Master)	
Abraham Smith	Rev. John King	Bartholomew Longstreatch	

1775

	£	S	P
To Sundry Articles for a Bonnet.....	0	4	7
By Making a Bonnet for Mrs. Brown.....	0	2	6
To 6 Tea Spoons pr. Joice.....	0	1	0
To Rem'nt Bonnet Stuff pr. Daughter.....	0	1	1
To Linnen, Silk Mits, Buttons, pr. Wife.....	1	8	0
To Pewter, Flowered Stuff & sund's.....	1	17	10
To 1 pr. Mockasins for Darling.....	0	3	0
To 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yds. Taffety @ 12 p pr. Sisters.....	1	8	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
To 8 yds. Camblet @ 2 s for Betty.....	0	16	0

1774		James Smith Captain	D
Aug 16	To Paper & Wax	John Bennett	0.. 2.. 0
1775 Aug 30	To 2 Quins of Paper	2 21	0.. 4.. 0
Sept. 21	To Binding & Buttons		0.. 5.. 2
Feb 5	To Turnip Roots, Sugar, &c		0.. 9.. 12
May 30	To Cash answer'd Doctor Johnston		1 2 6
July 20	To Cash for James Smith		11 5 0
			13 5 9 1/2

1775	00 own or now to be paid with 50/-	50	7.6	10	10
Andrew Findlay		D	12	10	10
1775	To Ball from Mr ^{2d}		0.. 9.. 10	0	
1776 Feb 5	To Hoay, Oats, Brimstones, Snuff, &c		0.. 7.. 2	0.. 7.. 0	

FAC-SIMILE OF BILL FROM THE LEDGER OF SAMUEL FINDLAY

	£	S	P
To Sundry Goods pr. Miss Kitty.....	10	7	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
To Sundry Goods pr. Miss Peggy.....	1	5	6
To Sattin & Sundries pr. Wife.....	0	19	6
To 1 Pint Rum pr. Sister—for a snake bite.....	0	1	0
To 1 Fine Hatt & Trimmings for Dr.....	2	4	0
To $\frac{1}{2}$ Sheet of Pins.....	0	1	0
To Pasteboard & Green Network.....	0	1	2
To 1 Woman's Saddle & Bridle.....	7	17	3
To Bottom Stuff for Marey's Shoes.....	0	11	0

April 1775

To Rum, 1-3 To Club at Dunwoody's.....	0	2	3
To Cash at the Springs.....	0	19	10
Stephen Mackey is Charged to Drink got from Robt. Smith, Wm. Smith, and Jno. Maxwell at the Race Ground.....	0	8	10
To Plush for Breeches and Trimmings.....	1	3	6
To Club in Slings.....	0	1	0
To 1 Doz'n Glass-Top-d Buttons.....			
To the Newes peapers $1\frac{1}{2}$ year at 10.....	0	15	0
To 1 Hatt pr. Billy.....	0	6	0
To 1 Oz. of Snuff.....	0	0	6
To 1 Sling 6 d.....	0	0	6
To Grog.....	0	0	3
To 1 Bowl of Toddy.....	0	0	9
To 1 Double Bowl Toddy.....	0	2	0
To 1 Primer & Rum.....	0	1	2
To 1 Whip, Rumm, & Camphire.....	0	7	8
To 1 Silver Headed, Woman's Whip.....	0	12	6
To Rum, Necklace, Toddy, &c.....	0	6	1
To 1 Catechism.....	0	0	3
To 11 Gallons W. India Rum.....	2	9	6
To 1 pr. Buckles pr. Samuel.....	0	1	9
To 2 Bibles" Knife 9/.....	0	11	9
To Club with Comitee.....	0	3	0
To 1 Lashing Rope.....	0	3	0
To Club in Sangaree 1/.....	0	1	0
To 2 Question Books, Rum & Whiskey.....	0	2	4
To a Testament.....	0	2	3
To Dressing a Dog Skin.....	0	3	0
To Jack Cards & Sundries.....	2	9	3
To Scarlet Broad Cloth, Velveree, &c.....	2	16	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
To 1 Silk Jacket.....	1	1	0
To a Blind Cow got some time ago.....	3	0	0
On March 4, 1776, Abram Smith is charged:			
To a Ribbon given a Recruit.....	0	1	3
In August, 1775, James Johnston is Dr.			
To Broadcloth, vs. Sundry Uniforms.....	9	14	3
To Ribbon, for Cockead.....	0	2	5
To a Regimental Hatt.....	2	0	0
To 1 Riffle Gun to be paid in 2 months.....	5	0	0
To Shott, Flints, Knifes, Toddy, &c.....	0	5	2
On January 10, 1776:			
To Cash pd. the Post for Carriage of Powder.....	0	1	6
To a Silver Hilted Sword (Archibald Irwin).....	8	0	0

Old Mercersburg

	£	S	P
To Cash pd. the Post for Carrying Letter.....	0	1	6
By a Bayonet.....	0	2	6
By a Muskett.....	1	16	0
By a Great Coat left in pledge (May 31, 1776)			
By the above Coat, sold at Vendue.....	1	7	6
Dec. 1774—By Cash given you to buy Hides—12 Dollars.....	4	10	0
Jan. 1775—To Cut Money.....	3	15	0
Jan. 1775—To 2 Dollars of Cut Silver.....	0	15	0
McH 1776—To Cash £100, Virginia Cash.....	125	0	0
McH 1774—By a Piece of Gold called a Doubloon, marked on the sides, dated 1719, received from James McClellan, for.....	5	5	6
1781—By Cash, 6 hard Dollars.....	2	5	0
By Cash, 4½ Johannes.....	12	0	0
To 2 half Johannes—or half Joes.....	6	0	0
To 2 Guineas @ 35.....	3	10	0
To 1,000 Congress Dollars.....	375	0	0
To 1 Gun pr. John Linn.....	1	10	0
To 1 quart for Denny.....			
To 2 gallons Rum.....	0	8	0
To 1 Drinking Glass.....	0	0	8
To 12 pains of Glass at 10.....	6	0	0
To 1 Brass Lock, 4½ Bowls Punch, pipes.....	0	8	1
To 2 Rolls Tobacco @ 10.....	0	1	8
To 1 Bell Collar.....	0	1	6
To Swanskin, Rum & Toddy.....	0	8	6
To a pr. shoes for Bob.....			
To Cash pd. Davis for a Sadle Tree for Johny Findlay.....	0	3	0
To a Woman's Sadle Tree got for the use of Martha Irwin (Dec. 23, '73).....	0	16	6
To Taylors Sheers, Horse at Hay, &c.....	0	9	8
To Breakfast 6d gill 3d.....	0	0	9
To 2 Play Books.....	0	1	0
To 1 Reading Made Easy.....	0	1	8
To 1 Exercise Book.....	0	0	9
To 1 Manuel Exercise, ½ of yrs. Crisis.....	0	1	4
To Expenses at Settling the Township's books.....	0	12	6
Sainuel Findlay Dr. to Rev. John King, 1 year's Stipend.....	1	10	0
Samuel Findlay, paid Wm. Robison (Tanner) for 4 yrs. and 1 month's work—at £36 pr. year.....	147	0	0
Paid for 1 month's attending the store.....	2	0	0
Paid Joshua Elder for making 5 surveys for Findlay & Ramisey—@ £4 each	20	0	0
Paid David Moore for attendance at Store.....	25	0	0

Negro Accounts

Mr. Maxwell's Cato
David Davis's George
Black Jean

David Huston's Sam
Mr. Maxwell's Dick

Contra

By Carriage 15 bushels salt, 20 lbs. Tea from Baltimore.....	1	12	4
By £4, Virginia Cash.....	5	0	0
By 1-8 Pound Virginia Bill—per James McKinley.....	10	0	0

	£	S	P
By Butter left to make Oyl.....	0	1	0
By 1 pr. Bad Waggon Wheels.....	1	15	0
By a Buckskin.....	0	10	0
By a Tierce of Whiskey, Note it wanted 3 inches of being full—63½ gallons @ 2-9.....	8	14	7½
By 4 Gammons of Venison.....	0	6	5
By Wagoenage from Philadelphia.....	235	0	0
By Weaving some time ago.....	0	3	4
By 1 hhd. cyder.....	2	0	0
By Dry Apples & Sowing.....	0	3	0
By 1 Murrain Hide & Calfskin.....	0	11	2½
Robert Smith Jr. is credited—			
By your part of 90 Dear Skins sold at 8.....	18	0	0
By the one-half of 16 Dear Skins.....	3	4	0

Materials Used in 1776

Pocket Fustian	Tow Linnen	Sagathy	Anteloon
Hasy Holland	Sheetting	Dowlass	Flowered Mode
Velveree	Smooth Linnen	Mather	Bengal
Green Orrice	Bolt of Bobbing	Soal & Upper Leathers	Jeanett
Shaloon	Tammy	Durant	Stick of Hair
Oznabrigs	Persian	Brazeel	Dimitty
Checker	Sarsanett	Wilton	

Aprasement of the Good and Chatels of Catharen Phillops Deceased, at the Request of Joshua Phillops. Dun by Enoch and Benj. Williams, Febury the 23. year 1791.

Two Cows.....	7	0	0
One Woman's Sadle.....	3	0	0
One Ewe.....	0	7	6
One Kittle.....	0	5	0
One Skillet.....	0	2	6
One Putar Dish.....	0	5	0
To three Putar Beasons.....	0	7	0
One olde Whele.....	0	2	6
One olde Reel.....	0	1	6
One Pair of Cloth Shuse.....	0	5	0
One Clock.....	0	3	9
One Feather Bed and Bed Close that is one Quilt, one Covarlid and two Blankits, Bolstar and Pillows and the Covar Sheate praised to	5	0	0
One Stuff gound.....	0	15	0
To one olde Blu Linsy Gound.....	0	7	6
Two Knew Linsy Petecots.....	1	0	0
Two half wornen Dt.....	0	10	0
Two olde Dt.....	0	2	6
One olde Brown Sceart.....	0	2	6
One Blu Linsy Bed gound.....	0	2	0
One Striped Short gound.....	0	3	0
One White Dt.....	0	2	0
Eight wimins Caps.....	0	2	6
Two Hanckercheafs and a olde Scet.....	0	1	6
To one olde Silk Bonit.....	0	0	6

The within is Dun to the Best of our Skill and knolage as witness our hands this the 23d of Febury, yr. 1791.

ENOCH WILLIAMS,
BENJ. WILLIAMS.

Old Mercersburg

Sir Be plesd to pay Joshua Philips the Sum of Nine Shillings and thre pens which you owe Me and in So Doeing you will a Blige your Humbel Sarvt.

August, 15—1795.

GORGE MCCOLLOUGH

Oath of Allegiance

I DO hereby Certify, That

EAVEN PHILLIPS

Hath voluntarily taken and subscribed the OATH of Allegiance and Fidelidy, as directed by an ACT of General Assembly of Pennsylvania, passed the 13th Day of June, A. D. 1777. Witness my Hand and Seal the 18th Day of May, A. D. 1778.

(Seal)

No. 154.
THOMAS PAXTON

Two Advertisements from Franklin Repository, October 28, 1823

DR. JAMES P. SCOTT,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Mercersburg, and its vicinity. His shop is in the room formerly occupied by James Buchanan, Esquire, as a Store.

Mercersburg, Oct. 6, 1823.

DR. E. G. McGOVERN,

Tenders his thanks to the citizens of Loudon and its vicinity, for past friendship, and hereby offers his professional services to the citizens of Mercersburg, and its vicinity, where he intends making a permanent residence and may be consulted at his Shop, formerly the shop of Dr. Wm. Magaw.

Mercersburg, Oct. 7, 1823.

Mercersburg, Oct. 26th, 1823.

Richard Archibald Bard, Dr.

To.....

1 Sketch Book.....	\$4.50
2 Vol. French.....	2.50
2 Vol. Morgan's Italy.....	2.50
2 Vol. Peloponnesian War.....	2.50

Mercersburg, 20th Sept., 1828.

Recd of Miss Catherine Philips twenty-three and a half pounds butter at 8c.... \$2.28
And 4 doz. eggs at 5c..... .20

Deduct 1/4c Powder..... \$2.48
..... .12 1/2

\$2.35 1/2

E. T. LANE

J O one Bunch Curls.....	\$1.50
To one Leghorn Flat.....	9.00
To one Tortoise Comb.....	2.50
To one Extra Leghorn Crown.....	2.12 $\frac{1}{2}$
To one Piece Yellow Nankeen.....	1.00
Misionary Subr.....	.50
To Redding Room Subr.....	5.00
To 6 Lytes Glass.....	.06 $\frac{1}{4}$
To 1 Elegant watterloo Shawl.....	3.50
To 1 qt. French Brandy.....	.50
To 1 qt. Maddirah Wine.....	.75
To 1 Crape Dress.....	4.50
To 1 Sprigg Muslin.....	.50
To 1 pr. Silk Stockings.....	1.00
To 1 Large Parrasawl.....	2.75
To Drabb Pantaloons & Trimmings.....	6.00
To 1 White Crape Robe.....	7.50
To $\frac{1}{2}$ Millinett.....	.16
To $\frac{1}{4}$ yd. Cassinett.....	.25
To 1 yd. Tartain Plaid.....	.50
To 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ yds. Shambury, 18 1-4.....	1.64
To 4 yds. Bumbezett, 31 1-4.....	1.25
To 1 Redicule.....	1.25

Negro Accounts

Black Charles (Irwin's)

Black Kitty

Black Ceaser (Dicky's Miller)

Negro Joe of C. Kilgore

Ceaser Johnston (negro)

John Caution (negro)

Black Jean

Black Lot

Benjamin Brooks per Son Arnold

Seaser McGraw (negro)

Ceaser Watson

Jack Belt (negro)

Black Dine, Jack Belt's wife

40 DOLLARS REWARD

Runaway from the subscriber on Saturday evening, the 12th inst., a negro man commonly called Tom Collins, aged about 43 years, 5 feet, 11 inches high, of slim make, pretty black, forehead runs far back, hair short and nappy, and his feet large and projecting outward. Said negro is supposed to be in company with two other runaways, lurking in the neighborhood of Mercersburg, Pa. Whoever takes and delivers him to me or lodge him in the nearest jail, so that I can get him again, shall receive the above reward.

HENRY M. NICHOLS.

Beddington, Berkeley Co., Va.

Old Mercersburg

The Woman's Club

THE Woman's Club of Mercersburg was organized July 6, 1909, with the following officers:



Mrs. H. W. Byron, President

Mrs. H. S. Waidlich, Treasurer

Mrs. S. G. Rupley, Vice-President

Mrs. H. H. Spangler, Secretary

MEMBERSHIP TO 1911

Mrs. H. W. Byron	Mrs. D. W. Ott	Mrs. D. W. Faust	Mrs. C. F. Fendrick
Mrs. George A. Stouffer	Mrs. J. V. Royer	Mrs. J. C. Rankin	Miss N. B. Rupley
Mrs. R. B. Varden	Mrs. John Steiger	Miss Mary Johnston	Mrs. J. S. Swartzwelder
Miss North	Mrs. D. M. Keller	Miss E. D. Craig	Mrs. H. B. Krebs
Miss Parker	Mrs. Henry Spangler	Mrs. J. G. Rose	Mrs. J. E. Miller
Miss Swartz	Mrs. H. L. Waidlich	Mrs. J. O. Martin	Miss Patterson
Mrs. D. F. Unger	Mrs. S. W. North	Mrs. D. S. Stouffer	Miss Kate Steiger
Mrs. A. R. Schnebly	Mrs. D. F. Metcalfe	Mrs. S. G. Rupley	Mrs. H. S. Waidlich
Miss Anna M. Fallon	Mrs. C. R. McKinstry	Miss Hannah Forster	Mrs. A. L. Hazelbarth
Mrs. H. H. Spangler	Mrs. J. L. Finafrock	Miss Nell North	Miss Blanche Unger
Mrs. Seth Dickey	Miss Agnes Rhea	Mrs. Wm. Unger	Miss Hannah McDonald
Miss McKinstry	Mrs. H. B. Atkinson	Mrs. J. H. Witter	Miss Lauderbaugh
Miss Bessie Rhea	Mrs. W. Winters	Mrs. M. C. Shaffer	Miss Margaret Rupley
Miss Boyd	Miss Ella McDonald	Miss Christina Wolfe	Miss Mary Witherspoon
Mrs. James Walker	Mrs. J. A. Philips	Miss Mary Winters	Mrs. C. Edgar Fallon
Mrs. J. Z. Faust	Mrs. J. S. Bristor	Mrs. T. R. Clapsaddle	Mrs. John Eckert
Mrs. H. H. Brewer	Mrs. W. M. Irvine	Mrs. Charles Selsor	Mrs. D. F. Wills
Mrs. Martin Myers	Mrs. Henri L. G. Kieffer	Mrs. James Boyd	Mrs. F. W. Bald
Mrs. W. C. Grove	Mrs. J. E. Harmes	Mrs. Caleb Philips	Mrs. W. C. Long
Mrs. J. H. Miller	Miss McDowell	Miss Elizabeth Brewer	Miss Jennie Jordan
Miss Creigh	Mrs. B. E. Nevin	Miss Anna F. Fallon	Miss Anna Bradley
Mrs. E. L. Brewbaker	Mrs. J. M. Drummond	Miss Maud Long	Miss Alice Bush
Mrs. J. T. Rhea	Mrs. A. H. Rutledge	Miss Harriet Murray	Miss Mary Jordan
Mrs. J. W. Witherspoon	Miss Rebecca Agnew	Mrs. Wm. Selsor	

Business Directory of Mercersburg

1911

M RS. H. B. Atkinson, Millinery	W. D. Byron & Sons, Inc., Tanners of Oak Leather
Dr. John L. Bradley, Veterinarian	J. A. Boyd, Hardware
Conn Bros., Department Store	J. H. Conerer, Restaurant
F. J. Diffenderffer, Merchant	C. E. Daub, Restaurant
Henry Bender, Established 1867, Cabinet Maker	John L. Eckert, Established 1868, Carriage Manufacturer
C. H. Fallon, Established 1868, Hardware, Machinery	C. F. Fendrick, Grain & Coal
D. W. Faust & Sons, Lumber and Building Supplies	H. L. Gish, Flour Mill (The Oldest Town Industry)
Miss Annie Fresholtz, Established 1863, Restaurant	Dr. D. B. Grosh, Established 1867, Dentistry
W. E. Gluck, Dairy	Hege & Myers, Drygoods
W. G. Grove, Restaurant	Albert Hoffeditz, Garage
John N. Hoch, Butcher & Stock Dealer	Dr. J. A. Keepers, Dentistry
Hoover & Cump, Moving Pictures	J. H. Kreps, Undertaker.
H. B. Krebs, Druggist	Lancaster & Keller, Creamery
Dr. J. M. Kuhn, Veterinarian & Druggist	D. J. Lininger, Undertaker
H. L. Lenherr, Photographer	Long & Grove, Barbers
Mrs. W. C. Long, Millinery	William F. McDowell, Postmaster
D. McCune, Groceries	The Mercersburg Academy for Boys, William Mann Irvine, Ph. D., LL. D., President
Hotel Mercer, Chas. W. McLaughlin, Proprietor	Metcalfe Bros., Shoes & Hats
Mercersburg Journal, Established 1843, George A. Fleming, Editor and Proprietor	D. L. Myers, Bakery
J. H. Miller, Jeweller	D. W. Ott, Groceries
Ed. B. Myers, Barber	J. A. Philips, Seed Merchant
D. Caleb Philips, Printer & Stationer	G. W. Rockwell, Five & Ten Cent Store
Rhea Bros., Drygoods	Chas. I. Selser, Furniture
S. G. Rupley, Established 1843, Stoves & Tinware	M. C. Shaffer, Merchant Tailor
John S. Shaffer, Merchant Tailor	Smith Bros., Harness & Saddlery
W. E. Shaffer, Electrical Contractor	J. M. Smith, Blacksmith
F. B. Smith, General Merchandise	H. H. Spangler, Attorney-at-Law
J. F. Snyder, Wagons & Farm Machinery	Geo. A. Stouffer, Groceries
Steiger Bros., Established 1855, Butchers and Stock Dealers	J. S. Swartzwelder, M. D.
D. F. Unger, M. D., Established 1870	D. W. Unger, Lumber
The Mansion House, W. T. Vanderan, Proprietor	H. L. Waidlich, Established 1857, Builder & Contractor
C. A. Whitmore, Bakery	John W. Witherspoon, Grain & Coal
J. P. Wilkins, Barber	Peter Wolfe, Merchant
G. L. Wolf, General Merchandise	The Conococheague Electric Light, Heat & Power Co.
The Captain James P. McCullough Army Post	The Waynesboro, Greencastle & Mercersburg Turnpike Road Co.
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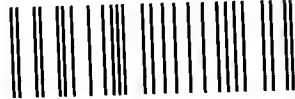
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